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THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XIII CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 6, 1925 No. 28

REMINDS ONE OF AN EVOLUTIONIST.

A clownish rustic once began to think of the wonders of creation. Gazing at a pumpkin, he decided that God had surely made a mistake in putting so large a fruit on so small a vine, while the mighty oak bore a fruit no larger than a thumb. Had the Creator but consulted him, he would have graced the great, spreading tree with some fitting fruit, like this very pumpkin, and have the vine to bear the little acorns.

Tiring at last of these mighty thoughts, he laid down under the oak to sleep, and by chance an acorn fell, striking him upon the nose. He awoke with a start, and putting his hand to his bleeding nose ,found the acorn caught in his beard.

"Ah!" said he, "God did not err at all, but had good reasons for not making acorns larger. What would have befallen me, had this nut been but half the size of a pumpkin.

To find fault with creation or change the truth of it is futile.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription

Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. Fisher, *Director Printing Department*

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You can not set the whole world right,
Nor all the people in it;
You can not do the work of years
In just a single minute.
But keep one little corner straight,
By humble, patient labor,
And do the work that each hour brings,
And help your next door neighbor.

COL. BENNEHAHN CAMERON PASSES.

Col. Bennehan Cameron, one of the state's best known and most useful citizens, after just two days of illness, died on Monday at his home in Raleigh. Col. Cameron was a patriot—he was never too busy to lend a hand in every public movement that looked to the welfare of the people and the advancement of his state.

He had just returned from the Confederate reunion at Dallas, Texas, and was suffering with flu, which soon developed into pneumonia. His death is a shock to the entire state. During his active life, he was called into every section of the state, and he filled a number of positions of trust and honor. The Uplift, of which he was a strong friend, joins his family in a feeling of

153204

sorrow over his passing. His unselfish and loyal service to the state truly marked him a patriot.

* * * * * * * * *

ANNOUNCING A SPLENDID CONTRIBUTION.

Another good favor has come to the Jackson Tarining School. The Uplift will let the Concord Tribune tell the story, which is:

"Announcement is made by J. P. Cook, chairman of the board of trustees of the Jackson Training School, of the gift of twelve hundred and fifty dollars by Mrs. John A. Barnhardt and family for the purpose of supplying gates to the three entrances at the grounds of the school campus.

These gates are to be constructed of granite and iron and wired so they may be lighted, all in keeping with the substantial appearance of the surroundings, and will prove of great utility in the orderly conduct of the institution and add to the beauty of the grounds. Mr. Cook, in making the announcement of the handsome gift, states that the designs for the gates have already been selected and that the one that is to be erected at the main entrance will bear a bronze tablet, setting forth the fact that the gift, by the expressed wish of the authorities of the institution, is in memory of Mr. John A. Barnhardt, husband and father of the thoughtful and generous donors.

"This is a greatly appreciated gift," said Mr. Cook, "for it serves both a beautifying and necessary purpose; and at the same time it makes an agreeable contact with the school in a material way of the name of the splendid gentlemean, whose memory the Jackson Training School cherishes. Mr. Barnhardt was a true and helpful friend in his modest and dignified manner, which characterized his every deed. From the very conception of the idea of the establishment of such a school, long before it was able to take form, he gave to it his moral support and his hearty endorsement; he was deeply interested in its actual beginning and aided materially in its start; and up to the time of his passing he rejoiced in the institution's rapid development and its great success."

The Tribune understands that the contract for the building of the large granite posts has been left, and that the iron gates and chains have been ordered. Work in actual construction is expected to start within the next ten days.

In this connection The Tribune congratulates the Jackson Training School in the possession of so many warm and helpful friends, not only locally but

throughout the state. The school has worked its way into the hearts of the public,. who see and admire its great accomplishments among the unfortunate youth. And it is particularly gratifying that the good man, who lived an exemplary life in the county and who set such high ideals for personal living and right conduct should be remembered in this manner, a deed that his hundreds of friends in life will appreciate.''

There is nothing to add to the above clear account of the splnedid contribution by Mrs. Barnhardt and her family other than to publicly acknowledge the appreciation of the institution, including the boys, to the generous donors. The gates will be serviceable and attractive—they are a long felt need.

* * * * * * * * *

''MOST PERFECT'' CAUSES DISCUSSION.

The Southern railway, in its advertising department, has been indicted by certain parties for the use of bad English. This is the story sent out and the great railroad seems happy over the vote:

> ''Use of the words, ''most perfect,'' in advertising matter issued by the Southern Railway System, describing the accomodations offered by the ''Crescent Limited,'' new de luxe train between New York and New Orleans, started an argument as to correct usage which was referred to a number of the leading English scholars of the country, with the result that ''most perfect'' was given unqualified approval by four out of six savants who replied to a questionnaire sent out by the Southern's passenger department.
>
> Dean John C. Metcalf of the University of Virginia, Prof. Henry B. Lathrop of the University of Wisconsin, Prof. Samuel Moore of the University of Michigan, and Prof. J. Leslie Hall of the College of William and Mary, upheld the use of ''most perfect.'' Quotations from the Constitution of the United States, the St. James Version of the Holy Bible, the works of Shakespeare, John Ruskin, Carlyle, Irving, Addison, and other standard English authors were given to show the use of this and similar expressions.
>
> Prof. Robert E. Park of the University of Georgia and Prof. J. T. Murray of Harvard University ruled that ''most perfect'' is illogical, arguing that if a thing is perfect, it can not be more so.
>
> Though it was impossible to get a unanimous decision, ''most perfect'' wins by a vote of four to two.''

The Uplift has not been asked to vote on this proposition, but in keeping with a general custom of expressing enthusiasm over a matter or thing, it conveys an idea and that is what language is for except when the editor of

the Journal of Social Forces tries to explain his attitude—then it is mud.

Why don't the Southern Railway consult Webster's Dictionary and then hold up its head in a crowing satisfaction. Old man Webster in defining "most" when used as an adverb gives this definition: "in the greatest degree or to the greatest extent;" and "almost; nearly." The writer of that advertisement meant "most perfect" to be understood as almost or nearly perfect—now didn't you, old fellow?

* * * * * * * * * *

JUGTOWN POTTERS.

That's a story published in this issue. It portrays what would be considered a provincial situation and a provincial people, both being in Randolph county. Until sister Hammer, of the Ashboro Courier, gives her okay to the truthfulness of it, The Uplift is skeptical. No little of it perhaps is an accurate account of a condition that prevailed one hundred years ago with these interesting people, who are devoted to their ideal. But we are strongly of the opinion that the author, in making the story quite interesting, resorted to poetical license and got dates of conditions somehow mixed.

What about this, sister Hammer?

* * * * * * * * * *

A BELOVED STATESMAN PASSES.

Thomas R. Marshall, vice-president during the two terms of the administration of President Wilson, passed peacefully away in Washington, on Monday.

Mr. Marshall was of scholarly attainments, enjoyed the esteem of the public, irrespective of party, and in latter years has been contributing the pleasure and profit of the public through frequent contributions to the press.

You expect a minister and a high church officer to be a Christian and to hold to views that are in agreement with orthodox religion, and it is refreshing to find a politician and public man so pronounced in his Christian views as was the late Vice-President.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

A philospher in ancient days was wont to insist that a man's first duty to himself was to know himself. The thought has come to me and I have been wondering how many men in this day and generation know themselves. There are instances popping up almost daily wherein it seems that so many know more about other people than they do themselves. It is a sad commentary, but it is the gospel truth. When I am with myself I find that I am often in company with a big sinner, like Saint Paul, who said he thought he was "the chief of sinners." The best way a man can gain an estimate of himself is to know something about the aims and ambitions, the joys and sorrows, the trials and triumphs of other men. "No man liveth to himself." When you get away from self, and out of self, you learn more of yourself.

The commencement days are upon us, as they come with each cycle of the passing years. The boys and girls are stepping out into life; life as it is lived in this great old world. When you come to the end of the trail, boys and girls, and the curtain of life is drawing down, closing your stage of action, you will be worth 1,000 times more if you have done something during your life for your community; something for your country, and so, something for the world worth while.

What I love about America is that she doesn't ask you where you came from or who your parents were, but just whether you are prepared to serve your country and your fellow citizens. America looks to the rising generation for service. If there is one spark of pride in the hearts of the young, they will resolve that the boys who went "over there" and never came back shall not have given their lives in vain, but that the full fruits of the victory they won shall yet come to harvest.

Boys, girls, take from your schools the very best that you can get from them, and fit yourselves to carry on during your life in the world in a way that will mark you as worthy of citizenship in this great land, second to none in all the world.

"Old Hurrygraph" attended a barbecue and Brunswick stew the other day, and during the after dinner talks they called on him for a speech. He was mean enough to get off this little squib: "I never made but one speech in my life. That was to a woman, and she said yes. Since that time I have not been able to make a speech, so must not expect one here."

June is knocking at the door. June, the month of sunshine and breezes; roses and romance; graduates and brides; when the proverbial fancies of fond young knights turn to love. The month when poets dream and sing of trysts and troths, and of the white wonder of my lady's hand; the hand that is bestowed, with the gift of her heart, into her gallant's own dear keeping.

The wonder of my lady's hand—the magic of my lady's hand—yet

prithee, what tells my lady's hand? what secrets may she be whispering when she bestows its slender, fluttering grace? Cryptic is its charm, capricious its enticement—with a thousand delicate fascinations it enthralls us—nor might we read its wonder in a single glance! For Beauty's soul lives in her hands, 'tis this that does beguile. Folded in majestic repose they whisper of serenity; in gay, bird-like gestures they coquette and suggest caresses; fine and strong and slim, they tell of truth and courage. Lovely, oh, are my lady's hands—hands that beckon, hands that baffle—nun-like hands and hands defiant—quiet hands and hands disdainful—hands piquant and pert and prying—lovely are my lady's hands and lovely, too, the tales they tell!

A cute little tot, at a recent Durham wedding, was one of the bride's train bearers. When everything was in readiness, she was told to carry the train in a nice, lady-like manner. When she took the train in her hands, she inquired, "Well, where's the wheels to this train?" Cute little thing!

I was at the Durham State Normal School commencement Thursday. Just across the isle from me was one of the old-time darkies, all dressed up and in a pleasing humor. He leaned over and asked me: "Is ya' de gem'man dat made de speach out here las' night?" I told him I was not, and inquired, "Did he look like me," "Yessah; he sure did; but you'se de bes' lookin' man." I had to give him my profoundest bow for his politeness and tact. It is not often I get so tickled.

I am often struck with the analogy of things as well as the co-incidents one often meets up with. The singularity of things, too, is often more puzzling than a crossword puzzle. Here is a case in point. Capt. J. R. Renn, the affable master of the union station, has a birthday once a year. Mrs. Renn has one too, not to be outdone by her husband. Now the singularity of these events is that Capt. Renn's birthday comes on Mother's day, which is the 10th of May. Mrs. Renn's birthday comes on Father's Day, the 21st of June. Can you find any chronology to beat that?

Did you ever hear the story of the American girl who was attending a social affair at an English country house when some one said to her: "You American girls haven't nearly as good complexions as we have. I always wonder why our noblemen take such a fancy to your white faces."

"It isn't our white faces that attract them," responded the American girl. "It's our greenbacks." I think that's rather a slam on the noblemen, myself, but perhaps some of them deserve it.

It has long been held that a beautiful head of hair was a woman's crowning glory. But in these days the women seem to be strongly disposed to cast down their crowns at the feet of barbers. The bobbed hair will keep bobbing up. It is none of my business, and you needn't tell her that I said a word about it. But a girl, a few days ago, with lovely head

hair, nearly touching the floor when it was let down, walked into a barbershop, and had it Sampsonrized in the cervical region; parting company with her crowning possession, which she carried home under her arm, wrapped in a newspaper. I thought what a pity such a lovely head of hair should be shorn from such a lovely girl. But fashion worked the shears, and lovely women stoops to concur.

Speaking about bobbed hair, it has now become one of the overhead expenses. I do not know how it is myself, for in my younger days it was not in vogue, but the young fellows of this day, who do a lot of courting, tell me that it "just tickles them to death." They say it is cut just long enough to get in their ears, and play "ring 'round the rosey," on their necks, and flash across their faces like a dusting brush. How it manages to do this; and the cause producing this effect, I am not prepared to say; but the boys say it is a fact, and I pass it on for others to solve.

JUGTOWN POTTERS.

By Clara Trenckmann.

One of the most interesting and popular exhibits at the Southern Exposition, which was held from May 11 to May 23 in Grand Central Palace, New York City, was the exhibit of Jugtown Pottery. It was the only pottery which was admitted as a part of the Fine Arts Section of the Exposition.

The exhibit was arranged by Mrs. Jacques Busbee. It included specimens of every kind of article made by the skillful hands of the community which makes this pottery. There were tombstones, whiskey rings, salt and pepper shakers, vases, jugs and dishes of all kinds made of pottery. There were graceful little turkey feather fans, handmade furniture and linsey woolsey petticoates. On the walls were photographs of the Jugtown potters at work and at play.

They are a serious-minded folk, but they like to have a good time also. On May 9 these most persistent pioneers in all America, the makers of Jugtown Pottery, held a grand barbecue under the pine trees of the foothills of North Carolina, where Montgomery, Moore and Randolph counties join together.

There was a most interesting combination of effects at this barbecue. Among those present were editorial writers from New York magazines; a delegation of Catawba Dutch potters, who had come to study the work of their fellow-craftsmen; visitors from Pinehurst, Greensboro and other North Carolina cities, and the villagers themselves.

As a result there were flivvers parked next to covered wagons, overalls side by side with knickerbockers and "store pants." There were top knots demurely cloaked in picturesque sunbonnets, and there was bobbed hair. There was cigarette smoking, but there was more dipping

of snuff.

Not only by their overalls and their sturdy build—for they are strong and muscular folks—could the men and boys of the village be distinguished from the visitors, but by the fact that each man and boy wore a rose pinned to the bill of his cap. This is an old custom which they strictly adhere to. Pinning a rose on their cap is their way of dressing up. And it is strange how festive a man can look, even in overalls, if he wears a rose right over his forehead.

From six one morning until six the next there was jollification and feasting. There were fiddlers to play while they sang, with old-time energy, old songs like "I'm Agoin' Down the Road Afeelin' Bad" and "Keep My Skillet Good and Greasy."

Two hundred pounds of pig, 35 chickens and two bushels of cornbread were served at the barbecue, among other things. At six o'clock in the morning the women began baking the corn pone in their iron skillets over the open fire.

There were speeches by visiting dignitaries. Finally young Charlie Teague, a direct descendant of old Peter Craven, the leader of the original group in 1750, told Jacques Busbee, who was in charge of the affair, that he too wanted to make a speech. With a right good grace he spoke. In closing, he said: "I believe that my son is going to be the greatest potter that ever lived." And with such a background, it stands to reason that he should be.

It was in the year 1750 that a group of plain, simple folk, potters by trade, drifted into this section of North Carolina. They arrived in covered wagons, and, because they found plenty of good red clay and white clay there, they decided to settle down.

So they put up their little log cabins. They built a kiln in which to make their pottery, and they went to housekeeping.

That was 175 years ago. Today the community is still there practically as it was in 1750. They still ride around in covered wagons. The women still wear homespun petticoats. Polly Ann Reeder and Betsy Williamson recently stepped out of theirs so that they might be exhibited at the Southern Exposition. Betsy Williamson's has been worn for forty years, and, except for two tiny, neat patches, is just as good as when it was new.

These bright-colored garments were woven of cotton and wool on the looms which their ancestors brought with them from England. They are made with a woolen warp and a cotton woof. The dyes for these garments were secured from native herbs.

Most of the older women still wear sunbonnets year in and year out. The cooking is still done in open fireplaces. Iron skillets with three legs are used for baking ovens. They still sit in simple chairs cut out with a drawing knife and put together by hand, with a bottom woven of oak splits. In fact, all the furniture used in the community is handmade furniture.

These people have never reached the colonial period of prosperity. One reason for this was that the roads were so poor. Thus commerce, the parent of progress, could not touch

them.

Therefore, they stuck to their craft. They made jugs and whiskey rings with corncob stobs for corks (just as they do today,) and sold them to whiskey distilleries. In this way they acquired the money with which to buy the few things which they could not themselves make. Except for their infrequent trips to sell their products and get supplies, they lived in practical isolation from the outside world.

Today they are still one hundred miles from the nearest town of any size, Greensboro, and eight miles from a branch railroad. The community covers an area of twenty miles and consists of one hundred and fifty members. Some of the homes are three and four miles apart. In order to vote they go to the county seat eighteen miles away.

They have a little church, and they are very, very religious folk. They also have a little schoolhouse. All the houses are of logs; the same logs which were hewn and put together by the first settlers. They still use the same type of kiln to bake their product as their forefathers used. It is that type of kiln which is known to potters as the groundhog kiln.

There is a little graveyard in which most of the tombstones are made of pottery. These people were too poor to buy marble gravestones, so they took white clay, and shapped it in the form of tall, stout bottles with short, narrow necks. There was always one, a parent stone, for the inscription, which they scratced in with a sharp stick; and a foot-stone. They put these into the kiln and baked them until they were a dark rich gray, and placed them at the head and foot of their relatives' graves.

Bad roads, poverty—these are the reasons why modern progress has left almost untouched this little village in the pine forests of North Carolina. Perhaps, though, they were not sorry to have such sound reasons to allow them to keep on with the kind of work they knew so well how to do and loved so well doing.

Except in a few slight particulars, they are still following out the way of living of their forefathers, and have been doing so for nearly two centuries. They are living as craftsmen, makers of things with their hands.

In 1911, Jacques Busbee, a portrait painter, who is himself a descendant of one of the first white settlers in North Carolina, and his wife, also an artist and a native North Carolinian, saw some of the pottery from this community exhibited at a county fair and recognized its artistic merit. They visited the community and found that, although the people were still making bowls and pitchers and salt shakers and tea pots for their own use, the passage of local prohibition laws had cut down their one source of revenue, that is the sale of whiskey jugs, to almost nothing. The young men of the village were being forced to drift into sawmills or to the cotton and furniture factories to save their families from starvation.

Because they hated to see extingished this sole remaining remnant of American pioneer handicraft—real folkcraft because it is an expression of a people through the urge of necessity, with a pedigree unbroken since 1750—Mr. and Mrs. Busbee threw in

their lot with the community. With the co-operation of the villagers, they have been able to secure recognition for the inherent beauty of form and coloring of this pottery throughout the world, and have built up a market for it.

The members of the community are realizing that they possess hands which have generations of craftsmanship imbedded in them, with which they can produce articles that will sell, and buy for them the necessities and some of the luxuries of life. Last year the children of the village made enough salt and pepper shakers to pay for all their own clothes and school books.

Good roads are bringing the community more and more in touch with the outside world, and they are gradually picking up the artificialities of our modern civilization; but slowly, very slowly, for they are a simple people with frugal tastes.

LOGE PATTON'S SPIRIT LIVES.

By John A. Livingstone.

No name of any present-day resident of Burke county appeared upon the printed program of the magnificent pageant presented here Friday night. Nothing appeared to indicate who conceived the idea or who arranged the series of portrayals of outstanding events in Burke county history.

"To the boys and girls with whom the author has worked and in whom she has faith that in future years they will add yet more honor and fame to the loved name of Burke county 'The Birthright' is affectionately dedicated," read the dedication.

Beginning with the prehistoric past when birds and butterflies were the only inhabitants of Burke, the panorama moved on through the period when the fierce Cherokees battled for supremacy with the Catawba Indians until the time when both tribes were pushed westward by the coming of settlers from Virginia and South Carolina. Then came the episodes representing the Colonial and Revolutionary war periods, the days of the sixties with their strife and sentiment, the heroic exploits of the soldiers from Burke that culminated in the glorious record of the 6th North Carolina Regiment at Gettysburg, and then Burke's part in the Spanish-American War and last but not least the World War with its martial music. Through it all moved the beautiful water sprites, the spirit of the Catawba, their dancing representing the romance that was in the beginning and that still lives.

Eight hundred people took part in the pageant that moved in orderly procision for three hours but no name or anyone of the 800 appeared upon the printed program. No names were called to the attention of the thousands that banked themselves upon the mountainside to see the spectacle. No time was wasted in making announcements.

It was a community and a county

production in the true sense of the term, but there was no doubt in the mind of a single one of all the thousands there as to who was directing the production or who was the moving spirit behind it all. Not one of the performers that didn't keep an eye out for a woman dressed in black, who was not seen except near the beginning of the performance. For the briefest spell she was very much in evidence, and the thousands learned that the perseverance that made the late Rev. R. Logan Patton the most respected man in Burke County still lives in his daughter.

Patiently and carefully the author and stager of this pageant had worked. For two years at least she has given freely of her time to get it staged. Last year it rained and marred the production. This year the weather was ideal. It could not have been more auspicious. At last the performance was under way. The Indian maidens were dancing in their Indian costumes with red lights playing upon them with weird effect. The young braves with their war paint upon their bodies were giving a fierce was dance. It was almost the beginning of the spectacle, and splendid it was. One wondered if this magnificent beginning could be kept up through the long list of events that are to be portrayed.

The crowds on the mountainside were pushing upon each other, and those behind couldn't see because of those standing. Complaints were sent in from the rear. This episode ended, the music ceased, and there appeared in the front of the sodded stage a woman in black. She was calm, cool and collected. She announced pointedly that if those back in the crowd who were obstructing the view did not sit down, the pageant would stop.

Loge Patton Still Lives.

Did anybody back there doubt that Mrs. Maude Patton Anthony, designer and mover of the pageant, meant what she said? Not any one of the large number who went to school to the late R. L. Patton.

"Why I could see Loge Patton right up there," remarked one of the star students of the revered teacher.

"I would have known she was a Patton, if I had never seen nor heard of her before," he added as he went on to explain that aboce all men and women in the world except his own father and mother he loved Loge Patton.

Those that couldn't get seats went on to explain that above all men and besides they wanted to do what was right. Mrs. Anthony had said they must not do it. And was she not a Patton?

The pageant went on. It was a wonderful pageant. A pageant that was a work of art. It stands up under the severe standards that art imposes. The more you think about it and the more it is studied, the more it is admired.

The Soul Of An Artist.

Through many weeks of patient work Mrs. Anthony labored and toiled and struggled. She knew every utmost detail about it. A hundred little children were dressed in their dainty costumes to represent the birds and butterflies, the flowers and fairies that were in Burke county even be-

fore the Indians. They pulled and tugged about her, and asked questions. Never a cross word for one of them. She answered their questions with a nod and went on with the rehearsals. Many rehearsals there were and a thousand details to be arranged.

Yet when it was over, Mrs. Anthony was wondering how everything went through so smoothly. Two years of work had been spent upon it. But for her it was as nothing.

"Why we didn't have time today for four of the rehearsals," she remarked as friend after friend rushed upto congratulate her. It was not of the past but of the future she was thinking. Another year it would be better. Another year it would be more splendid. The soul of an artist longing for expression kept her from being satisfied.

An Artistic Production.

The little girls danced and then came a dozen larger girls in their beautiful white dresses that were intended to suggest the sparkling waters of the mountain. They were led by Miss Susan Graham Erwin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Erwin, and granddaughter of the late Chief Justice Walter Clark, who represented the "Spirit of Catawba." Throughout the pageant they appeared between episodes as the romatic background for the various historic events that were portrayed. Their aesthetic dancing was an artistic triumph. They were trained for last year's pageant and this year they took their places as a permanent part of the magnificent production that Mrs. Anthony has given to Burke county.

McDowell Estes dressed to represent Father Time furnished the historical setting for the presention of the various portrayals in the pageant. He was suited for the part and read from his scroll at intervals. The audience didn't undestand much that he said but he looked the part, and supplied the artistic touch that gave to the piece continuity.

With the indian dances out of the way, the last featuring the departure of the Catawbas from their mountain homes after the advent of the white man, the aesthetic dancers were on the sodded green again. This time they represented the guardian waters, but their artistic dancing stood up without explanation. With rhythm and grace they yielded themselves to the sweet music of the pianist, Mrs. A. M. Ingold, the violinst, Mrs. E. A. Kirksey, and the other musicians.

Some Old-Time Dancing.

The dancing of the minuet featured the episode representing the Revolutionary period of Burke's proud history, and there were a few melodies thrown in for good measure. This reproduction of the old-time dance was splendidly done by the Burke young men and women, and pleased the crowd as did the Virginia reel later in the pageant.

The coming of the settlers was portrayed in the arrival of the Greenlees with their camping outfits. Here some familiar Burke history was brought into the conversation as well as some old wagons.

The next episode brought the "State of Burke" into the picture with the attempted trial of John Sevier for treason. The prisoner arrived with his guardians, but his friends were there with his horse and

quick as the flash of a pistol, they rushed in and bore him away.

Again the aesthetic dances and then appeard Miss Liberty, who was represented by Miss Mary Tucker Jeter, dressed in the costume of Queen Columbia, with the torch of liberty borne aloft, which was to find its expression in the battle of King's Mountain, the latter being represented in the pageant by a meeting of the leaders in that battle that took place under an oak that flourished for many years in Quakers Meadors, near Morganton. These leaders were dressed in the costumes of the Revolutionary period and the parts were well portrayed by the modern day actors.

The War Between the States period was represented by several episodes, the first being the marriage of Vance, the "War Governor," who found his wife in Burke County. Miss Jean Alexander and Bill Erwin made an excellent bride and bridegroom. The old-fashioned victoria was brought upon the sodded stage in this episode. The bride wore the wedding dress of her great-grandmother while the other costumes were in keeping with the ante-bellum days.

A Touch of Humor.

The pageant would have been better with more humor, but Mrs. Anthony couldn't look after everything. She did not forget to inject some first-class humor into it with the old-fashioned negro breakdown, which was an excellent portrayal and done as well as Al Field's minstrels could have done.

The recruiting of the soldiers for the War Between the States was pictured in the next episode after the dancing interlude, and here again was a fine piece of portrayal. There were plenty of grey coats and the costumes were the Confederate costumes. Director J. Gordon Queen, of the Morganton cornet band, had been playing the melodies with fine skill, but he ran into a riot of cheers as he swung the band into "Dixie" and the "Boys of the Sixties" marched away to war.

One of the finest bits of work done in the War Between the States scene was the dancing of the Virginia reel. The women in the part had on the dresses common to that period when rolled stockings were unknown. The melodies played with banjo and fiddle were excellent.

The Confederate soldiers from Burke were portayed as they sat around the camp fires in Northern Virginia. The bugler blew taps and they lay down upon the grass to sleep. In one instance at least the sleeping was realistic, which was a testimony to the soothing effect of the "When You and I Were Young Maggie," which was sung by a girls' chorus.

The singing of "Old Black Joe" and other plantation melodies by quartettes marked the passing of the slave and then came the Ku-Klux Klan. The horsemen in their Ku-Klux Klan robes brought a storm of applause, and this was taken to indicate that there are numerous Klansmen in Burke County. Be that as it may, these Klansmen were those of the seventies and not of today.

Some Military Drills.

The pageant with several interludes wound around to the Spanish-American War in which a military

company of deaf boys from the State School here showed the spectators that they are equal to the best there is in soldiering. The commands were given by hand, but they never missed a cue, and executed all military movements with the skill of veterans. The recital of a poem written during the Spanish-American War by W. C. Erwin, now a Morganton lawyer, but then a newspaper editor, completed the episode, the deaf soldiers double-quicking to the strains of "There'll Be A Hot Time In The Old Town Tonight."

The Morganton National Guard in trench hats and uniforms put on a drill for the World War episode, and then came an added touch of sentiment for the Burke of the present day.

Ed Simpson Comes Home.

R. E. Simpson, general manager of the Southern Railway, put on a tableau representing himself some forty years ago as water boy. John Giles in overalls and with water bucket was given some excellent advice by Mr. Simpson about keeping his eyes to the front and never looking back, which those hearing him knew came from the railroad manager's heart. He paid high tribute to Morganton and Burke county as being the best place on "God's green earth," and those that heard understood that Mr. Simpson was casting no aspersions on anybody but was telling the home folks that he was glad to be home again and "there is no place like home." It was an excellent speech and proved that a railroader can talk as well as act, and that Burke county can produce both talkers and doers in peace no less than in war.

Mr Simpson was one of Loge Patton's students some 40 years ago, and he paid tribute to his memory as well as to the achievement of his daughter, Mrs. Anthony, in getting up the pageant.

The close of the pageant found Miss Liberty advancing to the front to turn over her torch to the younger generation, which was represented by a hundred Morganton school boys and girls. Miss Liberty as she entrusted her torch to the next generation exhorted them to remember:

> "The history of Burke county, the deeds of valor of her immortal sons I dedicate to you, her youth, the future citizens of Burke county. Hold high this torch, in memory of the love of yesterday, the pride of today and the citizens of tomorrow."

Pageant Costumes Excellent.

The costuming of the pageant was excellent and especially worthy of praise when it is remembered that every stage of life in the 150 years of the history of Burke from the time the Indians left this section until now was portrayed. Here was another triumph for Mrs. Anthony and those who helped her. They overcame many hindrances, and when a landeau was needed, they got one and when a victoria was needed they got that and when horses were wanted they were ready. When a covered wagon was wanted for the scene representing the settlers of Burke, there was one made to order.

The lighting effects were splendid. The manipulation was done with

as great precision as if the whole had been staged indoors.

While it was the brain of Mrs. Anthony that staged the production, it was the co-operation of a host of people that made it possible, and here Burke shines as well as in history that reaches beyond the Revolution.

FIGURES THAT BURN.

From The Wachovia, a monthly booklet issued by the Wachovia Bank and Trust Company, we get the compilation below. "With Pride" sets us up powerfully; but there comes upon one a dull thud when he views "With Shame."

But after all these figures lead one unjustly into a sort of despond. Think how matters would be if the South raised everything, and had no occasion to patronize the West and the North. This is reciprosity. Wouldn't it be a rather selfish attitude if we undertook to live wihin ourselves, and give no patronage to other sections, and then, by dint of our favored situation and climate, force them to buy our cotton and cotton goods.

The Uplift has no notion of applauding the showing under "With Shame," but it is just whistling to keep up courage and hoping that these ugly figures, under Farm Extension and Farm Propaganda and such, may be remedied.

With Pride

In the May number of The World's Work is a full page advertisement of North Carolina municipal bonds by a well known bond house that gives figures on the development of our State that should make the cheek of every patriotic North Carolinian burn with pride. They are as follows:

	1900	1923
Population	$ 1,893.810	$ 2,686,325
Property Values	681,982,000	4,543,110,000
Value of Manufactured Products	85,174,083	665,118,000
Value of Cotton Manufactured	28,373,000	318,368,000
Bank Deposits	16,757,855	345,142,000
Highway Expenditures	624,381	36,148,000
Public School Expenditures	950,300	22,079,000

With Shame

While we were still rejoicing over the fact that the growth and wealth of North Carolina have been a matter of extensive comment in newspapers and magazines the country over, we chanced to see another set of figures. Again our cheeks flushed—but this time with shame.

The ten cotton-growing States of the South, including North Carolina, are sending annually a billion dollars of their cotton money to the West for

grain and livestock. The following figures show why, though the value of our farm products has increased nearly six hundred per cent within the past twenty years, our farmers are still struggling for economic freedom.

No corn raised on	299,827 farms
No hay or forage raised on	1,382,918 farms
No oats raised on	2,185,506 farms
No eggs produced on	500,411 farms
No gardens grown on	597,247 farms
No dairy cows kept on	945,333 farms
No chickens raised on	950,980 farms
No butter produced on	1,172,726 farms
No pigs raised on	1,438,544 farms
No sweet potatoes raised on	1,481,297 farms
No Irish potatoes raised on	2,005,393 farms
No molasses cane raised on	1,942,445 farms
No pure-bred animals kept on	1,407,347 farms

THE GOVERNOR WINS FIFTY CENT BET.

By Ben Dixon MacNeill, in News & Observer.

Despite the fact that the three best plow-boys in Cumberland county have rendered a joint judgment against me, and in favor of the Governor of North Carolina, I still contend that I would be a fairly safe risk to turn loose with a mule in a field of tender young cotton a sHis Excellency. I contend, moreover, that their judgment was a slight bit prejudiced.

Nor would I be understood as denying that a good plow-hand was spoiled when Angus W. McLean forsook the farm and entered upon the practice of the law. He is fundamentally sound in the theory of siding cotton, and his practice is excellent. He understands the language that one employs when addressing a mule and he speaks as it with a profound Cape Fear Highlander accent. Saturday afternoon we set out for that particularly delightful piece of country that both of us call home, the Governor for Lumberton and myself for the lower end of Cumberland county, in the township adjacent to Robeson and Bladen counties. The Governor was reminiscent of his youth as we moved along through new-plowed fields, and there was a touch of sadness about it. Plowing, in some respects, is a lot more satisfactory than being Governor.

Arrived in my own neighborhood the Governor recalled a story I had written about a year ago, of the three Canady boys, left orphans when the oldest was 15, and the others younger by two year intervals. They have paid off the traditional mortgage by industry and thrift. They are 15, 17, and 19 now and there are not three finer youths in Cumberland county than are Hersey, Herman and Robert Canady. The Governor want-

ed to go see them.

Although the pond at home was congested with the youth of the community at that hour, there three boys were plowing when we got to their place. The Governor was delighted with them. People think he is cold and austere and unbending, but they have never seen him out in the field with the sort of folks he grew up with. The three boys and their good mother were a little flustrated at the presence of their Governor of North Carolina in their cotton patch, but he handled it beautifully.

The Governor chided me at my boasted prowess with a plow, and suggested that the issue be determined by combat. The three boys were appointed referees, and we set to, the Governor taking Robert's mule—which I since understand has been re-christened "Governor"—and we plowed. At first the Governor's plow went in too deep, but he got the feel of his plow and did very well. My own performance I will not describe, though I offer no apology for it.

Anyhow I think Robert's mule is more experienced, and less given to flights of youthful fancy..... The Governor won a unanimous decision and I am convinced that I must go elsewhere to re-establish my claims to competence in this branch of industry. Prophets have a hard time in their own country, especially if they are unequally matched against Governors.

AGED SIXTY-FIVE.

An Address by Prof. R. S. Saby, of Gettysburg College.

Statistics are often thoought of as cold, dry and uninteresting, and so they are, unless suffused with human interest and read in the light of a constructive imagination. Statistical tabulations may mean much or they may mean very little, depending on how they are prepared and how they are used. To me the following statistics speak with the eloqence of a Demosthenes:

Of 100 men born 65 years ago, in all probability 36 have passed to their final reward. Of the remaining 64 one is wealthy, four are comfortably supplied with worldly goods, five must continue to eat their bread in the sweat of their brows, while 54 are dependent, wholly or in part, on others for their maintenance being unable to take care of themselves financially during the remaining years of their lives.

When all of the 100 have passed away and we investigate the earthly possessions they have left behind we find that one has left wealth, two have left comfort, fifteen have left only from two to ten thousand dollars, and 82, when dead and buried, are found to have left nothing at all, most of them not even enough to afford them a decent burial.

Modern society revolts against the primitive plan of putting the old decrepit out of their misery, but we have not yet solved the problem of dealing intelligently and humanely

with those who have borne the burden of the day but have no provision made for the twilight that ushers in the night of final rest. The problem is not one of fixing the blame for this unpreparedness. Whether the old, infirm and indigent are themselves wholly or partly to blame does not relieve society of its duty. A Christian conscience can not ignore the cry of suffering, want and destitution. It is the voice of our Master Himself calling for succor. Are our almshouses and other forms of humiliating poor relief the final answer of our civilization?

New Productive Processes Affect Age

We are living in the age of steam and electricity. We have harnessed these natural forces to our industry and increased our productiveness and wealth immeasurably. In terms of averages our material well-being has been greatly enhanced. But the modern machines requires the attendance of an alert, active mind and a supple young body. The old worker is not in demand. The industrial wage-earner soon finds himself relegated to the scrap-heap. A factory scraps machinery the moment new inventions prove more profitable. Old processes are replaced by new and experience garnered through years of faithful service proves valueless under new, changed conditions. When a worker reaches middle age he finds it difficult to secure regular work. A few, to be sure, better themselves, but the many frequently fail to stand up under the strain, and these are the ones who, at 65, find themselves unable to earn a living.

Under earlier conditions individual self-reliance and thrift could better cope with the situation. If a man didn't have a good job it was generally assumed that he didn't want one. But today, with industry, commerce and finance nationalized and often internationalized, a few can help themselves but the many are relatively helpless. If a manufacturing plant shuts down, what can the laborers do? Other plants, too, are suffering from the same depression, and unemployment becomes general through no fault of the individual employee. Inexpert leadership on the part of the great captains of industry and financial barons may have brought on the crisis, but it is a leader-ship they cannot very readily challenge. Unemployment is largely beyond the control of the individual worker. At times labor organizations may share the blame, but even so, what can the individual do?

Periodic unemployment is a real contributing factor to dependent old age It dissipates savings laid up for the future. So far we have done little to remedy the national and international causes of unemployment. Perhaps they cannot be entirely eliminated. They may be an unavoidable risk accompanying modern industry.

Workmen's Compensation Laws

John A. Lapp, in a recent article in the American Labor Legislation Review, says: "The risks of sickness, accident, unemployment and business failures are so great that a man is fortunate indeed who finds the way safely amidst these shoals to the haven of economic security in old age."

Business is today bearing the burden of industrial accidents in a way more in harmony with modern indus-

trial life. Forty-two States of the American Union have passed workmen's compensation laws, many inadequate and faulty, to be sure, but others point the way to a proper solution .

Much has been done to relieve and prevent sickness and to prolong life, but little so far has been done to eliminate sickness as an econmic risk for the individual and this risk grows greater as the worker grows older. He may insure, but he doesn't insure. So many other demands are made on his wages.

The average life has been lengthened considerably throughout the last decades. This, of course, means relatively more old people to break bread with us. Again turning to statistics, we find that in 1880 those 65 years old and over numbered 3.4 per cent of the total population. In 1920 this percentage had inereased to 4.7. In other words, taking into account the growth of population, there were proportionately nearly 40 per cent more men and women over 65 years of age in the United States in 1920 than there were in 1880. The span of life has increased and is likely to increase still further with the great advances reported in the fields of medicine and surgery, sanitation and hygiene. There will be more and more old people and all the while industry is pulling down what has been called the dead line of employment. Men over 55 find it hard to get a new job when thrown out of employment. In some industries men not yet 50 are rated old and retain their jobs with difficulty. When they have to seek re-employment they frequently have to accept poorer paid jobs.

Age Problem on Farms

Not only in industry but even in agriculture we find the same tendency. It takes younger men and more expensive equipment to succeed. An old man and his mortage are not soon parted. They make a poor combination.

I have stressed the general economic causes rather than the personal because I feel convinced that they are fundamental. The modern industrial field offers great prizes to the few, liberal prizes to many, but in this great economic lottery many more are they who will draw blanks. After a life-time of work they will have nothing of economic value to show for it. Out of the 54 dependent at 65 years of age, many are dependent through no special fault of their own. And whether they are at fault or not, we cannot complacently let them starve.

Every moral human being aims to supply the immediate needs of his family and to provide against old age. All classes of society share this instinct. We may condemn the unwise spending of many wage-earners, but when we learn what the average and poorer-paid wage-earner really gets to spend and then visualize him trying to supply a family's needs from these meager earnings, we can hardly blame him for not patronizing the savings bank more regularly or not buying insurance or annuities for old age.

And even those who save frequently lose their scanty accumulations which represent untold self-denial and at times actual privation. Some who may have been among the more

fortunate may also meet with reverses. With old age even the best may lose part at least of their business ability. Just the other day a man told me of his father who had, through diligence and good fortune, accumulated property worth upwards of half a million dollars by the he was 60, but when he died he had practically nothing to leave his family. His business acumen had left him though he himself never realized it. This itself may be regarded as one of the dangers attending old age.

This May Affect Us.

I wish to say nothing to discourage thrift and self-help. That is the plan I try to follow and am sure those present feel the same way about it. We, however, are among the more fortunate. Even so, some of us may be disappointed when we reach 65 or 70. It does little good for us to tell the needy if you had bought a deferred annuity at the age of 25 and paid annual premiums averaging $78.40, dividends deducted, at 65 you could have begun drawing $100 a month for the rest of your life or a trifle less than $100 a month for yourself and wife as long as either of you live. An insurance agent gave me these figures the other evening. Tell this and other similar possibilities of thrift to those who now are 25. But what about the aged poor?

Those who cannot help themselves must be helped. Who helps them? As we look over the field we note the following main sources of relief:

1. Children and relatives.
2. Friends and private benevolences.
3. Old age benefits of fraternal orders and labor organizations.
4. Pensions, national State, local and private corporations.
5. Outdoor relief and almshouses.

This list is suggestive rather than exhaustive.

The Pennsylvania Commission on Old Age Pensions and similar commissions in Massachusetts, Ohio, Wisconsin and other States in published reports on investigations show that children and relatives do help and often take bread and educational advantages from their own children to help support the unfortunates. A surprisingly large number of dependent old people have children who have not materially improved their station in life. Even where the help is given cheerfully the old father or mother is frequently not happy in thus losing their independence and in burdening those that are dear to them. But many old people do not have children or other near relatives to whom they can turn. Friends frequently step into the breach. There are many with big hearts who reach out to help unfortunates directly or through charitable organizations and institutions. Many churches and local charitable societies relieve much suffering. More pretentious Old Folk's Homes are maintained where many can spend their last days without further financial worries. Unorganized, indiscriminate charity may do as much harm as good. Fake charities reap big harvests annually from the gullible, and undeserving individuals learn the art of living without work. Those in actual need will suffer in consequence. But the number who at

best can be reached through private agencies is limited.

Membership in fraternal orders and in labor organizations frequently entitles one to special aid. The Odd Fellows, Masons and others have done much good work. Abraham Epstein, in his excellent book, "Facing Old Age," tells of the International Typographical Union which began taking care of its aged workers in 1892; the Order of Railroad Telegraphers which established a pension fund for life annuities to old and faithful members who have reached an advanced age; the Bricklayer's, Mason's and Plasterers' Union and its Old Age and Disability Relief Fund; the work of the Railroad Brotherhoods and many other organizations which have adopted various plans for helping their older members who must drop out of the active ranks. But only a small proportion of the older men and women of the country are members of unions or fraternal orders which can help them even in a small way. What of the others?

They Are All Crazy.

In the Pennsylvania Old Age Pension Commission's report of 1991 there is a story told of a social worker who met an inmate of a National Soldier's Home. The inmate confirmed the report that a spirit of discontent pervaded the institution. The worker asked if it were true that some of the inmates were crazy. The reply was "Yes."

"How many old soldiers are there in the home?"

" 878."

"And how many of these are crazy?"

"878!—Not that all are insane in the popular acceptance of the word," continued the old man, "but they are all crazy for the sight of their old homes, for the sound of their loved ones' voices, for the companionship of the old home friends. Our lives are lonesome. We were all strangers to each other until a short time ago and being thrown suddenly together we cannot assimilate or form new friendships that are anything like the old ones. Some of us have wives and children back home, and it is heartbreaking to be so far away from the sight and sound of them."

If these words could express the feelings of an honored veteran in a national home built and maintained for the comfort and convenience of veterans, what articulate or inarticulate cry does not reach high heaven from our almshouses, the "social grave yards" of our civilization? Ladies and gentlemen, it does not take any eloquence on my part to add to the almost instinctive dread we all have of an institution that has been with us for generations.

Not all who are dependent on the public for charity must go to the almshouses. Some, perhaps fortunately for them, are not in a physical condition to enter these institutions. Some are in temporary need and are tided over by supplies of food, clothing, fuel and medicine. Widowed or deserted mothers with small children may be given public charity in their own homes. Many poor commissioners with no experience or without scruples may squander much public money in disbursing this form of relief, but it is surprising how much good a little timely aid may do when efficiently administered

Home ties and old associates may be kept up and the needy aged do not have to separate from those they love and who are unable to keep them unaided. A good system of home relief is far better than the best managed almshouse.

And why the almshouse?

County Poorhouses and Economy.

The county poorhouse is not the most economical method of caring for the aged. When we examine into the cost of their construction, operation and maintenance, they are found to be very expensive. The ordinary report does not take into account the value of the land, buildings and equipment nor figure interest and depreciation charges among the cost, nor consider the value of produce raised on the farm. And frequently the expenses of maintaining attendants is greater than the amount actually spent on the unfortunate wards of the county. The attendants, rather than the wards, are given first consideration..

The sick, blind , epileptic, the feeble-minded, the social outcasts should be taken care of separately and each treated according to their special needs. For these it may be highly desirable and necessary to maintain institutions. But where the main problem is poverty the needy can be handled more humanely, efficiently and economically in other ways.

SOME TIME, BUT NOT ALWAYS.

By T. A. Snow.

"We may fool some people part of the time, some people all of the time, but we can't fool all the people all of the time," is a fact to be considered as true as it is old.

Foolery or the skepticism of believeing the world can be fooled to trail a false self-applied dogmatic idea, or an egotistic motive is as dangerous as treading quicksands; sooner or later to be engulfed in deadly wastes. We may be martyrs to a false undertaking. Better, "Be Sure You Are Right, Then Go Ahead," as Grant said. Our heritage to be rightly guided is divinely ordained and anyone seeking to divert us from that right is a traitor to his divine creation and purpose, a curse to our inheritance and a criminal destined to take up his abode in a place described by Dante in his "Inferno," where all the people have been fooled and foolery has been their curse.

"The Word will be fooled: so let's fool it," was a philosophy of Bolo Pasha, who was arrested September 29, 1914, as a German Spy and Propagandist, by the French Government. He was convicted of treason against France and sentenced to die February 15, 1915.

This kind of philosophy would be all right, but the trouble is, the world doesn't stay fooled, for long, and when the world finds out, and find out it will, it is likely to take off the fooler's head and show it to him.

Of course we have foolers and foolery today, but for sake of direct contact let's go back in his-

tory. Indeed a great many fellows whom history calls Great, were merely foolers. "Way back there was Alexander, who tried to fool the world into believing there was nothing more to conquer, by personal weeping when he hadn't even conquered himself. He died in his thirties of drink and chronic lasciviousness.

Caesar, for a time, fooled the world into thinking Rome was the world and himself Rome. Pretty soon some of his friends stuck their knives into him.

Napoleon, for a time, made Europe think that it couldn't get along without him. Europe came to, and Napoleon passed his last years on a lonely island plagued by just loneliness and an ordinary stomach trouble.

Along came William Hohenzollern. He fooled some 95,000,000 people into believeing he was the rightful heir to the world, and tried to fool the whole world about it but the world awoke and another Juggernaut was driven into exile.

Oh, yes, we have just named a few of the big foolers, saying nothing of the countless numbers of juveniles, past, present and would be's. But the price remains the same.

To be sure the world is fooled often. Sometime this world we mention is peculiarly situated and in area very small, sometimes large but be that as it may we each know our world. But, in selecting world-foolery as a business, a fellow ought to include a determination to cash in early or cash out and to provide a reliable cyclone cellar or dugout in advance. Bolo Pasha and his false philosophy failed and France hung him. Thus foolery is foiled in one way or another but equally as thorough.

THE FOUNTAIN OF OLD AGE.

(School Journal.)

Ponce de Leon sought for a Fountain of Youth in which he might bathe and wash away the weariness of age, but in all that flowery land, which he called Florida, he found no such fountain, but if he had discovered such a magic fountain what would we think of him if he had turned away from it and said, "I'd rather be old than young."

Yet there are thousands and tens of thousands of boys and girls who can drink of the Fountain of Youth, but instead are seeking for the Fountain of Old Age.

No, not old age, they may say, only to grow up quickly and act like men and women. We do not want the winter of life, but it's summer. But does not autumn follow summer and after that the winter?

The boy smokes because he feels that he is then more like a man, but an old tree will not bend in the storm like a young one, and a boy need not expect to carry the burdens nor indulge in the luxuries of older persons.

The boy wants to get rid of his short trousers, but when our soldiers went to fight in the World War they

wore leggins to make their trousers like a boy's so as to have a boy's free movements. The rich man when he plays golf wears short trousers like his caddy, so that he also may be a boy again as far as dress can make him. What kind of a game could Babe Ruth or Ty Cobb play with trousers down to their ankles, or what sort of a race would Charlie Paddock or Flying Finn make with clothes that hamper free movements?

The real trousers for sport or war are the short ones, and the boy is dressed like a gentleman when he has on his knickers, of which he is so anxious to be free. Clothes do not make the man, but this one folly shows how human nature copies the vices rather than the virtues, and how in order to appear manly a boy will give up to the free and efficient dress of boyhood for the clumsy and inefficient dress of men.

And there are other things which boys do that need not be mentioned here, but which more than any other evil robs them of the joy of youth and shortens their lives bp bringing age too soon. The springtime of life is hurried past for the summer heat, and soon will come the frost of autumn and the cold of winter, an old age full of regret and a body half developed instead of the glorious manhood of those who have lingered long by the magic fountain of youth.

Would Washington have accomplished what he did if he had not had his long training in the woods as boys? It is one wise aim of the Boy Scouts to give to boys a love of nature and the great out doors, that they may grow up physically strong, mentally awake and morally straight, and this they can best do by being boys as long as possible and drinking of the magic fountain of youth rather than that of Old Age.

WHERE WOMEN ARE NEEDED.

The biggest work on earth is that of being exemplary women and attending to homes and the world needs our interest and our work. The woman of today who decline to take part in public affairs is a slacker. The press of today needs the help of women. The space devoted to crime and accidents should be left out when higher things are crying for publicity. Women should enter more often the newspaper field, and lend their humanizing power and their constructive ideals to expression of them in the newspapers.—Mrs. W. H. Gorman, in her report of the annual Convention of Women's Clubs at Concord.

SELFISHNESS.

Here is a delightful little allegory from the old, old literature of far-off India. I found it in a little compilation made by Paul Carus, called "Karma."

There was a terrible robber and marauder, who died and went into torment. After suffering there for what seemed and interminable time, he began to pray to Buddah to have mercy upon him. Now it is the law of Karma that evil deeds leads to destruction, but good deeds leads to eternal life. The least act of goodness bears fruit containing new seeds of goodness, and they grow until the soul reaches its final perfection. When the Lord heard the cry of the robber, he said, "Kandata, did you ever perform one kind act, If so, it will now return and help you rise again. But you cannot be rescued unless this intense suffering has dispelled the conceit of selfishness, and purified your soul from lust, envy and vanity."

Kandata remained silent for a time trying to think of one good deed in his very selfish, wicked life. Finally he said, "Once upon a time I saw a spider crawling on the ground, and I stepped aside so not to crush its life."

"Very well," replied the Lord, who straightway sent down a spider on a cobweb and bade Kandata take hold of the web and climb up. The web was so strong that the poor sinner was enable to climb out of the flames, higher and higher. But suddenly he looked below him and saw a vast throng of his fellow sufferers also hanging to the thread. "How can this thread hold the weight of so many?" he thought, and straightway cried out, "Let go the web; it is mine." At once the web broke, and he fell backward into Hell. The illusion of self was still upon Kandata. He did not know the miraculous power of unselfish desire to rise upward. It is thin like a cobweb, and yet it will carry millions of people. The more who climb the easier will be the efforts of all. But as soon as in the heart arises, "This is mine, let no one else partake of it," the thread breaks and he falls back into the old selfhood, and selfhood is Hell.

Hell is only selfishness and egotism.

Every time you allow an enivous or selfish thought to dominate you, evry time you begrudge another the chance to rise, you are endangering your own happiness and blessing your own security. We are all hanging upon the spider's thread. Look up and climb, and say, "God strengthen those below."

If police are going to continue to shoot at tires, somebody ought to teach them how to hit what they shoot at.—Greensboro News.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By James Davis

The boys of the fifth and seventh grades have been hoeing cotton for Mr. Linker.

Mr. Grier and a number of the boys are building four new garages.

Several bushels of peaches were picked and sent around to the cottages last week.

Readers of this issue of the Uplift will again notice the large number of boys on the honor roll for May.

Argo Page, a member of the fourth cottage, was paroled last week. He made a very good record while here.

The interior of the Latham Pavilvion received a new coat of paint last week.

Miss Hattie Fuller, matron of the Guilford county cottage, spent the latter part of the week in Charlotte.

The boys are all glad to see letter writing day come around again, as all the boys get to send a letter to their respective homes.

Whitlock Pridgen and Eugene Glass, members of the second cottage are spending a few days with their parents, in Spray, and Wilmington.

Rev. M. R. Gibson, of Concord, conducted the services Sunday afternoon. He took his text from Joshua 7:21.

Mr. Clyde B. Barber and Mr. Hillery Hobby have resumed their duties at the school, after being confined to their rooms with the mumps.

John Keenan, Sylvester and Harry Simms, and Charles Blackman, former students at the school, were visitors here Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Mattie Fitzgerald has returned to the school and resumed her duties as matron of the seventh cottage, after visiting relatives in Virginia.

An unusual large number of visitors was here last Wednesday. The following boys were visited by relatives and friends: Elwin Greene, Freed Mahoney, Parks Earnhardt, Normie Lee, Lee McBride, John Kemp, James Peeler, James Ford.

The Training School ran its total victories to five, Saturday afternoon, by defeating the Rocky River team 5-4. Kennedy pitching for the locals allowed only six scattered hits and struck out thirteen batters. He was very effective in the pinches retiring the side without a hit with runners on second and third with none out, several times. The school's

first run came in the first innihg, when Patterson singled reached second on an error then scored on Kennedy's double to center. Three more came in the fifth on several consecutive hits. The local's final run came in the ninth after the visitors had tied the score in their half of the inning, Martin received a free pass, reached second on an error and scored on Patterson's hit to right.

HONOR ROLL.

Room No. 1

"A"

James Alexander, David Brown, Ernest Brown, Lambert Cavenaugh, Charles Crossman, Willie Case, Irwyn Cooper, Joe Carrol, James Davis, Sam Deal, Fleming Floyd, Robert Ferguson, Claude Evans, Earl Greene, Everett Goodrich, Herman Goodman, Hyram Grier, George Howard, Doy Hagwood, Carl Henry, Willie Herndon, Albert Hill, Mark Jolly, John Keenon, Howard Keller, Valton Lee, Robert Lea, William Miller, Watson O'Quinn, Sam Osborn, Louie Pate, Craven Pait, Argo Page, Clyde Pearce, Walter Page, Howard Riggs, Delmas Robinson, Thomas Sessoms, Alwyn Shinn, Irvin Turner, Clint Wright, Jesse Walls.

"B"

Leon Allen, Herbert Apple, Percy Briley, Howard Cloaninger, Oler Griffin, Albert Johnson, Earl Little, Sam Morrow, Freed Mahoney, Ernest Moore, Whitlock Pridgen, Washington Pickett, Frank Stone, Hurley Way, James Watts, Theodore Wallace, Odell Wrenn, Aubrey Weaver, Mack Wentz, Archie Waddell, Cucell Watkins, Brevard Bradshaw.

Room No. 2

"A"

Isaac Anderson, James Cumbie, Walter Hildreth, Albert Jarman, Jim Stevenson, Wirron Terry, Gordon Ellis, Sam Stevens, Harvey Cook, Alton Etheridge, Frank Hill, Amiziah Corbett, Ed Ellis, Brochie Flowers, Ray Franklin, John Perry, Zeb Trexler, Graham York, James Poplin.

"B"

James Caviness, David Fountain, Garney Hawks, Douglas Williams, John Faggart, Arthur Hyler, Paul Hager, Luke Patterson, Earl Wade, Carl Teague, Lester Staley, Roy Rector, William Nichols, Hallie Matthews, Floyd Mc Arthur, James Gamble, Judge Brooks.

Room No. 3

"A"

Clyde Peterson, William Johnston, Bloyce Johnston, Leonard Atkins, Rex Weathersby, Adam Beck, Clarence Maynard, William Penny, Winton Matthews, Otis Dhue, Clayton Stevens, Vernon Hall.

"B"

Lester Morris, Ralph Leatherwood, John B. Hargrove, James Long, Sam Poplin, Clifton Hedrick, Selvian Grogg, Charles Almond, Rhodes Lewis.

Room No. 4.

"A"

Andrew Bivens, Fred Gray, Robert Hartline, Luther Mason, Ed Moses, Clyde Brown, James Fisher, Hunter Cline, Dena Broron, Simon Wade, Ben Stubbs, Frank Butcher, Clyde Lovett, Rudolph Watts, Lum McGee, Herbert Floyd, Tom Groce.

"B"

Leonard Burleson, Delmas Stanley, Henry Andrews, John Gray, Lon McGee, Pearson Hunsucker, John Presnell, James Davis, Chas. Sherill, Jesse Harrel, Ennis Harper, Olen Williams, Jeff Blizzard, Raymond Richards, Troy Norris, James Ivey, Norman Watkins, Harold Thompson, Paul Lanier, Hill Ellington.

Room No. 5

"B"

Lattie McClamb, Claude Wilson, Keller Tedder, Wannie Frink, Tessie Massey, Norman Beck, Fuller Moore, Howard Riddle, Doffus Williams, Charlie Owens, Theodore Coleman, Van Dowd, Eugene Keller, Robert Sisk, Walter Culler, Samuel DeVon, Otis Floyd, John Tomisian, Woodrow Kivit, Broncho Owens, David Whitaker, Earl Green, Floyd Stanley, George Lewis, Bruve Van Pelt, Lyonel McMahan, Turner Preddy, Geo. Cox, Claude Etanley, Roy Hauser, Clarence Weathers, James Robertson, Earl Torrence, Frank Ledford, Guy Haddock, Ralph Glover, Jesse Haney, Lynn Taylor, Walter Massey, Lester Franklin, Carl Ballard, Al Pettigrew, Everett Cavenaugh.

"B"

Rex Allen, John Watts, Burton Emery, Wilbert Rackley, Arnold Cecil, Parks Earnhardt, Andrew Parker, Charlie Beaver, Tom Tedder, Ben Cook, John Hill.

The North Carolina Confederate veterans meet in Wilson today, the anniversary of the birth of Jefferson Davis, first and only president of the Southern Confederacy. Had the fate of the Confederacy been otherwise, Jefferson Davis would have ranked with Washington among the great men of all nations. But the glory of the South's leadership is that even in defeat, there is an ever brightening halo about the names of Lee and Jackson and Davis.—News & Observer.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SCHEDULE

South Bound

No.	29	2:35 A. M.
"	31	6:07 A. M.
"	11	8:05 A. M.
"	33	8:25 A. M.
"	45	3:55 P. M.
"	135	8:35 P. M.
"	35	10:12 P. M.

North Bound

No.	30	2:00 A. M.
"	136	5:00 A. M.
"	36	10:25 A. M.
"	46	3:15 P. M.
"	34	4:43 P. M.
"	12	7:10 P. M.
"	32	8:36 P. M.
"	40	9:28 P. M.

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Ep 361

THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XIII CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 18, 1925 No. 29

INFLUENCE OF THOUGHT.

So much character is expressed in thought. Our thoughts have such a binding effect upon ourselves. They make us broader and better or narrower and worse. Not until thoughts are expressed in words or acts can they possibly effect anyone but ourselves. We are exactly as we think, and the general trend of our thinking determines our disposition and, to a marked degree, our character. If we think meanly, we shall speak meanly and act meanly. If we think charitably we shall speak charitably and act charitably. But before we speak or act our thoughts have etched themselves into our own nature and have done us good or ill according to their inherent quality. Character is nothing more than an outward expression of the general trend of what we think. Our fellows know our thoughts, and, so ourselves, through the expression of character in words and deeds. The tongue interprets the heart telling us the sort of soul that dwells there. Thoughts are the soul, words and acts the soul's expression. We are as we think. A mean thought harms the thinker far more than its expression possibly could harm any one else. A good thought cannot conceivably fail to do good not only to the soul that conceived it but to all who may come under the benign influence of its expression.—Old Hurrygraph.

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THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. Fisher, *Director Printing Department*

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AN INSPIRATION.

Give me work to do,
Give me health,
Give me joy in simple things,
Give me an eye for beauty,
A tongue for truth,
A heart that loves,
A mind that reasons,
A sympathy that understands.
Give me neither malice nor envy,
But a true kindness
And a noble common sense.
At the close of each day
Give me a book
And a friend with whom
I can be silent.

—Scottie McKensie Frasier.

WORTH THE COST OF ALL.

The Redpath Chatauqua has been with Concord for five days. It came un-

der the sponsorship of the Woman's Club. We understand that they had a hard time to save the guarantors any loss, in the matter of advanced sales of tickets which is the only source of revenue out of the proposition open to the sponsors.

But if the guarantors have to put up to make up a deficit, those who attended the meeting Thursday night have sustained no loss. The Jugo-Slav Tamburica Orchestra was a unique organization of foreigners, who played their instruments, if we may risk an opinion, according to their notes. Several selections may have been a sufficiency to the average auditor; but the sameness that ran through all became rather like playing the same piece. We know we run the risk of being mobbed by entertaining such a notion but an aggregation of fiddlers would have been more pleasing—if they had been dressed up like the Jugo-Slavs.

Dr. Hilton I. Jones, the lecturer, who took as his theme "Science and the Future," was worth the entire cost of the Chatauqua. It would be impossible to do justice to the wonderful presentation of the accomplishments of science in the brief space available. The effect of the man's demonstrations was to make the average listener feel the intensity of his individual ignorance. But all the while the doctor was going through the actual demonstration of what science had accomplished—actually putting two deadly poisons together and making thereby something palatable and healthful—how they worked science to please the women in making colors and facial paints and other daubs—how science had made war an actual hell and what science could do to make war in the future just a matter of a few days in exterminating the human race—and scores of other demontrations of what science had discovered—we felt that on that platform was a modern scientist, ready to proclaim that all these wonderful investigations were due entirely to man and that God would be left out of the whole proposition; but not so—

"It is refreshing," says a fellow editor about the lecture, "to observe the evident deep piety and strong faith of a man like Dr. Jones, a trained scientist, at this time when so many people are tossed about by varying winds of doctrine and are finding it difficult to find an anchor. He has been professor of chemistry in a large Western university and in the university of Oklahoma, and is teacher of the largest Sunday School class in the world. He does not seem to find any conflict between science and religion. He shows how real progress depends upon recognizing this as God's universe and obeying his laws. His peroration, builded upon the fundamental truth that all matter

is one and that there is one living God who rules the universe and should live in every heart, was one of the finest things ever heard on any platform.''

* * * * * * * * *

''COULDN'T GET ABOVE A ''C'' CERTIFICATE.''

We met Prof. J. G. Baird, one of the state's thorough drill masters who for years has been teaching a select school in the city of Charlotte. The public press had just announced that a leading college had conferred on Prof. Baird the degree of Ph. D. We approached him and addressed him ''Doctor.'' He didn't flinch nor blush nor slobber over the high honor that had been conferred on him unsought but deserved.

Just at that moment a very attractive gentleman broke in and shook hands with the doctor and inquired about his health. It developed that Dr. Baird did not know the gentleman, but he told the whole story in these few words: ''I am an old pupil of yours; I graduated from your school; and I want to thank you now, though we had some skirmishes, that you always opened your school with prayer—it has been a great help to me since I have been out in the world.'' This man was a former resident of Charlotte, but is located in Brunswick, Ga., practicing his profession, an eye, ear and nose specialist.

Then Dr. Baird, proud to meet up with one of the many old pupils who are making the world better and happier, proceeded to give an account of the result of a questionaire that had been sent out to a thousand prominent people of South Carolina, from Converse College, asking the receiver to name the four outstanding educators that had done most for the cause of education in South Carolina. Over nine hundred out of the thousand, agreed on the same three—each of them a graduate of Erskin College, of Due West. ''But,'' the story was concluded, ''not one of these could get in North Carolina a certificate above the ''C'' grade to teach public school.'' This shows the difference between real teaching ability and scholarship on the one hand, and a mechanical method of making teachers on the other hand.

Teachers are born—not made by invoking mechanical and handmade rules.

* * * * * * * * *

SLAVE TO FADS.

In this number we carry a story of the splendid success of a Cabarrus county boy. One of the secrets of his success is that he was not lazy; on the contrary very industrious—even today he spends as much actual time in the interest of his business and enterprises as if he were just starting to climb

the grade. Again, you would never have caught him falling slave to fads and other means of amusements. Arthur Pounds was "making hay while the sun did shine."

We see about us young men without anything in the world; not even enjoying an encouraging prospect in life wasting their time in games that sweep the country like all fads. If such folks would devote the same energy and interest to those things that will establish them and make of them truly an asset to the community rather than a parasite—when they are young and full of pep and physical strength—rather than becoming a ridiculous slave to passing fads, how sensible and wise it would be.

The garbs that go with these passing fads are so seductive that they catch the fancy of the weak and sporting among us. They look big, important and select-like.

* * * * * * * * *

DR. BROUGHTON COMES TO THE RESCUE OF THE EVOLUTIONISTS.

A certain North Carolina College president is quoted as having said before an audience that man once had a tail—that several joints of the lower spinal column has the power of wiggling, etc.

Dr. Broughton, a North Carolina product, now pastor of the leading Baptist church at Jacksonville, Florida, in delivering the commencement sermon at Mercer University, Macon, Georgia, is reported by the Associated Press as coming to the aid of the befuddled modernists in the following report:

> Let the scientist reign in his field, but let him keep his hands off our Bible, said Dr. Leon G. Broughton, of Jacksonville, Fla., today during his commencement sermon to the graduating class of Mercer university. "The most ridiculous thing today," said Dr. Broughton, "is to accept a philosophy that is based on nothing and that nothing based on nothing gives something, whatever it may be. Scientists believe that something is a monkey, hanging from the limb of a tree by his tail. The limb of the tree breaks and the monkey falls to the ground, losing his tail, and as he arises on his four feet, starts chattering 'man.' The world has never been asked to accept a more absurd philosophy.
>
> "We need more emphasis upon soul culture than on physical culture," said Dr. Broughton.

* * * * * * * * *

It seems fashionable for the alumni of some of the state institutions to resolute endorsements of the heads of same. First a clean bill of health was given Dr. Brooks, of State College; and now follows one for Dr. Chase, of the

University. This is an unusual proceeding, but the exigencies of the case seemed to require it.

* * * * * * * * * *

If irresponsible officres mean to continue this promiscuous shooting of folks on the highways, it appears that a school of markmanship should be established. Probably graduates of such a school, when shooting at the automobile tire, will not hit an innocent party riding in the car.

* * * * * * * * * *

Duke (Trinity) University is having Christmas presents all during the year. Mr. J. B. Duke has just added another two million dollars to the rebuilding fund, making a total of $9,750,000. What a friend is this mighty man to the cause of Christian education.

NORTH CAROLINA LIFE AND ACTIVITY.

Defeated the Serpent.

While pulling potato plants one day last week Miss Ethel Green was bitten on the finger by a large copper head snake. She saw it bite her when it plunged its head through the plants to strike. She did not become frightened but used her training and immediately corded the finger and placed it in her mouth and drew out the poison. She did not suffer from it at all.—Monroe Journal.

Fordlets In The Air.

Henry Ford passes out the word, according to Dr. Hilton I. Jones, Chautauqua lecturer, that by November this year he will have on the market a combination automobile and flying machine at $1,000 and that in a year's time these machines will be as low as $500. This machine has folding wings and an engine that will not stop as long as it has fuel—a motor that almost will run on its reputation. You can get in one of these machines, fly until you get to town or wherever you are going, then fold the wings and descend to the road and run it along the highway just like any other automobile; then you run out to the country, unfold your wings and fly. You fold up the wings and run the machine into a garage. Ford says that in a few years these Fordlets, the same being their surname, will be as thick in the air over North Carolina as Fords now are on the ground. We wouldn't doubt it. Fact, we would not doubt any sort of impossible achievement of science and business.—The Robesonian.

Dr. Jones, the Chemist, Says So.

Good morning, are you wearing sawdust stockings today? Much of the beautiful "silk" hosiery that delights the eye in this open season for display of—of—er—for display, is made of sawdust, they say.

Lack of Fishing Worms.

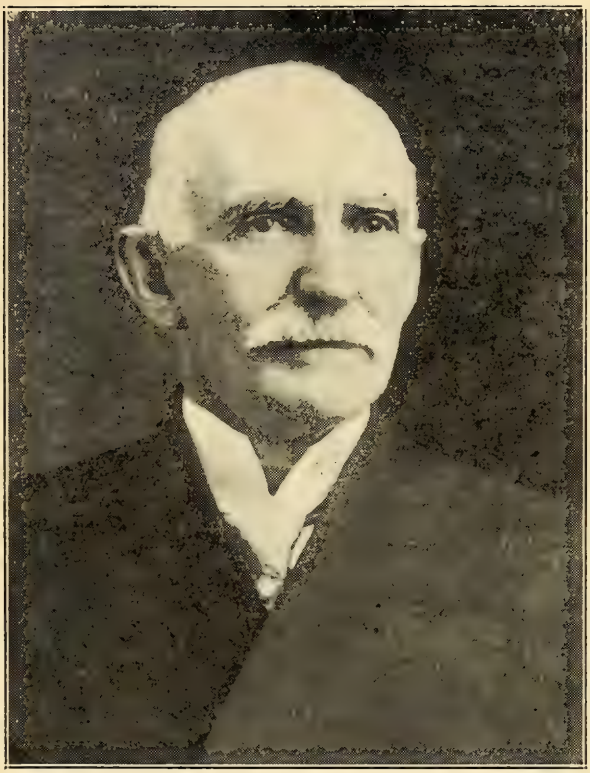
Big Sam, the piano-juggler, fisherman and angleworm-fancier, says reason there are no fishin' worms in July and August they turn to lightnin' bugs and he is not the only one says so, but him handling them in large quantities like he does and cultivating them and being familiar, so to speak, with their habits, looks like he would know a good deal about it, and if there is any argument on the subject we are open to the same and willing to hear both sides.—Greenville News.

"Yes, my dear, she was annoyed because there were thirteen of us at dinner."

"I didn't know she was superstitious."

"She isn't, but she's only got twelve of everything."—Tit-Bits.

DR. ALEXANDER GRAHAM.



It will be recalled that the late R. H. Ricks, of Rocky Mount, N. C., set aside a fund for the purpose of writing into historical form the story of North Carolina and Her Soldiers in the War Between the States. Dr. D. H. Hill was selected to do this important work. He died before the great task was completed.

At the Confederate Reunion, at Wilson, last week, Dr. Alexander Graham, of Charlotte, was unanimously selected to complete the history that had engaged Dr. Hill for several years. A more agreeable or wiser selection could not have been made. Dr. Graham, for twenty-three years superintendent of the Charlotte Schools and since then assistent superintendent, is a ripe scholar and full of patriotism. He will accept the duty imposed upon him.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

The fullness of life is set forth in these glorious June days. The freshness of earth; the blue skies that bend above us; the golden sunshine which glints everything with beauty and such cheerful brightness; the blooming flowers that add their cheer and fragrance to earth's blessings; the showers that refresh and wash the face of nature; the clouds that pass in the day and the night in keeping with the world's scenes and eventualities; the mercies showered each day upon saints and sinners alike; the goodness of it all; the bigness of it all, swells the heart to its fullest capacity on the goodness of God, to the children of men. People who have narrow and unsatisfactory lives have no one to blame but themselves. Who made them so in this glorious world? We are "the architects of our own fortunes," and "the builders of the houses in which we live." If our lives are contracted and self-centered we can replan, remodel, and rebuild if we will.

The effeminate man is in Durham. I saw one the other day, while waiting in a car for several girls who had invaded a store, take out a compact and a little puff, and looking into a little glass, powdered his cheeks, for all the world like a woman; and he did not forget to touch up his nose. With a dainty little comb he combed the little patch of fuzz under his nose, and then settled back with a self-complacent air of beauty satisfaction, akin to anything more pronounced than anything a young bud, who is just beginning to use her compact, could produce. It was amusing in the extreme. He should be in short skirts.

A little bird—a young catbird, not yet familiar with the ways of bird-life in a wicked, and bird destroying world,—came near breaking up the primary grade in St. Philip's Sunday School, Sunday morning. This little birdlet, no doubt, with the ambition of the little tots for "Tunday Tool," flew into the room, and after circling around and taking a "bird's-eye view" of the children perched himself up under the roofing. The children went into ecstacies to see a bird at school. When they sang, he chirpped in and gave them a specimen of his voice in a few very low, and sweet notes. This captivated and charmed the youngsters. The little birdie seemed to enjoy it and stayed on, but his enjoyment was no greater than that of the children. They reluctantly left him in the Parish house when school adjourned. It was an unusual and pleasing incident.

It is amusing to watch the cross-word puzzle fiend. He grabs every paper he finds anywhere and looks for the puzzle. When he finds it out comes a stub pencil, and he begins his peregrinations in the labyrinth of words, and ever and anon, if his tougue is rolling around or lolling out, his eyes are cast upward at the ceiling as if he expected to see

words winging their way to his thought emporium. These crossword fiends word it on everything they come across. Where there's floor of white and black filling of large square block, you'll see one trying to figure out words to fit certain dimensions. One the other day was intently gazing at a woman in a check dress. His eyes were glued to the checks, so to speak. He was trying to cover her with words to fit the checks, but she didn't stand still long enough for him to complete the task he had of fitting words to checks, and checking up on his words.

It was in a shoe shine parlor. A stranger by my side borrowed a morning newspaper I had to "read the head lines," he said. The shoe shine finished with me, but the borrower hadn't finished with my paper. I walked about the "parlor," and looked at everything I could see. He still read the headline. I read all the signs posted in the place. He read on. I didn't know there were so many headlines in one paper. I counted the top layer of cigars in the boxes in the show case. Still he read. I think the whole paper was headlines. It was Sunday morning. Something said to me, inwardly "Son, this fellow is trying your patience; exercise it this Sunday morning." A very sweet calmness came over me, when I was about to explode with impatience. When he finally finished and handed me the paper, I smiled as blandly as I knew how, and said, "I hope you have enjoyed reading it." He replied, "Yes," without so much as saying, thank you. But I felt better for having curbed my impatience.

Men are just as funny in some things as women, and sometimes more so. A man will come up town late and say he has been helping about the house, and doing "little chores for the wife," when in reality the only thing he has been doing was reading the morning paper, and moving from one chair to another when his wife was sweeping the room. But there are some husbands who will sweep the room and let the wife read the paper. Yet some women will say that "all men are alike." They are not. Neither are all women alike. They differ as much as one star differs from another star in the heavens. The man who says he understands women is afflicted with the disease that killed Ananias.

After a man has read the fashion magazines, and the comments in the papers on the styles of the day; and the descriptions of the various articles of women's apparel, and what they will wear this summer and fall, he knows just as much about what he has read as he did before he read it. But edict seems to have gone forth that skirts will continue to be worn short. That leads me to observe that most women have two pretty good reasons for wearing short skirts. So I am not going to argue with them about it.

I do not know whether the bootleggers inaugurated it or not, but they say they have a drink now called the "Crossword." You give

the word and the liquor comes across. Some of the users regard it as worse than the old familiar brand. You drink it vertically and pretty soon you are carried around horizontally.

A woman writer expatiating on the charms of women says that mischief causes dimples, maybe. But, sister, the men will tell you that it is dimples that play the mischief with the opposite sex. They are the electric sparks that set off the battery of love in the sparkers. They are the pretty wrinkles on the face of beauty. Many a man's heart has been lost in a dimple

---

A little boy wanted to go fishing with a companion, who had just recovered from a case of chickenpox. His mother remonstrated with him on the propriety of going, and cautioned him on the fact that he might catch the disease. He studied a while and then put forth this idea: "That's all right, mother. I never catch anything when I go fishing."

WOMEN'S RIGHTS—IN THE COURT ROOM.

Evidently Judge Lane thinks when "women of culture and refinement" almost fight for seats in a court room to listen to filthy details the contention for "women's rights" is being carried too far. In his editorial comment in the Greensboro News R. R. Clark discusses this subject from two angles when he remarks:

> **One criticism Judge Lane passed out at Charlotte will meet the approval of men, whether they voice it or not; and that was that women, formerly rarely seen in court rooms, except when summoned there, now crowd trial courts to hear sensational cases that are frequently as filthy as they are sensational. His honor said that at two recent trials in Mecklenburg county, in which there were details in the evidence shocking to men, "I have seen women almost fight for seats—women of refinement and culture." That disturbs even the most ardent advocates of women's rights. Most of us are jolted when we see women voluntarily listening to vile and degrading stories that shame decent men. But men voluntarily listen to this filth—at least most men do. And the women have a right to feel that what is proper for men to hear should be proper for them. You can't get away from that, except by saying that you want the women to be better than we are, and that is an excuse, not a sound reason.**

HE HAS NEGOTIATED THE GRADE.

We have come to think of life, in material sense, as an up-hill performance, a kind of a grade—too many, we must confess, fail in taking the right end of that grade. Many negotiate this grade at the expense of all the other fine qualities that make one an outstanding individual in the community, neglecting the exercise of that high quality which takes into consideration the general betterment of the surroundings; others too soon become satisfied with the advancement and cease their efforts; and others keep right on until the clock strikes for the last time in their life.

ARTHUR BUNDY POUNDS

Having all my life been in touch with those things that naturally cause one to take measurements of the deeds and accomplishments of the folks who are striving and acting on this life grade, I could not help but often think of one, who has succeeded to a most wonderful degree in his devotion to duty, his regular and systematic application to his affairs and, with all this busy life, which began right at the bottom of material things, he has not forgotten the duty and general help he owes to the public — I refer to Arthur Bundy Pounds, one of the most active and successful among the young business men of Cabarrus county.

This is not a biography of the fine young man: it is a small review of the operations of one, who, starting as the great majority of us have to start, empty-handed, has at an early age negotiated the grade. It is no accident, neither is it an exception—the whole thing is the end of a means.

Without being consulted he first saw light down in No. 11 township where many bright and hustling fellows have hailed from in the past, and indications point to a continuation of the record. On a small farm this young man made his advent Nov. 30th, 1879. He had limited opportunities, educationally; but endowed with brains and pep, he saw nothing impossible of accomplishment that was worth while. Having completed his home work, as a boy, the woods and the branches and the bird-nests held no appeal for him, so he hired himself to a neighbor to pick cotton at the fancy price of twenty-five cents per hundred. He did not waste it. Somehow or other, early in life, this No. 11 youngster figured it out that what you save is made, and after all it is not the amount you take in, which spells success.

There was not enough doing in the rural district to hold this busy-minded youth and soon he became a resident of Concord. We find him conducting in a small way a draying business. It is of interest that his first contract was with John A. Cline, then with the old firm of Cannon & Fetzer, and today, twenty-four years afterward, he is still in charge of the draying for the same party under the firm name of Cline & Moose. A contract that runs unbroken for two dozen years between two parties is a compliment to both parties to the said contract. Gradually young Pounds enlarged his draying operations, keeping step with the improvements in that business. The mule gave way to a double team; and the wagon team gave way to powerful trucks.

There was a time when ice was regarded merely as a luxury, which could find its way only to the tables of the rich and the favored. When wells went out of use by legal enactment and a water works was installed, this young fellow began at once to supply the people of Concord with what then was a necessity. They tell it on Arthur that the first shipment of of ice to reach him, he had to call on his several friends in assisting him in taking care of the freight bill. Ice is a tricky commodity, having the fool notion of melting; but this did not offer any bluff to a young fellow full of rich red blood and energy and hope.

Today Mr. Pounds owns in his own rights a modern ice plant and, like President Coolidge, he can keep the whole town, and then some, just as cool as health makes advisable. The conduct of this ice business is a marvel—it runs like a perfect clock. It is the system that has been installed; it is the result of executive and managerial powers that centre in the owner. There is a reason for the fat horses and fine equipment and splendid trucks and the on-the-minute service that is daily offered the public—not the man with the hoe, but a man on the job that explains all.

From a business stand-point, Mr. Pounds doesn't care whether it blows hot or cold. Early in his operations he figured out that it is a losing game to maintain an equipment and organization just for a few months, so he added a coal and fuel business to his operations. There is not a better equipped plant for conveniently handling coal than he has provided for himself along the line of

the Southern railway. Arthur is right much of a weather forecaster. He senses a cold wave; notifies the public through his liberal advertising and soon the trucks are rushing through the town with coal "that will burn," so the dealer declares. Frank, Mr. Pounds eldest child, says, "of course papa can win in this game—he runs a kind of a fine-tooth comb business and he catches them going and coming."

I would not regard the record that Mr. Pounds has made in the business world, in climbing from the bottom rail to a position of influence and affluence, with unusual applause if he lived unto himself alone. He is public spirited to a marked degree; he is interested in the betterment of the community. Making things orderly and tasty is a passion with him.

What has he done with the gratifying returns from his business, which he has so signally and successfully built up and managed? Has he horded it? Has he stuck it away in such a manner that he alone gains a benefit? Right here is where the true spirit of the man shines.

Mr. Pounds, for the time he has been on the winning side of life, making in fine shape the grade that confronted him, has done as much as any citizen of Concord to make the town better and to make waste places blossom. Down on West Corbin street, where he has built an attractive home, the keeping of which shows his love for the orderliness and aesthetics; and a number of splendid residences, modern and attractive that appeals to a high-class tenancy; and a number of farming enterprises that he conducts out in the rural districts—these attest the vision of the man, the purpose to contribute to the community that has made him financially strong, and his love for better things. In all this there is more of a risk than there is holding government bonds, of which he has a weakness for a share, but he has chosen the life that recognizes a common interest and a common good.

There is not a call in the name of distress or a movement that looks for a community betterment that does not appeal to him; and you may expect to find him everytime among the contributors—and it takes no begging. He sees and acts promptly, even without solicitation.

As might be expected of any live wire, who thinks and has a vision, Mr. Pounds belongs to all the civic associations of the community; and, as somewhat of a "giner," he is a member of all the state organizations that are concerned with the affairs of the several businesses akin to those in which he has made a signal success. I know a number of the local and state organizations in which he plays an important part, but we are not writing a biography—we refer to these simply to make clear that disability, activity and usefulness are recognized in the community in which he has grown and waxed strong..

In 1902 Mr. Pounds was united in marriage with Miss Annie Misenheimer, a typical representative of the fine citizenship of eastern Cabarrus, where sturdy manhood and splendid womanhood abound. This union has been blessed with three children, two sons and one daughter. For them he is doing the part of a genuine father. He has given and is giving

them educational advantages and opportunities far in advance of those that circumstances denied him when a youth.

Arthur Bundy Pounds is an asset to Concord; he has builded wisely and successfully. It is a considerably far cry from picking cotton for old Mr. Chal Plott down in No. 11 township at an insignificant price to a conspicuous citizen of Concord with an accumulation of splendid property and other assets of great moment—but that is the record. Arthur Bundy Pounds is the architect of his own fortune; and others may now and in the future take this as an inspiration. It's no small achievement, snapping your fingers at difficulties and handicaps, to negotiate safely the Grade of Life in high!

Brains, energy and integrity bring their own rewards.

YOUR MISSION.

If you cannot on the ocean
  Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
  Laughing at the storms you meet;
You can stand among the sailors,
  Anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them
  As they launch their boats away.

If you cannot in the harvest,
  Garner up the richest sheaves,
Many a grain, both ripe and golden,
  Oft the careless reaper leaves;
Go and glean among the briars
  Growing rank against the wall,
For it may be that their shadow
  Hides the heaviest wheat of all.

Do not then stand idly waiting
  For some greater work to do;
Fortune is a lazy goddess,
  She will never come to you,
Go and toil in any vineyard,
  Do not fear to do and dare.
If you want a field of labor
  You can find it anywhere.

—Ellen M. H. Gates.

OPEN THE WAY.

By R. R. Clark.

Declaring that "colleges are created and supported primarily to train men to serve and not to strut," Hon. O. Max Gardner, talking to high school students at Rockingham, expressed the opinion that "too many young people look upon a college campus as a play-ground and the buildings as club houses for social demonstration," and the Cleveland county statesman further declared:

"The biggest problem with college authorities today is the increasing number of students who are making no serious effort in the pursuit of knowledge, and whose thinking is entirely in terms of having one grand good time all the time."

Reasons could be offered for that tendency, but if it is a condition and not a theory that confronts a drastic remedy may be necessary. There has been considerable discussion latterly of ways and means to provide space for all who seek admission to college. So great is the pressure, which is expected to increase, that it has been suggested that intelligence tests be applied to applicants with a view to separating the fit from the unfit. An intelligence test that would determine with any sort of accuracy who is and who is not capable of absorbing what the colleges offer, is yet to be discovered. But in a situation such as Mr. Gardner describes the way would seem to be clear. After a reasonable tryout, within a fixed limit, all who made it clear that their intentions were not serious should be compelled to vacate, make room for those who would appreciate the opportunities. That is done now to some extent, of course, but the practice isn't arbitrary; it is amenable to influence. But if it was made arbitrary, which would be justified under the circumstances, it would help to make idlers industrious or would give their places to the more deserving. Certainly this rule would be entirely justified in state schools, where it is the money of the taxpayers that provides for the deserving and the undeserving alike.

THAT EMPTY BACK SEAT.

A very small girl, beside whose chair leaned a little crutch, pressed her face against the window-pane one morning and watched the man who lived next door as he backed his automobile out of the garage; she was absolutely motionless while he inspected the car, cranked up the engine and started off. After watching him out of sight, she wiped a tear from each eye and picked up a rag doll that lay in her lap.

"Now, Lily Violet Rose," said she, to the doll, in a voice that quavered ever so little, "you sit right up there on the table. You

are a litle girl what has a pain in her hip every minute. You can't go outdoors 'ceptin' somebody pushes you in the go-cart, and you never was in a awe-mobile, never once, 'N' you sit up there in your room and watch me; I am a great big man; and I don't have any pain in my hip, and I can walk; and I got an awe-mobile and everything. See, this 'ear is my awe-mobile. 'N' you just watch me, 'n' think maybe p'rhaps I might look up and see you, and say: 'Want a ride, little girl?' But you see I am a great big man, and I have some very 'portant business to do, and I can't be botherin' with little girls what can't walk. So I don't even look up to your window, but just wind up my awe-mobile, and jump in quick and turn a little thing and jerk something and away I go just a-flying.

Then in a burst of pity the little girl snatched her limp dolly to her heart and kissed her again and again. "Don't cry, Lily Violet Rose, my dear darling. You shall go with me, so you shall. Don't feel sorry any more."

The laundress heard, and the tears rolled down her cheeks; she told the cook next door, and the tears rolled down her cheeks. The cook told her mistress, and the mistress must have told her husband, for the very next morning the "great big man" looked up at the window and waved his hand and said: "Want a ride, little girl?"

So the little girl got her ride, and the limp dolly went, too, and every time the man looked at them he had to wipe his eyes. The automobile is fast becoming and old story, but there are still many people who have never motored. There are many longing eyes that follow those empty back seats, and there are probably no persons who can give so much pleasure with so little inconvenience as those who go about in cars.

—Exchange.

SEES MOTHERS AT COMMENCEMENT.

Hon. Frank Page, North Carolina highway builder, said in speaking at a college commencement.

"The finest sight you see at these commencements is not your decorations or the men come in frock coats and all that sort of thing. It is the mother and father who have scrimped and saved four years back at home so they could keep their boy here four years.

"You are not going to see any happier woman than the plain country mother—a mother who has maybe sold butter and eggs and chickens to keep her boy in college—when she goes up to him after the thing is over and he has that piece of paper tied with a red ribbon in his hand. The best thiny any commencement speaker could do would be to pray that that boy is worthy of that plain little woman sitting a few seats back of him."

An Orphan, Wounded, Wins

Charles W. Gold, back from State college commencement, told last night the story of the winner of the Elder P. D. Gold medal. The medal was established at State college by Mr. Gold for the member of the senior class most distinguished in several qualities, among them scholarship, public speaking, athletics and esteem of his fellows.

The winner was L. L. Hedgpeth, formerly of Greensboro.

"He is a fine type of man and his record shows that he deserved the medal," Mr. Gold said. As a youngster Hedgpeth came to Greensboro before the war from Richmond, Va., Mr. Gold continued. He was an orphan. He worked for a time with the Vick Chemical company. He entered the army, went to France, was wounded. After his return, he went to State college as one of the rehabilitation students. His work there was so well done that he took the regular college course. He graduated last February and shortly thereafter became an engineer for the state health bureau.

Hedgpeth is now in Thomasville, installing a water works system.

Mr. Gold said his marks in college were above 90, he was ranked as one of the ablest public speakers, he was one of the most popular men on the campus.—Greensboro News.

AN EATHWORM CUT IN TWO.

If an earthworm is cut in two in the middle will the two parts survive? If the worm is cut in several parts will each part regenerate another worm? In cases where a part of the worm survives does this part grow into a worm of full length, or does it become an abbreviated worm? These questions are answered by the U. S. national museum. If the earthworm is cut in two in the middle the front half will usually regnerate another tail which will probably grow to full lengtr and be normal in all respects.

The hinder half, however will most probably form a second tail from the cut end and so become a worm with two tail ends. Such a worm is incapable of ingesting food and consequently will survive only a limited time. Experiments show that earthworms cut behind the 19th segment rarely regenerate new heads. If they do the heads are likely to be heads in appearance only. The new mouth opening will not usually be connected with the old stomach-intestine.

If the worm is cut in several parts probably only the head end will survive, and then only if it is not cut off too short. If the reproductive organs, which are in the 9th to 15th segment, depending on the species of earthworm, are removed with the head, the hinder part should it survive and regenerate a new head will be able to reproduce.: If these organs are once destroyed they cannot be regenerated in earthworms. Dr. T. H. Morgan, who has studied this problem extensively, found no cases of survival of the head ends when the segments were as few as 15. When but a few

of the anterior segments are cut off the injury is quickly repaired by the hinder or remaining part of the worm, although when five or six segments are removed the full number are seldom regenerated.

JEFFERSON STANDARD BIG FACTOR.

(Greensboro News.)

Do you know that right here in North Carolina there has been built up a life insurance institution with over a quarter of a billion dollars of insurance in force?'' asks Julian Price, president of the Jefferson Standard Life Insurance company of Greensboro, in speaking of the bigness of the Jefferson and what it is doing in North Carolina.

''The officers of the Jefferson,'' continued Mr. Price, ''are striving continually to make of the Jefferson something bigger and finer and through it advance the state of North Carolina, and feel justified in referring to it as a North Carolina institution, because it is adding materially to the growth and progress of the state, and through its financial backing, schools, churches and business houses have been able to step forward with a new stride, which has turned the business eyes of the United States towards North Carolina.

''A firm belief in North Carolina and her future greatness, is the foundation stone on which the Jefferson Standard Life Insurance company rests. This expression of faith in the state is no idle boast, for it is backed up with millions of dollars. This company now has over $14,000,000 invested in North Carolina, in long time loans to churches, schools, home builders, farmers and business enterprises in practically every community in the state. These millions may be taken as an indication of the great faith that the Jefferson Standard Life Insurance company has in North Carolina, and of the extent to which this company is interested in the development of the state. If it did not have faith, it would not be willing to put such large sums of money out on loans in the state; if it did not have an absorbing interest in the continued welfare of the people of North Carolina, there would be no motive for making such loans.

''Such an investment cannot but materially benefit North Carolina. It is helping to build more and better churches, where people may look to their spiritual development; it is helping to build more and better schools, where the children of the people may be educated; it is helping farmers out of their difficulties, and making it possible for the agricultural interests of the state not to be neglected; it is helping in the establishment of more and better business, which will add to the prosperity of all the people of the state.

''More insurance from this company is in force on the lives of North Carolinians than any other company of any size. Functioning this way alone, in the capacity which many people consider the only service rendered by a life insurance company, the Jefferson Standard Life Insur-

ance company is giving to the people of North Carolina a genuine service, the worth of which cannot be over-estimated. Over 40,000 North Carolinians are insured with this company for $90,000,000. Each year it pays out to North Carolina widows and orphans several hundred thousands of dollars, giving to them the money that their husbands and fathers wisely invested for them against the time when they would no longer be there to provide a living.

"Annually, the income of this big state institution is over 90,000,000, the greater part of which is cleared through North Carolina banks, and a large portion of which is invested in North Carolina churches, schools, business houses, homes and farms, helping to keep prosperity booming in the old North State. The taxes on the big premium income are paid into the treasury of the state of North Carolina, and through these taxes this company is helping in the progress which North Carolina is making as a state.

"Aside from the material gain which the location of this company in North Carolina, and the business which it is doing, mean to the prosperity of the state, and the people in the state, the Jefferson Standard Life Insurance company is constantly advertising the state of North Carolina in the 25 other states in which it has branch offices. The big 17-story home office building of the company, which is located in Greensboro, is a symbol to the people in these other states of the success with which this company, a North Carolina product, has met, and of the progressiveness of the state of North Carolina as a whole."

PESSIMISM UNREASONABLE.

(Reidsville Review.)

The calamity howlers still polute the atmosphere with their doleful wails. "Business is rotten. I don't see any future for this town. The next year doesn't promise much prosperity for me," they say. And so they sit supinely back and wait for business to come to them.

They don't advertise—they don't boost—they don't disseminate the atmosphere of optimism which is necessary to prosperity. And then they statisticians who have studied conditions do not suit them.

In spite of the fact that business staticians who have studied conditions throughout the country declare that we are on the upgrade in practically every industry, they contiue to mourn over the business their own indolence drives away from their doors.

Executives of the American Railway Association held meeting in Chicago last week. Basing their statements on careful observation of conditions throughout the country, they declared that 1925 is going to be an excellent business year. They are accordingly planning to spend $750,000,000 on class 1 railroads alone for new equipment, improvements on rights of way, and additions to rolling stock. And they are

going to make this huge expenditure because they feel sure that business for the balance of the year will warrant it.

These executives are very close to the very heart of the business life of America. They have made a careful analysis of conditions, and they say that business this summer is going to show marked improvement.

If they did not believe what they say, they would not plan to spend nearly a billion dollars to prepare for additional business. If they did not know that prosperity was on the way and for most business already here, they would not have arisen in meeting and said in effect: "Business of all kinds is showing marked improvement. There is going to be a great deal more freight to haul this coming year than there has been in past years. So we've got to spend money to prepare to handle this business."

Of course this may mean nothing to calamity howlers. They think they know it all. But the action of these railway executives is of decided significance to men of common sense and vision.

Prosperity is here now in fact—or at least it is on the way, and due to arrive soon. But the calamity howlers and pessimists will know nothing about it. Only the live wire business men who are abreast of the times, on their toes in search of new business, ready to hustle for themselves and their communities, will reap the reward.

The Child's Spending Money.

It will be interesting to watch if the principles of thrift, as imparted by the elder Rockefeller to his son, and by the son to his children, among them his daughter Abbey, now Mrs. Milton, will extend to the third generation. If it does, the former Miss Rockefeller will not find the raising of a family any great financial burden.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., recently gave as his recipe for the inculcation of saving:

"When my children reached the age of seven I gave them an allowance of 30 cents a week. They were to spend 10 cents out of this, they were to save ten cents, and they were to give ten cents to the church. I audited these accounts every week. These accounts never were more than a dollar or two each week until the age of fifteen. Wealth hurts children when they get too much of it. Just because a man can afford to hire people to wait on his children is no reason why he should. I don't."

It can not be said Mr. Rockefeller's attitude towards his children has been that of a grasping man, because he and his father have given away in the neighborhood of $500,000,000. In these days of flappers and hoppers the average boy and girl would think themselves much abused if they were compelled to get along with thirty cents a week. It might not be a bad idea for many of our parents of modest means to try the experiment.

America's Main Issue.

The great issue in America today is the boy.

Twenty years ago the average parent could be found at home with his children. Today the average parent spends too little time at home, and if the parents are not at home, how

can we expect boys to do otherwise than spend their time in connection with the many commercial amusements. During the last ten years the development of the theatres, the automobile, the salacious periodical, the cheap poolroom and the unsupervised dance hall have multiplied dangers and temptations for their spare time after school hours at night.

Nearly 80 per cent of all those apprehended by the police for misdemeanors or major crimes are males under 25. Between 65 and 70 per cent of all the males in our penal institutions are boys under 27. These figures do not include the boys who get into the courts but are not convicted. About one boy in every thirty gets into trouble for some reason.

Last year, of the more than 10,000 murders in the United States, less than 3,000 of the guilty persons were apprehended, and of this number 75 per cent were males under 25 years of age. This seems to be the day of the boy bandit, and the youthful criminal is, in a sense, the result of our so-called "modern civilization." The boys must be encouraged to get back to the religion of their fathers and mothers, and this should be the single duty of the church—if the church desires to protest its own future.

A VAIN THING.

By R. R. Clark.

It comes out that in the judicial conference soon to be held to discuss "vital matters" relating to the courts and law enforcement, one of the subjects for discussion is the adoption of a rule "requiring the members of the bar, on the opening of court, to rise and stand in their places as a tribute to the sovereignty of the state as represented in the judge presiding." And we are further advised that Judge Sinclair, of the Superior court, now requires this conformity.

"A cat may look at a king" and a layman may be permitted to remark that forms and ceremonies are forms rather than substance. A couple of decades or more ago they put on that style in the United States court in this district, at the same time the judge appearing on the bench messed up in a black gown, which had not prior thereto been the custom in this territory. When the judge comes into court, preceded by the marshall, or deputy the assembly, laymen as well as lawyers, is expected, asked, to stand while due proclamation is made. All very wellfi if one feels that way about it; not a matter to quarrel about even if one can't respect the practice of catering to style and form. But has the practice in the United States court in this district of the judge wearing robes and asking all and sundry to stand when he appears added to the dignity of the court or to the respect for it? Of course not. A judge commands respect and gives dignity to his court by his conduct;

by the outstanding fact that he is master of himself and the court without his having to say that he is; by the dignity of bearing, by his knowledge of the law and his impartiality and firmness in administering it, without waste of words, without explanation of or apology for his rulings and his judgments—that is the dignity of the court, that commands voluntary respect and impresses as all the robes and wigs and wool sacks and all the uprisings and down-sittings can never do.

It is understood that in Judge Sinclair's practice, and in the subject to be discussed at the judicial conference, the uprising when the court appears is confined to the lawyers. Some of us don't care if they require the lawyers to make obeisance by putting their heads between their knees, but the outsiders, and the lawyers as well, will have more respect for the court if the lawyers are required to keep within bounds proper and meet while trying their cases, especially in the examination of witnesses and talks to the jury. If the judge bosses the court without arrogance and without tyranny, without prejudice and without bias, he will impress the lawyers and all others as he can't possibly do otherwise. In fact the judge who makes tribute to his dignity compulsory by requirements of forms and ceremony will suffer in public estimation, no matter how good his intentions. The impression as to Judge Sinclair is that it isn't necessary for lawyer to stand to show him respect. He commands it because he deserves it.

But if they think anything is to be accomplished by forms they should go all the way. Require the gowns and the hoods and the wool sack; the sheriff to walk in front of the judge from chambers to court, wearing cocked hat, bearing insignia of office and making proclamation; the bailiffs with their staves parading about the court room—all the form and ceremony of the old English courts. Go the whole hog while they are about it. They used to put on all that form in the South Carolina courts, compelling the lawyers to wear jim-swingers when they talked in the Supreme court, but so far as we have ever heard neither the dignity of the courts nor the cause of jusice was promoted thereby. The forms and ceremonies will not impress. They are more likely to excite ridicule if not contempt.

Wherever there is a human being there is an opportunity for a kindness.—Seneca.

He gains wisdom in a happy way, who gains it by another's exeerience.—Plautus.

ASPHALTIC CANAL LINING

By Susan M. Kane.

The West is the scene of great irrigation projects and highly important among the many problems encountered in distribution of water for irrigation is that of economical conveyance from the source of supply to the lands to be irrigated. The typical method employed is as follows: From a stream or reservoir, often miles from the lands to be irrigated, perhaps high up in the mountains, the water is diverted into a main canal by means of a dam or a weir. Upon reaching the boundaries of the irrigation district this canal is broken up into smaller canals, or laterals, which in turn subdivide, forming a network of waterways delivering water to every irrigable acre in the district.

These canals are divided into two classes, unlined and lined. Today a great forward movement in the economical construction and efficiency of canals is being made in which canal lining plays an important part.

Canals for power or irrigation are usually open. The amount of water delivered through a canal is directly proportional to the mean velocity of the current. The capacity is increased in proportion to the inherent smoothness of the lining used and care taken in the canal's construction. Lining greatly increases the capacity of a canal; and better alignment and more uniform cross-sections are obtained, which, in combination with the smoother surface in contact with the water, and the prevention of excessive vegetable growth in the channel, give the water in a lined canal a greater velocity than is possible in an unlined waterway.

A lined canal may be given a much steeper slope than an unlined one without danger of scouring and washing away the bed of the canal, and this difference in slope may mean a velocity and capacity several hundred per cent higher for the lined section. Aside from the increase in the carrying capacity this higher velocity may reduce the tendency for the settling out of silt held in suspension in water, which is a serious problem in some localities.

There is no seepage from lined canals. Where soil is sandy or gravelly, in unlined canals, the loss from this condition may amount to more than half the total water diverted from the system's use. From this condition, also, water-logging of adjacent soil may result. Much fine agricultural land has in many instances been completely ruined by water-logging due to seepage from unlined canals, where a rise in the water-plane has resulted in an accumulation of alkali salts in the top soil. This land can only be reclaimed by expensive methods of drainage and deep-well pumps to lower the water-table.

The deposit of silt in a lined canal is reduced to the minimum because the velocity of the water is constant. There is no clogging effect of vegetation for where no silt accumulates there is no weed growth. The maintenance of irrigation projects where silt and vegetation accumulate often

amounts to hundreds of dollars per mile per year.

Lined canals hold their original cross-sections and grades, whereas unlined canals require frequent restoration by grading or repairs to breaks caused by erosion.

In the later irrigation projects of the West, and then in the reconstruction of some of the older systems the advantages of canal-lining increased capacity, prevention of seepage, and reduction of maintenance cost, are being recognized, and in this forward movement engineers are seeking the material best suited for their projects, and research has not yet revealed a better waterproofing material than that used by the ancients.

Asphalt is one of the oldest waterproofing materials known to man. Many instances of its use for this purpose may be found in Biblical references. A properly constructed asphaltic-lined canal has smoothness of surface giving it the highest per cent in current velocity. It is waterproof.

The plastic nature of the material enables it to resist strain caused by expansion and contraction due to temperature variations. Asphalt linings have successfully resisted the hot summer sun of the San Joaquin Valley in California and the freezing winters of the Wenatchee Valley in Washington. Because of its plastic nature asphalt conforms without cracking to any depressions or settlings which may occur in the subgrade after the construction of the canal-lining.

Asphalt material has a binding quality, which permits its use as a surfacing for wornout linings of other types, obviating the necessity for removal and reconstruction. Where alternations or new structural installations are necessary in existing asphaltic lining the material removed may be reheated and tamped back into place, and a perfect bond will be secured.

In some localities the presence of alkali salts in the soil or water has had a detrimental effect upon some types of lining, even leading to complete disintegration. Asphaltic mixtures are not weakened by the action of alkali.

In constructing an asphaltic canal-lining the bottom and side slopes are prepared as for other types by plowing and removing the excess dirt and weed growth. The canal is then filled with water, which is allowed to stand for a few days in order to settle the banks, after which the canal is brought to the desired shape and grade by hand-shovel work.

Asphalt, mineral filler, such as rockdust and sand are used for the mixture, 15 per cent and seventy per cent, respectively. In the hot mixing process the mixer of the asphalt plant is first charged with sand heated to about 350 degress F. The sand is carefully proportioned to secure uniformity and maximum strength. Mineral filler is then combined with the sand. The hot asphalt is added and the whole given a thorough mixing, during which every particle of the mineral aggregate is coated with asphalt.

The hot mix is then transported to the section to be lined, spread upon the bottom and side slopes of the canal, peviously treated with

an oil. The mixture is then thoroughly compressed by means of hot rollers, tampers, and smoothing-irons to secure a perfect waterproof surface. The completed asphaltic lining may be opeened for use in a few hours, as no period of curing is necessary. This same method is followed in the repair of old cement linings after being cleaned and treated with a light spray of paint prepared by mixing asphalt with gasoline.

In the Modesto Irrigation District, California, the San Joaquin, and the Merced dictricts, approximately 500,000 square feet of this canal-lining was completed during the latter months of 1923, and the first three months of 1924. On the old High-line Ditch of Wenatchee Washington, 12,000 square feet of cement concrete lining was resurfaced with asphaltic-lining during March of 1924.

During the summer months the canals of the irrigation dictricts are in use for the distribution of water and work on the old canals must be done during the months when the canals are not needed for irrigation.

THE HOME.

By Rev. H. S. Howard.

The first home spoken of in the Bible is mentioned in Genesis 2nd chapter and in the eighth and ninth verses. Here we learn that God established the home and provided for it "trees that were pleasant to the sight and good for food." He located the first home in a beautiful garden which doubtless teaches that the physical surrounding should be considered in the location of a home. The home is therefore, the oldest institution on earth. It is older than the Church or the State and it was founded in the days of man's innocency. It is, as someone has said, "The blossom of which heaven is the fruit." "A world of strife shut out a world of love shut in." "The only spot on earth where the faults and failings of fallen humanity are hidden under the mantle of charity." "Where you are treated best and grumble most." "A little hollow scooped out of the windy hill of the world where we can be sheltered from its cares and annoyances." It is, "The father's kingdom, the children's paradise, the mother's world." Its greatness is suggested by the following from the late Dr. Talmage: "A church within a church, a republic within a republic, a world within a world, is spelled by four letters—HOME."

The Christian home is invaluable to human society. How important it is that it be kept in its rightful place. It is a sacred institution where should be written over the doorway: "Holiness unto the Lord." The husband who spends his nights away from home of his own choice and seeks for his pleasure elsewhere, is not the head of the household, but simply its —Cashier. The wife who throws her responsibility into the lap of the

servants, and spends her time at the theaters, card parties and joy riding, may clothe her children in the finest of satins and laces and ribbons, but she is missing the high calling of a mother and is a sorry sort of a superintendent of a poorly managed orphan's home. The door sill of the home should be the foundation of the Church and the State. The domestic circle should be higher than the highest House of Congress; the rocking chair in the nursery higher than a throne. The mother who guides and protects her little child is safeguarding the destines of the world. A man can never forget the home of his childhood. And it has been said that if "a man should start and run a straight line for seventy years he would not get out from under the shadow of his own mantle-piece."

When the Demosthenes of the American Senate—I refer to Henry Clay, of Kentucky—lay dying in Washington, his pastor sitting by his side, heard him say: "My Mother! Mother, Mother." He was seventy six years old but he still remembered his boyhood and the face of his precious mother. The story is told of one of our late presidents; how, when he had moved into the White House, was showing his family over the house; when presently they entered a beautiful room wherein was found a splendid piano and one of his lovely and talented daughters, paused and seated herself at the instrument and running her deft fingers over the ivory keys, began to sing.

"'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,

Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

May God bless all our homes and help us to love them more.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Stanley Armstrong.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Crook spent Sunday in Charlotte.

Mr. Tom Carriker has purchased an Essex four.

Mr. Roy Long, with the aid of some of the boys, is putting a fence up at the pasture.

The carpenter shop boys have been making swings for all the cottages.

Mrs. W. F. Morris has taken the place of Mrs. Hobby, as matron, in the eleventh cottage.

Most of the old pots and pans have been repaired and are in use again in the different cottages.

Oler Griffin, a member of the fifth cottage, received his parole during the past week.

Mr. Ralph Penninger has charge

of the eleventh cottage, in the absence of Mr. Hobby.

Lester Staley has returned to the institution, after spending a few days with his parents in High Point.

The new garage that was being built under the direction of Capt. T. L. Grier, has been finished.

Some of the boys have been digging Irish potatoes during the past week and stowing them.

Mark Jolly was permitted to spend a few days with his parents in Greensboro.

Zeb Trexler has returned to the institution after spending a few days with his parents in Salisbury.

Miss Eva Greenlee, one of the teachers, is on her vacation. Mr. Penninger is teaching the primary grades during her absence.

We are all glad that Mr. J. G. Hudson found his gold watch, that he lost while running a rabbit in a field nearby.

Erwin Cooper has succeeded Junius Matthews on the afternoon pump job. We hope he will make good at this job.

James Davis, member of the seventh cottage and also of the print shop, was permitted to spend a few days with his parents in Charlotte.

Miss Kate Latimer, of Pageland, S. C., is visiting her aunt Miss Mary P. Latimer, matron of the third cottage.

Regular band practice was held twice last week under the direction of Mr. R. G. McGuirt. The boys are making fine progress.

Russell Bowen, member of the sixth cottage, has been placed in the print shop. We are glad he likes this kind of work and hope he will make a good printer.

The Training School band played for the Parkwood Land Sale, at Kannapolis last Wednesday. The members of the band report having a fine time.

Clint Wright, Everett Goodrich, Aubrey Weaver, Russell Capps, and Miss Vernie Goodman, attended the weekly meeting of the Kiwanis club Friday evening.

A number of boys were promoted to higher grades on Monday afternoon. All the boys were glad of the fact that they can get one grade higher than they were.

The boys of the different cottages have made up baseball teams and have played a number of games after supper. The fifth cottage team now is considered as the champion team on the campus.

Last Wednesday the "Happy Squad" was made up of the follow-

ing boys: Huett Collier, Lester Morris, Doy Hagwood, Mack Wentz, Valton Lee, James Fisher, Johnny Boyd, Craven Pait, and Paul Edwards.

Rev. W. C. Lyerly, of the Reformed Church, of Concord, conducted the services in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. He took his text from the new commandment: "a new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another even as I have loved you." The sermon was enjoyed by everyone present.

Last Saturday the St. John's baseball team visited the Training School and defeated the boys by the score of 13 to 3. The visitors did some real slugging, getting 20 hits off two Training School pitchers, several of them going for extra bases. Kennedy was responsible for all the scores made by the local team. He was the first man up in the first inning and drove out a home run. Again in the fifth, after Williams had singled, he pounded out his second home run. Several costly errors enabled the visitors to roll up a large score.

DR. RANKIN WILL RECEIVE DEGREE.

Dr. W. S. Rankin, retiring secretary ot the state board of health, will initiate his Duke connection tomorrow morning with a doctor of science decoration.

It got out in Raleigh this evening that Duke university, stingiest of them all with its honorary degrees, will confer its distinction on the health leader who is going to direct the hospitalization of that great university. Dr. Rankin will go over tomorrow and get the degree. He will not leave Raleigh, however.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SCHEDULE

South Bound

No.	29	2:35 A. M.
"	31	6:07 A. M.
"	11	8:05 A. M.
"	33	8:25 A. M.
"	45	3:55 P. M.
"	135	8:35 P. M.
"	35	10:12 P. M.

North Bound

No.	30	2:00 A. M.
"	136	5:00 A. M.
"	36	10:25 A. M.
"	46	3:15 P. M.
"	34	4:43 P. M.
"	12	7:10 P. M.
"	32	8:36 P. M.
"	40	9:28 P. M.

For further information apply to

M. E. Woody,
Ticket Agent
Southern Railway
Concord, N. C.

THE UPLIFT

Carolina Collection,
U. N. C. Library

VOL. XIII CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 20, 1925 No. 30

I'M THE GINK.

In the smoker of the chair car between Greensboro and Raleigh, the other day, I heard six men cuss their hardships that surround their vocation, each thinking the other fellow had the most attractive job.

The next day, in the Asheville Citizen, I met up with Gink, who deposes and says:

"I'm the gink who constantly knocks my own line of work. I think everyone else has a fine job but me. I can't see any good about mine. I am positive that had I entered any other field I would have made a remarkable success. Of course if I spent less time bemoaning my own job I'd make a better showing. I don't care to do that. I like to knock my work. It isn't any good and I envy you your job."

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription

Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. Fisher, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920 at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of 4, 1923.

Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great deal and noble creed.—Selected.

DOES A CORPORATION HAVE A SOUL?

In this hurry-scurry age, when the material side of activity is emphasized, one is liable to conclude that ingratitude is wider-spread than it really is. We are accustomed to hear and generally accept the statement that "corporations have no soul." It is not true—certainly not everywhere.

In this issue there will be found the account of the official opening of a $200,000 Y, a contribution to the welfare and service of a host of people, who have gathered round about one of the mammoth manufacturing centres of the South, the conception and creation of a genius and master builder. Its erection and its gift is made in memory of the builder of this wonderful town.

The place is Kannapolis; the honored name which it bears is James William

Cannon; and the donors is the Cannon Manufacturing Company, whose directors in ordering the construction of the magnificent building give forceful testimony to their abiding esteem and appreciation of the achievement of the creator of wonderful Kannapolis; and in doing so, they contribute to the joy and betterment of the hosts, a thing that would rejoice the heart of him whom they wish to honor.

We answer our own question. There is one corporation that has a soul—it speaks forever a volume of meaning to find a corporation, enjoying the fruits of one of the greatest manufacturing plants of the whole country, refusing to forget the builder, sets apart a great fund for the construction of a superbly appointed building which bears the name of James William Cannon, whose child, Kannapolis, with its wonderful agencies of industry, convenience, comfort and betterment is the climax in the life and activity of a most wonderful man. Though dead, James William Cannon still lives in opportunities and the help afforded thousands.

A great deed, nobly done and most fitting. It challenges the manufacturing plants of the East to show as much concern for the welfare and pleasure of their forces. Some corporations do give evidence of having a soul.

* * * * * * * * * * *

WATER RISES NO HIGHER THAN ITS SOURCE.

A Chapel Hill correspondent sent out a news item regarding the commencement dances, saying that there was no dinking and that the behaviour was good. That's funny kind of news to send out from an institution of learning.

Several months ago the mayor of a certain town notified the president of a university that the dinking, carousing and gambling must stop, and that the public was becoming indignant. The president said that he would investigate the conduct of the students. A detective entered the said institution as a student; and he afterward furnished the mayor with the facts and the particulars. The finding showed that the greatest offending was among members of the faculty, including the president.

Since this occurred three professors of a certain university have been arrested for transporting whiskey, one was convicted in a superior court and fined and all have very properly tendered their resignations from the faculty.

And there are folks in this enlightened age that think boys and young men should lead blameless lives, even though their preceptors and teachers violate

the Volstead Act and carry on parlor gambling. No scientist, even though he may convince himself that he sprang from a monkey, can demonstrate that water will rise higher than its source, except by some external force. It takes more than units, certification and degrees to make a man fit to teach the young—he needs, among other qualities, the power to avoid illegal practices and the ambition to live an open and frank life.

* * * * * * * * * *

IT IS NOW DR. MURPHY.

At the late commencement of the N. C. University, the degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon Hon. Walter Murphy, of Salisbury. It was not only a beautiful recognition of a loyal friend and supporter, but it is an honor worthily bestowed.

Stanley, one of our linotype youngsters, who heard Mr. Murphy make an address to our boys a few weeks ago, and afterwards inquired of what church in Salisbury he was pastor, could not be convinced of his error in placing Mr. Murphy among the theologians. Stanley yet insists that no layman could speak like Dr. Murphy did, and he thinks that the University officials erred in the degree. "It ought to have been," insists Stanley, "the degree of D. D."

* * * * * * * * * *

WOULD HAVE CHILLED THEM.

Those who make a living out of the agitation of the question of child labor and the jealous manufacturers of the New England States that put up for these agitators, would have suffered cold chills had they witnessed the inspiring deed, at Kannapolis on Monday evening.

To behold the living proof of a deep concern for the welfare of its operators, old and young, in the completion and turning over to the officials of the Y a $200,000 building, modernly equipped and manned for an ideal service, by a great corporation, the Cannon Manufacturing Company, offers a challenge to the croakers to match it, if they can.

* * * * * * * * * *

KEEPS INVIOLATE HIS SECRET.

One of the marvels of long service is to be found in the Concord Tribune office. There is one man in that shop that has seen a continuous service on that paper, barring several months, for thirty-five years. The maker of this record is Mr. Robert Benson.

Bob Benson has been perfectly bald-headed for many years. He plays

the organ, and for many years was organist at Central Methodist Church. It—bald-headedness—is natural with him and the rendition of difficult music had nothing to do with the great change on the top of his head.

It may be evolution—the scientists may so conclude—but all at once Bob Benson was seen on the street with a most becoming head of hair, or a head of becoming hair, which is consonant with his general get-up and just enough silver strans among it to keep from belying his age. He looks like another man, and is extremely happy, as he ought to be. Various bald-headed men in these parts have beseeched him to name the hair-tonic that turned the trick in so short a time, but Bob preserves his secret. It is, indeed a marvel, that one man should hold down a job thirty-five years; and it is just as much a marvel that after years of complete baldness he should run across the very tonic that could make hair grow on a barren spot so successfully, quickly and becomingly.

A SPIRIT THAT ABIDES.

The immense auditorium of the new $200,000 Y. M. C. A., at Kannapolis, was packed, Monday evening, to witness the formal presentation of the building to the officers of the Association. It was an inspiring occasion.

Seated on the great rostrum were officials of the Cannon Manufacturing Company, the donors of the beautiful and massive structure, the reception committee and the family of the departed author of the community, to whose memory the great building was erected. Rev. L. A. Peeler, of the local Reformed church made the invocation; Mr. John Funderburk introduced the speaker of the evening; the speech of acceptance was made by Mr. G. G. Allen, chairman of the Board of Directors of the Kannapolis Y; and the exercisce was concluded by a prayer by Rev. J. F. Moser, of the local Methodist Church.

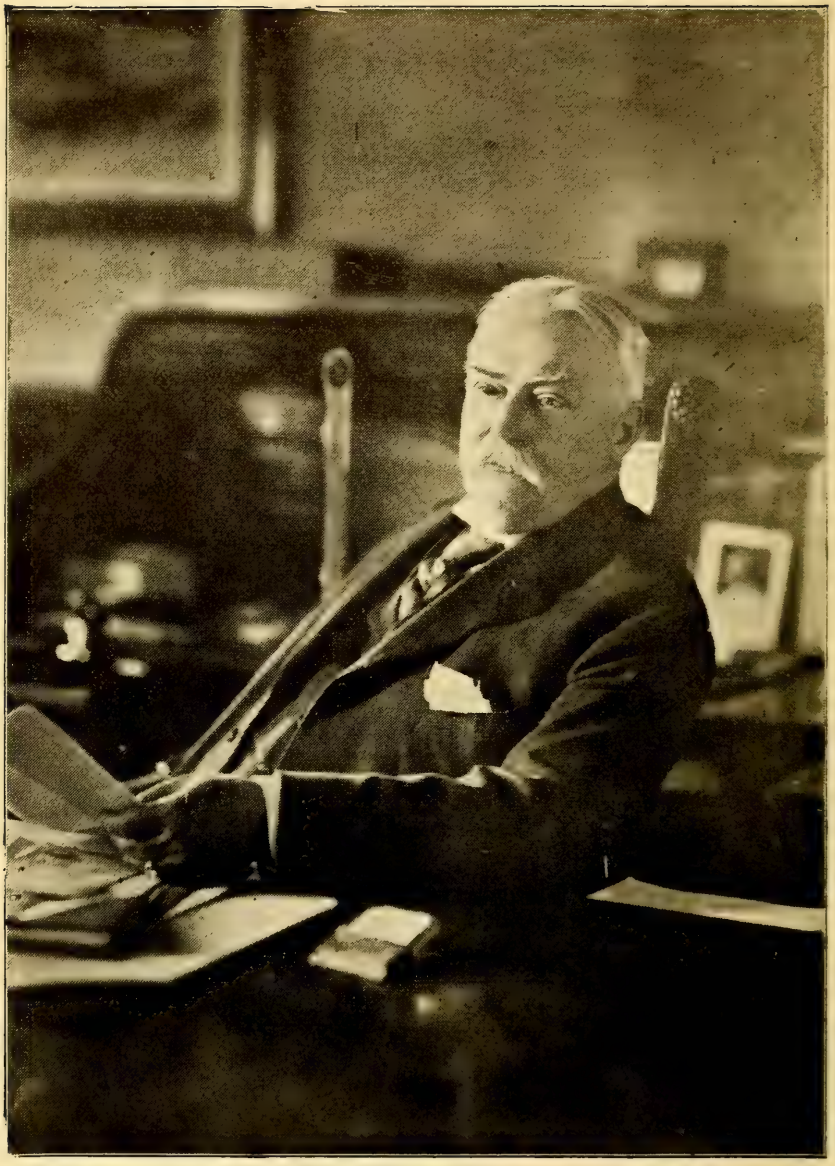
The great audience that assembled that night bore testimony to their great appreciation of the splendid gift; and the spirit of the occasion was impressive, for it seemed that the great audience composed of the operators of the great manufacturing plant and scores of visitors that knew and admired the author of that wonderful community somehow felt the presence of the spirit that refuses to depart.

Presentation of Gift.

At this point in the program, answering an appropriate introduction by Mr. Funderburk, Hon. D. H. Blair, United States Commissioner of Revenue, of Washington, D. C., in his most engaging review of the career of the late James William Cannon and the marvelous growth of the town which he built, and representing the Cannon Manufacturing Company in this superb gift, said in part:

"Less than twenty years ago," he said, "the spot on which this magnificent structure stands was a part of a poor old, rundown farm which produced little of value. The site of this great city of spindles, with its mills among the best in the world, was a barren, unproductive stretch of improverished farm land. Today it is a modern, sanitary, beautiful industrial city of 10,000 prosperous and contented people. With eight splendid manufacturing plants, with 185,000 spindles and 5,000 looms turning out daily approximately 45,000 dozen towels and millions of yards of splendid fabrics of various kinds; with two fine grammar schools and one high school building unsurpassed by anything in the state; with splendid churches; with places of amusement and entertainment; and with this magnificent structure, with all modern facilities for the development of the mind, heart and the body—a Y. M. C. A. building that would be a credit to any city of 100,000 inhabitants.

"If a weary traveler lost in a desert should, just before closing his tired and burning eyes in sleep, look around as far as the eye could see and behold nothing but vast stretches of sand dunes, with an occasional



JAMES WILLIAM CANNON.

In whose memory the $200,000 Y was erected by the Cannon Manufacturing Company for the benefit and pleasure of the magic city, which he conceived and builded.

Mr. C. A. Cannon's Statement.

As my father, the late James William Cannon, of Concord, North Carolina, who planned and built and, until his death, directed the successful operation of the mills making up the community known as Kannapolis, recognized the wisdom of caring for the spiritual mental, physical and social welfare of the employees of the mills and directed or assisted in directing the Young Men's Christian Association, school, and church building when the original mills were built; and as the Y. M. C. A., at Kannapolis, has outgrown its quarters, the directors and officers of the Cannon Manufacturing Company, in keeping with the policy of the late James William Cannon, considered it wise and to the best interests of the company and the employees of the mills to erect a new and modern building for the use of the Young Men's Christian Association to develop the spiritual, mental, physical and social man; and also to enlarge the scope of the work to include the girls and women of the community, and they deemed it proper and fitting that the new building be dedicated to the memory of James William Cannon.

(Signed)

CHARLES A. CANNON.

cactus, and then if in the early morning, just as the sun comes above the horizon he should wake and after rubbing his eyes should find himself in the midst of a great forest with the streams of cold, sparkling water flowing through and beyond the forest great stretches of green and succulent grass, it would hardly be more startling than the magic growth of Kannapolis within the last eighteen years. Upon this wornout, gully-ridden, poverty-stricken cotton farm, this modern, model industrial city has arisen.

"We go about our work from day to day and we accept this wonderful thing as a matter of course, and hardly pause to ask what has wrought this great change. What has brought it all about? It did not just happen. There was a real cause. It wasn't luck. The thing that would have just happened if nature had taken its course, so to speak, is that the gullies would have washed deeper, the blackberries would have become scarcer, a stray scrub pine or a cedar or a wild plum would have sprung up here and there. Others would have followed it and in twenty-five or thirty years these lands would have become a field of scrub pines which would have had some value as cord wood and if they in turn had been cut and sold, then the same washing and wasting process would have started over again and the last condition would have been worse than the first.

"You ask me what has brought it all about. On the 25th of April, 1852, on a farm near Sugaw Creek Church, in Mecklenburg county, there was born a child who developed into a man with a master mind and his geni-

HON. D. H. BLAIR.

Who, representing the Company, presented the Cannon Memorial Y, to the people of Kannapolis, in a most engaging manner.

us has not only wrought this great miracle but has revolutionized industrial conditions throughout the country.

"He had no better chances than the other boys in his neighborhood," declared Mr. Blair. "Starting as a clerk near his home, he soon decided that there would be a better opportunity in Concord and moved to that place where he secured a job, again as a clerk in a store. He was attentive to his work, had a pleasant personality and made large numbers of friends. The secret of his success, however, was that he worked."

Mr. Blair then told how Mr. Cannon had entered the firm of Cannon & Fetzer and how that on trips North to purchase goods he conceived the idea that it would be profitable to manufacture the goods where the cotton was raised. In 1887, he organized the Cannon Manufacturing Company which when completed cost only two-fifths as much as the Y. M. C. A. building. "He not onlyy built the one mill," continued the speaker, "but he built he built a chain of mills through the South and at the time of his death, he controlled fourteen largs mills with aproximately 500,000 spindles and 10,000 looms. No man ever surpassed him in the possession of unerring vision, and it was his genius that has wrought this miracle.

"From the first he took a keen interest in the welfare of the people who were connected with the mills and in their families. I have no doubt that Mr. Cannon's purpose in

erecting the first Y building was to give every boy who lived in the community a better opportunity to do greater things in the world than he himself had. This institution now offers that greater opportunity to every boy in Kannapolis.

"Like the great man whose giant intellect, untiring energy, unerring judgment, sterling integrity and ceaseless devotion to duty made this city and this beautiful temple a possibility and then a reality, the present directors and officers of the Cannon Manufacturing Company are keenly interested in your happiness and in your success. They are interested in the more perfect development of your minds, your bodies and your souls, and for that purpose this building is presented to the Kannapolis Y. M. C. A., in memory of James William Cannon.

"If the Cannon Manufacturing Company should stand idle, or should only run at half capacity, it would be an unprofitable and undesirable investment. To get the most out of this building, it must be run at full capacity. And if it is so used, it will be a blessing to every man and boy here, and a blessing to the community and to the state. May it bring much happiness to each of you.

"Mr. Allen, on behalf of the officers and directors of the Cannon Manufacturing Company, who appreciate the unusual loyalty, industry and skill of its employees and who desire to carry out and continue the policy of the founder of the mill, and in grateful remembrance for his marked service to humanity, I present the keys of this splendid and complete building to you as president of the Kannapolis Y. M. C. A.

Description of Building.

We appropriate from Tuesday's Concord Tribune the following description of the building and its purpose:

Dedicated as a monument to the memory of a man who was a pioneer in the construction of cotton mills, a successful leader in the textile industry and an upbuilder of North Carolina enterprise, the new Young Men's Christian Association, at Kannapolis flung wide its doors Monday night to receive the youth of the community in an effort to better the well-being of the physical and moral life of this same youth and enable it to become a better citizenry.

The structure was built as a memorial to the late J. W. Cannon. In the lobby, directly under a life-size portrait of him, is a tablet which bears the following words: "This building is erected to the memory of James William Cannon, 1925." There can be no doubt that it is a fitting memorial to the man to whom the community owes its very existence. Constructed at a cost of over $200,000, it is said to be the finest building of its kind in the state of North Carolina and one of the best in the entire South.

One wing was constructed over two years ago and has been in use since. This sector has in it an auditorium for use in showing moving picture films or for receiving theatrical talent. The auditorium is a large place, capable of seating 1,400 persons and is equipped with stage and dressing rooms for the use of visiting artists. Below, in the basement, are locker rooms and game rooms the Association's ten billard

tables being placed here. In addition to this, there is a modern barber shop and a refreshment stand.

The new wing takes the place of the old structure which housed the Association since 1908. It contians rooms for the various activities the Y expects to engage in, has a library, a gymnasium, a swimming pool and game rooms.

Not only is the new structure built as a memorial to the late J. W. Cannon, but it is built to carry on the work which he began when he conceived the idea of building Kannapolis. When the first mills were built in the newly founded town, Mr. Cannon decided that he wished to have some type of community building and he constructed one patterned after another building which had been erected some time before in another mill village. He decided later to make it a Y. M. C. A.

Soon after construction, the bulidng proved to be too small and it became necessary to make additions. Several years following another addition had to be made which was almost as large as the original building itself. This gave a new gymnasium and additional game rooms.

On the first floor of the new structure is contained the auditorium to which reference has already been made. Access to this may be had from the extreme right entrance. The other entrance leads into the men's lobby which is a handsomely appointed and furnished room. It is filled with with comfortable chairs of the overstuffed type, covered in grain leather. Just to the rear of this is a social room, really a part of the lobby but with folding doors so that it can be partitioned off if so desired.

Behind the lobby and at the side of the social room is the library which forms one of the most important parts of the Y. M. C. A. Since there is no city library, it has become necessary for the Y. M. C. A. to furnish the reading material and it has taken over the place usually filled by the other organizations. Several thousand volumes are placed here for use of the members.

The gymnasium is at the back of the building and will be of very latest construction and equipment. Its length is 90 feet and its width is 45 feet. A balcony is placed round the entire floor, giving space for spectators at match contests. Basketball goals will be fixed to boards fastened to the balcony at either end. All new equipment will be placed in the gymnasium which will be ready for use in approximately two weeks.

On the second floor are quarters for women and for boys. A women's social room, a large, homelike affair is prettily furnished with wicker furniture. A piano and tables, attractively placed, add to its homelike quality. The boys' game room and club room gave the boys a place to themselves.

Downstairs in the basement is a swimming pool, 20 by 50 feet, with depth ranging from four to nine feet. The men's locker room has 39 showers in it and the boys' locker room has 28 showers. Bowling alleys will be installed at an early date on the ground floor. There are to be five of these.

The exterior appearance of the new building is very attractive. It

is modeled after the Spanish type of architecture and is ornamented with Moorish Mosaic at certain of the windows. The trimmings are of colored brick. Green tile is used in the roof in carrying out the Spanish idea.

At present the membership of the Y. M. C. A. is 1869, which is one of the largest memberships in the state. The General Secretary is E. J. Sharpe who has been connected with the institution for seven years. Other secretaries are as follows: W. N. DeMarcus, physical director; Fred Powell, business secretary: Clyde Towel, boys' work secretary; E. S. Funderburg, social secretary. Both Mr. DeMarcus and Mr Powell have been with the Association for the past six years.

Since its organization at Kannapoils, the Cannon Manufacturing Company, which is the donor, has manifested a paternalistic attitude toward their employees. In addition to the Y. M. C. A. building, the company has erected a girl's dormitory, Mary Ella Hall, and has erected another dormitory, the Cabarrus Y. These buildings for the employees, have an estimated value of over $350,000. The company has also helped build the schools, an example of which is the new High School, constructed at a cost of $100,000, of which $55,000 was donated by the company.

The Cannon Manufacturing Co. is the largest manufacturer of towels in the world and forms one of the largest textile units in the United States. In its employ are 4,500 persons.

HALF BREEDS.

Because one kind of fish crosses with another kind of fish, one race of people cross with another race, one animal crosses with another animal of the same family, scientists say the theory of evolution is correct. It is correct in that different beasts different fowls and different people exist today from what existed in the day of the creation, but because we have half-breeds does not prove the Bible is false when it says "man was created in the image of God." The fact that we have half-breeds is a sin and the one and only argument which the scientists have to hang on. Some scientists believe that man is the handiwork of God; others believe that all life came from a single cell, but who created that cell if there is no super-natural power?

If Clarence Darrow is an atheist as he is reported to be, we dare say that before he dies he will change his belief and hope for a life everlasting through faith in God. He is too great a coward to face death with his disbelief and we are hoping that when he meets Bryan in debate that the Great Commoner's persuasive tongue will bring Darrow to his knees.

Those who are so disturbed right now over where he came from, should be more concerned about whether they are going. That's what really counts.—Cleveland Star.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

I met a man not long ago, that was a friend in other days. I had not seen him in years. He looked worse than—well, his face seemed as if it were two feet long. The corners of his mouth looked as if they kissed his shoe tops. He was up against it, and said so. His "luck" had turned, as he put it. He couldn't seem to make good and was through. Incidentally, he admitted he was a "boob," and there you are. What a sad situation for a fellow to be in. Here was a man gifted with nearly every natural accomplishment, who had been started right in the world and who for some time seemed to be on the road to success. Then he lost life's guiding star, faith, and tumbled. He intended to make a failure of himself, because he expected to do that very thing. He was going exactly in the direction of his own mind. There are many cases of this kind along life's roadway. It is in just such cases that sympathy and brotherliness finds an opportunity for effective service that is really worth while.

A policeman produced his note book and approached a man in a car, which had been parked on the side of the street for some time, and said: "Name, please." "Aloysius Alastair Cyprian," replied the motorist. Putting his book away the policeman said, "You can go this time, but don't park here so long next time." It reminds me of a story Prof. Bradford, told the other night at the recreation institute. A horse dropped dead on a street, the name of which the policeman could not spell. He sought advice on its spelling from his chief. The chief sent him off with, "Don't bother me; I'm busy." The policeman went off and sometime afted randed in his deport. When asked by the chief if he got the name of the street all right, he replied: "Yes; I moved the dead horse off on to another street that I could spell." This is where tact took the place of education.

The barber's association of this country is authority for the statement that American men spend $750,000,000 each year for the preservation of their beauty. Vain things! Nearly one third of this is for hair tonic to prevent baldness. There is also a large amount for facial massage and toilet waters and perfume for the sheiks before they go out sheiking. Men are as bad as the women in their vanity—no, sir, worse. Women make no secret of their beauty machinations. They apply it anywhere, on the streets, in automobiles, before store windows. Men will deride them, and then slip around a corner into a barber shop and try to outdo the fair ones in beauty practice. As my old friend, Billy Shakespeare, used to say, "How this world is given to"—vanity. Vanity wasn't exactly the word he used, but it will serve every purpose here.

Whether a back yard is a source of pleasure and health, or a source of

disgust and disease, depends altogether on how it is kept. If it is simply the dumping place for trash and filth, it is worse than no yard at all. The back yard is neglected because it is not on exhibition. Most of us like to put the best we have forward, and so the front yard receives the attention, while the back yard is neglected. If either is neglected, it should be the front yard. The back yard is where the children play; where the people on the premises spend most of their time, when they are not engaged indoors; and where sometimes most of the neighborhood gossip is exchanged. The back yard should be kept clean.

From far away New Hampshire comes this breezy note, taken from the Leader, of Manchester, in that State, and it is as fresh and as fragrant as any that blows through our mountain firs, balsams, and perfumed flora:

"You cannot get away from it. The South is rich and getting richer." The slogan has gone forth, "Southward the Path of Empire Takes its Way."

Do we, right here on the soil, realize these facts? Southern people are today facing the greatest opportunities that exist in the entire world. Everything that takes place is favorable to greater prosperity ahead. Blessed people. Thrice blessed country this Southland. Every mention of her prosperity; her climate, unexcelled; her exquisite mountain scenery and invigorating ocean-washed shores by the majestic Atlantic, thrill us with pardonable pride.

"Salute the day with joy." There is great solace in beginning the day in that frame of mind. There was a young girl some years ago, about sixteen years of age, who came downstairs every morning as if she seemed determined to cultivate an irritable disposition, which was a constant source of annoyance and unhappiness to other members of the family. She would come down with a frown on her face and her first words proved that she was feeling mean. Her Grandma, more than once, said: "Caroline, I think you'd better go back to bed and stay there until you are in a better frame of mind, even if you have to stay there all day." The other day I came across a jingly, but truthful lines, that brought up the memory of that girl. The lines were:

"In the morning when you first
    awake,
Before you turn yourself in bed,
First praise, then count the blessings
    on your head
Forgive, forget, call down a blessing upon all,
If you can't do that, stay in bed and
don't get up at all."

If you begin the day with frowns and surliness of tongue you are mighty apt to have a bad day. Forget the petty annoyances of life before you leave your room. One cannot "Salute the day with joy" when one is the victim of that thing of evil which we call "low spirits." Forgive and forget.

Have you, on any occasion, lost your equilibrium? It gives you a peculiar floundering feeling when you do. I lost mine once. When a youth

I walked out on the sodden trunk of a tree overhanging a river's brink. Right there I lost my equilibrium when I slipped off that tree trunk and dropped into water over my head. In one second my whole life, up to that time, was a panorama before my eyes. Everything I had ever done danced before me, like a ballet in the movies. I might have laughed at others falling into water, but just then I didn't think it necessary to laugh at myself—my lonesome self, out there wiggling in the deep water like an eel on dry ground, when I came to the top. Right there I learned first lesson in swimming. I had to do it. It was either that or furnish food for the fish, and I had a horror of fish biting me, and the little minnows nibbling at me as choice bait. There was equilibrium all about me but I couldn't get my hands on any of it. When I bobbed up, like a cork that had suddenly been jerked under the water, and wiggled a good deal, I struck out for the shore, which was only a few yards away, yet looked like some far away isle of the sea. Right now, after many years since this happened, I want to tell you equilibrium is the scarcest thing you ever saw in water over your head and you can't swim.

I have been told that an American in London was bragging about his automobile to a very fullsome extent, and ended his remarks with: "It runs so smoothly that you can't feel it; so quietly you can't hear it; has such perfect ignition you can't smell it; and for speed—gentlemen, you cant see it." Then an anxious Briton put this question to him: "But, my word, old dear; how do you know the bally thing is there?" There is no further report of the American's proceedings.

We have heard a lot about the roads that the Romans built, but wages and life counted for little in their construction. In ten years' time the United States has built more hard surface roads, with well paid labor, than the Romans ever thought of constructing. Today a man can travel for thousands of miles in this country on wonderful hard surface highways. They furnish a pleasant and safe means of transportation for millions of people. Road commissioners realize more and more that it is essential to utilize old graveled and macadamized roads as the base for permanent hard surface pavements. While $100,000 might build a mile of Roman road which would last for a thousand years, the same $100,000 will put an asphaltic concrete surface, 20 feet wide, two inches thick at the center and five inches thick at the edges,over nearly six miles of worn out macadam, under the plan of the California highway commission for utilizing old gravel and macadam roads as a base for hard surface covering. Six times as many people can be served and six times as many miles of highway that will last for many years can be built.

A book may be compared to your neighbor; if it be good, it cannot last too long; if bad, you cannot get rid of it too early.—Brooke.

WOMAN'S OPPORTUNITY.

(Asheville Citizen.)

In his baccalaureate sermon to the North Carolina College for Women, Dr. J. Sprole Lyons emphasized the fact that woman's greatest opportunity for service and self-development is "in the home." The remark seems trite. As a reminder, however, it is extremely valuable. It is valuable because today the average parent woefully neglects to train the daughter for a home career Much talk is heard of educating the girls for "a career," meaning for work outside the home. There prevails a general impression that any woman, because she is a woman, can walk into a house and immediately make it a smooth-running and attractive home. It is a fond but pathetic delusion.

The modern mother is obsessed by the idea that her daughter "must have a good time," and it is taken for granted that in order to continue having a good time, she must be fitted to earn her own living, have her own money and thus support herself indefinitely in the single blessedness of going her own way. To the girl who has not given the matter much thought this program appears delightful. And the result is that, as a rule, she grows up equipped to earn a salary but not to run a home.

But the tragedy of it is that the time soon comes in the lives of most women when they want a home. That is woman's business. It is her destiny. It is the thing that satisfies her instincts and her longings. Nature is a stern governor, and the inheritance of countless ages can not be disregarded. No matter what the parent has said, no matter what the daughter has learned, the basic fact remains that the girl's biggest opportunity is in the home because it is in the home that nature needs her.

Since economic conditions are as they are, it is essential that the young woman be able to earn her own living. But she should be taught also to manage a home. She should understand that, while her financial independence will enable her to wait until she finds the right man to marry, her greatest career will come after marriage. She should be educated to see that the home as an institution and the wife as its manager, are the very foundation stones of civilization. Unless as a girl she does learn this, she will some day be obliged to re-educate herself.

There's a Difference.—"Well, Reggie, what are you doing now?"
"Traveling in musical instruments. Sold a thousand yesterday."
"Great Scott, man! Pianos."
"No. Phonograph needles."

THE FRAGRANCE OF A ROSE.

She clings closely to the tattered gown of her mother but as the usher approaches she holds out the rose and asks him to give it to that man up there, pointing with her baby finger to the flower laden casket resting in a garden of beauty. The mother explained in her fine, Irish brogue that she had not much to give as she supported the little family over the wash tub but as she drew the usher aside she told him of the kindness of this man who lay in quiet majesty of death and whom she scarcely knew.

One day not long before, her baby was sick and she was about distracted with no money or funds. This little girl was playing outside the gate as this man was passing. As she looked at him the smile in her blue eyes was

My memory bridges the silence of twenty years and again I enter an immense church, in the middle west, filled to the doors with people whose sad faces bespeak so plainly the sincerity of their grief. Among the group gathered there is a little girl with a red rose in her chubby hand. met by one in his and his simple greeting carried away all feeling of restraint. The child told him of the sick baby and the tears of the mother. He took the little girl's hand and together they entered the home where he brought comfort and cheer, and so they had brought this rose:—it was all they had to offer.

This story with many similar ones poured into that grief stricken home for many days after that simple service and helped to comfort the members of a family suddenly bereft of a loving husband and father. For twenty long years the fragrance of that rose has always carried a message of cheer down through the years.

The message from a life made up of little kindly deeds which taken as a whole has made the memory of that father the greatest heritage a child could possibly have. Well might it have been said of him, "Silver and Gold had he none but such as he had" he poured out freely, silently, modestly into that community of that western state until that desert section had "blossomed like the rose."

If ever a message was radioed to the ones who had already passed over I think the fragrance of that rare rose was wafted as a sweet smelling incense to make heaven seem more beautiful to that man who had never closed the doors of his heart or the windows of his soul to the simple kindnesses of life. Each day the responsibility of holding the happiness of others in one's hand becomes more sacred a trust and he who gives "ashes for roses," will find that he has lost from out of his own life its greatest blessing. "Just the art of being kind is all this old world needs."

The little girl who carried the rose is a woman now and how much the fragrance of that rose had to do with the shaping the lives of her little ones or beautifying her own home, only she and God know.

"As I sit in my house at the side of the road and watch the world pass by," I find it so often these words

of James Whitcomb Riley on my lips —"O, this world's a curious compound with its honey and it gall, With its cares and bitter crosses, but a good world after all, And a good God must have made it, leastways that is what I say, When a hand is on my shoulder in a friendly sort o' way."

ABOUT VIRGINIA DARE.

By S. A. Ashe.

To the Editor: I note with pleasure that the Colonial Dames propose to place a picture of the Baptism of Virginia Dare in the Rotunda of the Capitol. The purpose should appeal to every one, and there should be no lack of funds.

In connection with Virginia Dare the following may be of interest as adding somewhat to the personality of little Virginia:

In a magazine recently published is a mention of the Vassalls and incidentally this reference is made:

"John White, mayor of London, who helped to fit out and command two ships, which went to relieve the first white colony in America, who were on an island at the mouth of Roanoke River, North Carolina, where he found only parts of their clothing and their bones. He returned to England just in time to command these ships in the Spanish Armada and his name is inscribed on the Armada Memorial in Westminster Abbey, London."

Some of the above is inaccurate. John White was the Governor of the colony, in which were his daughter Eleanor Dare and his granddaughter, Virginia Dare, when he first returned to England and fought the Armada.

One of his sons is said to have been John White, Bishop of London, who was, therefore, the uncle of Virginia Dare; and the Bishop had a son, William White.

The Vassals came into England from Normandy in Queen Elizabeth's time and were men of consequence. One of their sons, John Vassall, fitted out and commanded two warships against the Spanish Armada like White did. He was the father of William Vassal who became interested in the Massachusett's Bay Colony (not the Plymouth Rock). In 1635 he brought his wife and six children to Massachusetts.

One of the sons of William Vassall was John Vassall, who was the leader and manager of the Massachusetts colony that settled on the Cape Fear in 1663; and John's cousin, Henry Vassall, at London, was supplying provisions and necessities for the colony. The colony, however, failed after two years.

A brother of John, William Vassall, had a daughter, Judith, who married William White, a son of Bishop White and a cousin of Virginia Dare. It seems notable that the man who tried to settle the Cape Fear was thus connected with Governor White who tried to settle Roanoke Island, and thus likewise connected with Virginia Dare.

The Vassall house in Cambridge, Massachusetts, is just across the

street from Harvard College. It was the headquarters of Washington in 1775, and was later the home of the poet, Longfellow. I saw it in 1856, when I also went to the top of the Bunker Hill Monument.

It is observed that Virginia Dare was the niece of the Bishop of London, and today, the present Bishop of London is an Honorary Vice President of the "Order of Jamestown" recently organized by the descendants of the Jamestown colonists, under the supervision of Rev. Ruffin Jones, the rector of that parish, an esteemed son of Wake county.

A NAME REVERED.

(Lexington Dispatch.)

Woodrow Wilson has been dead many months. Before that he was a retired invalid for more months. Six years have passed since he reached the zenith of his world influence and popularity.

During those six years millions of words have been written and spoken against this man and his work. Book after book has come from the press that were penned by men who sought to dim the glory of Wilson. The halls of government where once his word was most powerful have echoed again and again with condemnation of Wilson and all that was of Wilson. They have said he was an arrogant man, a vain man, a man who would not listen to advice, that he disregarded the rights and feelings of others. And they have said many things worse than that. They did not hesitate while he lived to whisper personal scandal against him on the corners of the capital's streets.

But last year 200,000 people went to his tomb to pay tribute to the memory of this reviled man who laid down his life for his fellows in all nations of earth. The Corcoran art gallery is one of Washington's great show places, and is is near the hotel center of the city. 177,000 visited it during the same period. The tomb of Wilson is four miles out from the center of the city. In that throng of pilgrims to the Wilson tomb were the men and women of forty nations. This country has never produced a man whose work touched so intimately the fortunes of the people of all the earth.

Wilson's work on behalf of universal peace was not perfect. He declared himself that it was far from such. But it was a better plan than the best intelligence of the world had been able to devise before or since. No nation has been willing to trust any of the proposed substitutes.

Many of those who fought him most bitterly have also passed on, and the world has already almost forgotten where they were laid away.

The shortest and surest way to live with honor in the world is to be in reality what we would appear to be.—Socrates.

GRANDPA SPANS THE KAZZUM.

By Ethel P. Hill.

Everybody was sleeping! A most aggravating way to spend such a wonderful summer day, even though it was Sunday! Grandpa was taking a "little mite of a catnap" and snoring a soft, little purring note quite in keeping with his occupation. It certainly interfered with every sort of diversion a boy of ten could devise. One couldn't talk loud or whistle or play the mouth organ and Jack lay sprawled dejectedly on the living room rug drawing—but one couldn't even laugh when an obstinate pig insisted on looking like a donkey! But at a long drawn sigh from Grandpa, Jack brightened hopefully. Yes, Grandpa was opening his eyes. Jack tiptoed over and whispered in his ear. But Grandpa was hard of hearing and couldn't catch the question.

"What is a WHAT?" he whispered back, scratching his head in perplexity.

"I'll write it?" and Jack flopped on the floor and laboriously printed the letter, "K A Z Z U M."

But still Grandpa shook his head in a puzzled way.

"Is it some kind of an animile?" he ventured to ask, noticing the strange beasts which adorned the page. He spoke aloud as he caught the sound of the baby's happy voice crowing in the room adjoining and Mrs. Cahill's answering laugh as she roused from her afternoon nap.

"N-a-w!" Jack gave a relieved laugh himself, glad of an opportunity to make some sort of a noise. "It couldn't be alive—I don't think! You know those kind of pink, real thin silk stockings Aunt Edith sent Sis for her birthday?"

"Oh, if it's some kind of duds women wear—" Granda waved his hands in dismay.

"T'aint," Jack explained, patiently. "Sis was talkin' with Carrie about those stockings an' she said to Carrie, 'My Aunt Edith wears lovely things like those con--con--tinuously—she can't understand what a deep, wide kazzum divides us.' An' I kep' wonderin' what a kazzum was."

"Oh, you mean a chasm!" Grandpa smiled.

"Well! Isn't that what I said all the time?" Jack asked, in surprise.

"Why, it's a kind of a—a split in the ground, so deep you can't get to the bottom of it and so wide you can't get across."

"Well, but—" Jack drew a picture of a chasm according to this description, "if you was a soldier and you marched and marched till you got to this 'kazzum' an' you just had to get over the other side—why, then what would you do? Bet you'd get you a flying machine or somepin' an' just hop across! Wouldn't you Grandpa?"

"I calculate I'd have to find some way to do it, Jackie," Grandpa agreed, thinking of the wide, wide chasm time had made since his two children, Mary and Marvin, had romped about his knee asking eager questions. Then Jack's mother called him and Grandpa sat for a long

time thinking of the days when she had been the prettiest, merriest girl in the village and Jack's Uncle Marvin had been more than ordinarily fond of his bright, witty sister. But Marvin had gone to college, graduated with honors and then, after a hasty visit home, had taken a position in a big rushing city. He had made his mark in business before many years passed and he had married a beautiful girl who had helped him get a solid footing in society, but somehow there had never been a time when he seemed to have leisure to enjoy a visit to his old home. Marvin had made a splendid success of his life in every way, and he never forgot the old folks. He sent them lovely gifts. Once or twice Grandpa and Grandma had accepted an invitation to visit Marvin in his beautiful city home and his wife had entertained them in the most charming way possible. But they had never felt really at home there. There were too many servants, the rooms were too big, the meals too formal—they had considered it a delicious joke when Grandma suggested that she just trot out into the kitchen and make a couple of cherry pies. How dear and sweet Grandma had looked as she flushed a little at their loving teasing over it. But those happy days were gone now. Grandma had gone on before and when Grandpa had to choose between the home so hospitably opened to receive him at the time she passed away, he had turned instinctively to his daughter's humble, almost poverty stricken home. A home overflowing with love, perpetually untidy with scattered toys, where every pleasure and comfort for one meant sacrifice and self-denial for the others, where even the bed he slept on was made warm and cosy with a comfort from Beth's bed, a blanket Josie could manage without, a lap robe which had served its original purpose for many years and, when the night was particularly cool, Grandpa's own overcoat spread over his feet.

But Grandpa was contented and happy, not missing Grandma half so much as long as he could keep busy puttering over his little garden that gave them all the fresh radishes and lettuce they could use, to say nothing of an occasional "mess" of snap beans and tomatoes. Yes, indeed, here in this helter-selter home of his daughter's everyone needed so many things Grandpa could find dozens of ways to help, while in his son's well-appointed household there were maids to wait on everyone, there were no peas to shell, no apples to peel, no errands to run and no merry, gurgling baby to be amused in all sorts of foolish ways—why they needed him here and his tiny little income more than paid for his board!

There was indeed a "kazzum" between his two dear children. They seldom wrote one another save for a card of greetings. Grandpa thought almost enviously of the ease and luxury of his daughter-in-law's home, of her smooth, fair face unlined with care, of her beautiful white hands on which gleamed costly rings, comparing them mentally with his daughter Mary's busy hands roughened from too constant contact with grime and suds in the almost hopeless task of keeping house and children neat and clean.

But Marvin could not have been quite so thoughtless and careless as Grandpa thought, for although he had no actual knowledge of the amount of stretching that was necessary for each dollar to undergo before it could begin to cover its share of necessities, it took very little imagination to realize that another inmate in the crowded little house must make a difference in expenses, so Marvin sent Grandpa a check—and this is where this story should have begun.

The check arrived on Monday morning, the day after Jack had discovered the meaning of the word "chasm." With it came a cheery letter at the end of which Grandpa read a paragraph that brought a little worried frown to his forehead. He read it over again—

"Now, I want you to spend this money freely for anything that will add to your personal comfort and happiness. Just send me a little itemized list of what you buy so I can get some idea of what pleases you and I'll send you another check as soon as this is gone. Don't be afraid to get anything that strikes your fancy—I'm only too glad to be able to provide for you in this way. Will try to run down and see you sometime this summer but can't tell just when I'll be able to get away."

Grandpa hummed a little tune as he changed his shoes, fished a neck-tie out from his suitcase under his cot and make sure he had carfare in his vest pocket.

"Could you please take baby Ruth a few minutes while I stir up a cake?" Mrs. Cahill called from the dining room, then as she came in sight of Grandpa with his hat on she gave a surprised laugh. "Oh, never mind! I didn't know you were going out. Shall you be back soon?"

"Well, it won't be a great spell! Can't tell exactly." Grandpa spoke with a mysterious air of importance. "Got a little business to tend to downtown but I'll be back and help you with Ruthie soon's ever I can!"

Josie and Beth, returning from school, met Grandpa at the front door. Struck by his unusually brisk manner they questioned him curiously.

"Where you goin' Grandpa? Couldn't I go too?" Beth begged, while Josie echoed her question.

"Well, yes, I reckon one of you can go along, if your mother can spare you for a couple of hours or so. Like as not you could help me decide about somethin' I got on my mind."

Both girls flew to the kitchen to ask permission and Mrs. Cahill decided Beth should stay and help her with the baby while Josie, who was almost fifteen, should act as Grandpa's escort as he was not accustomed to city streets and might easily get turned around and take the right car in the wrong direction when he started home.

So Grandpa and Josie started gaily cityward, while Beth willingly took Baby Ruth from her mother's aching arms and carried her to their favorite corner in the living room. Ruth was teething and needed considerable amusing to divert her baby mind from her troubles.

"Don't carry her more than you have to, dear," Mrs. Cahill cautioned Beth. "I only wish we could manage a little gocart, so you could take her out into the fresh air, but she's get-

ting altogether too heavy for you to carry any more.''

''Why do some folks have cars and great big houses and servants and things like that and not even one little girl of their own and here we have so many folks they can't scarcely squeeze into this little house an' not even a teeny, weeny cart for baby to ride in?'' Beth asked her mother, not complainingly, but merely as a matter of speculation.

''Oh, lots of reasons,'' Mrs. Cahill answered, smiling as she dropped a sudden kiss on her small daughter's dimpled cheek. ''When there are lots of little mouths to fill and lots of jolly little feet to keep shod, there isn't so much to spend for big houses and cars and then Daddy doesn't make as much money as your Uncle Marvin, if that's who you're thinking about.''

''I was just wondering,'' Beth replied, as she wound up the frog that Aunt Edith had sent her on her last birthday. It hopped so amusingly baby Ruth seldom failed to take an interest in its antics.

''Well, just remember, dear, its not how much you have to enjoy but how much you enjoy what you have that counts most. We can get as much fun out of a five-cent street car ride as some folks do in a five-thousand-dollar car.''

''But, mumsy, Josie says Uncle Marvin and Aunt Edith would simply faint dead away if they saw how we lived and the clothes we wear and what we have for supper sometimes. Is that why you don't ever ask them to come to see us, or don't they want to? When you were a little girl, didn't you and Uncle Marvin play and quarrel and make up and have secrets and everything like we do?''

''Yes, indeed, dear,'' her mother answered and the quick tears sprang to her eyes at the memories her little daughter's innocent queries brought so vivdly to her mind.

Beth looked up, saw them and an instant later she was in her mother's arms, kissing away the ''naughty tears,'' while they laughed together at a funny story mother told of how a hen with little chicks scared her up a tree and she had to bribe Uncle Marvin with a whole dozen marbles before he would scare the hen away and promise not to tell anyone she had been a ''fraid-cat!''

It was almost dark when a shout from Jack brough them all running to the living room to see what had happenned. There in the hallway stood grandpa and Josie proudly displaying their purchase—a brand-new baby cart! It had a cunning parasol and an adjustable front that would be raised to make a cozy little bed for the baby when she went out riding and dropped asleep.

''Isn't it a humdinger?'' Jack demanded admiringly and they all agreed that it was indeed!

''But father, where in the world did you get the money to buy it?'' Mrs. Cahill questioned, in astonishment. ''A new baby cart in this family is almost as exciting as a new automobile would be to some people!''

''Oh, just a kind of a little windfall, I'd call it!'' Grandapa explained, delightedly. ''You see, your brother Marvin, he though likely I might be wantin' some kind o' gimcracks that don't grow on bushes,

not in this exact locality anyhow, so he sent me along a check. Real thoughtful of him I think, real thoughtful!''

Now the check didn't last as long as grandpa expected it to. At the time it was received it had seemed quite a large sum, but, first there was the baby cart, then he decided Josie must go on with her piano lessons, and then Jack wanted a bike for his paper route. But he found to his dismay there was only three cents left!

Grandpa's cramped hand was not much accustomed to the use of a pen but he made a brave effort to compose a really interesting letter to his son Marvin. Then he laboriously copied it, making out a carefully itemized list of his expenditures as requested. This is the way the list read:

One baby cart, rubber tired wheels	$9.95
One month's rent piano	5.00
1 lb. nails, etc	1.17
5 piano lessons	3.75
2 watermelons	.85
1 canary	6.00
1 cage (second hand)	1.00
2 ice cream cones	.10
Carfare	.20
Flower seed	.20
Hair tonic	1.25
5 hens	5.50
	$34.97

When grandpa's letter with this surprising list of purchases reached his son Marvin's home, it caused quite a little ripple of amusement and perhaps it was a feeling deeper than amusement that led to a second and third reading to an interested audience of one. Aunt Edith took an unexpected interest in the curious little document. It had a sort of cheerful independent air about it and suggested a joyous spirit of progress and attainment, so she thought.

''Now, that baby cart is easily explained (pity we hadn't though of it before) but why the hair tonic? The ice cream cone sounds companionable—'' so Uncle Marvin mused aloud.

''But just fancy, my dear, a grey-haired man of your father's age eating an ice cream cone!'' The idea quite upset Aunt Edith's notions of dignified behavior.

''Well, to tell you the truth, I'd be willing to wager that father, himself, personally had nothing whatever to do with a single item mentioned on this surprising list with the single exception of the 'nails, etc.' Although the hens may respond to father's cheerful call at mealtimes. I wonder if he does feed them or if that little scamp Jack (isn't that his name?) does the feeding act? I remember when was a kid—.'' Then followed reminiscenes that brought many a smile to the faces of these two who had left childhood behind them for so many years and had no troublesome youngsters to remind them of their youthful joys and follies.

Before the lights were put out that night they had written grandpa a letter aproving in glowing terms of his paint ''List of Expenditures'' except that Uncle Marvin had written across the bottom as a postcript—''Canary Birds, Crowing Hens and Baby Cart all O. K., but go slow on the nails and ice cream cones—can't countenance too much extravaganve in one

of your years, you know, dad!''

How grandpa did chuckle over that letter.

''That boy Marvin ain't lost none of his sense of humor, eh?'' he laughed as he very importantly endorsed the second check entrusted to him to spend ''for his own comfort and happiness.''

''Now the second list that went back to Uncle Marvin was even more astonishing than the first had been. In addition to the first payment on a ''bike'' there were other things no sane man of seventy-five years of age would wish to use! Five yards silk crepe, a sport hat, gloves, silk stockings—Oh! Oh! It was really shocking! And then, at the end a bold request—''Please send as large a check as possible and mail at once. Very important.''

Grandpa's son Marvin and his wife pretended to be immensely concerned over this unheard-of conduct on the part of their respected father. They shook their heads sadly, made out the third check (a much larger than the first and second) just as he requested, rang for a maid to take it out to the mail box and then began planning when they could pack up and take a motor trip to the little house where grandpa was making such mysterious purchases. They grew quite excited over the prospect of surprising their sister Mary and her strangely interesting household with its babies and canaries and other musical inmates.

It was about a week later that they arrived at the little crowded house grandpa called ''home'' and rang the doorbell just as the family was sitting down to a most appetizing dinner—no, ''supper''—of stewed beans, Johnny-cake and apple sauce.

Now, there was nothing really exciting about that supper! It was good! Still that didn't explain the strange air of mystery that brooded over the table and made them smile at one another as though there was some joke about it all!

Well, there was a sort of joke about it! It was the first supper that had ever been prepared and eaten in that house under the direct supervision of Miss Josephine Cahill, housekeeper pro tem! A most amazing thing had happened! Mother Cahill and baby Ruth had gone on a vacation. The invitation had come from a dear, dear friend, grandpa had plunged wildly into the unknown intricacies of a vacation wardrobe and bought the ticket and Mrs. Cahill, alternately protesting and rejoicing, had actually fallen in with their plans and departed for a possible month of rest and recreation.

So when Uncle Marvin and Aunt Edith appeared so unexpectedly, a dumfounded family received them in a sort of dazed way. They hadn't once thought of ''company'' when they insisted that they could ''do everything just as well as not.'' And here were the very people they had always heard mentioned in the same breath with servants and elaborate meals, motor cars and receptions. No wonder they gasped.

But grandpa didn't do any gasping. He was so happy over the way his little scheme had worked out, he just jumped up and grabbed one of Uncle Marvin's hands and one of Aunt Edith's hands and dragged them over to that table and first thing they

taking place when they wrote to mother, but they had promsied to keep it a secret and they stood loyally by their word.

Then came the day when Mother Cahill wrote she would be home the following Friday. She wanted to be home Saturday to get the house cleared up for Sunday so they could all have a happy, quiet day together before the workaday week started for them all. She was beautifully rested and would enjoy getting back to her little home and trying to make it a little more cozy and comfortable.

"Oh, boy, but won't it be just glorious to see mother's eyes when she comes in that door and sees all the pretty things she's wanted so much all ready and waiting for her to sit down and enjoy them! Won't you just love to be standing here and hear what she says? What do you suppose she'll see first, Aunt Edith?" Beth's blue eyes sparkled with joyous anticipation.

"Indeed, it will be a real treat, dear, but I'll have to run away before she gets here, I'm afraid. There's a very important club meeting I have promised to attend on Friday night, but I'll stay here and help you till the very last possible minute so everything will be spic and span when your mother comes!"

Oh please, Aunt Edith, couldn't you possibly stay just that one night, just even one hour after mother comes home!" Josephine begged.

"No, really dear, it's quite impossible, but I promise you I'll come back some day again. Indeed, I could hardly stay away after all the splendid times we've had together fixing things up. I do hope mother dear knew Uncle Marvin was just gobbling those stewed beans and laughing at grandpa as he assured him it was the "best grub he'd eaten in a coon's age!" And Aunt Edith, whom they had always though of as cold and haughty, was sitting in Mother Cahill's place pouring tea for everybody and asking so many questions it kept them all busy answering them.

Father Cahill slept on the souch in the living room that night, for they had to give Aunt Edith and Uncle Marvin the only bedroom in the house with a bed and dresser that matched. Uncle Marvin had to go back to the city the next day but Aunt Edith said, if they would all be very good and help her, she would stay and together they would make the house all fresh and comfy as a surprise for mother when she came back from her vacation.

Talk about a busy time! That was tne busiest family in the whole state during the next three weeks. No need to ring a bell to wake the children those mornings! They were far too excited to sleep after the sun peeped in the windows to see what new wonders had been worked during the night. One room after another was papered and painted, gaily curtained, carpeted with soft rugs—there was a wonderful velvety cushioned davenport in the living room, a whole set of pretty china dishes in the buffet and a brand new kitchen range.

Aunt Edith let every one of them help and even Jack astonished them by declaring he would much rather run errands for Aunt Edith than go fishing with the "other boys." It was certainly hard not to mention the wonderful transformation that was

will be pleased and not scold about the liberties we've taken in her absence."

To grandpa she explained that she had to run away from the "thank yous" that she didn't deserve at all because she had enjoyed every minute of the time spent making the little home over to harmonize with all the love and happiness that filled it to the roof.

"You know, father, I've given nothing but a little time and a little money—but in return I've found something so precious I hope never to lose it again—the love and comradeship of real, live, fun-loving children who think I'm 'almost as nice as mother.' So please, father, try and explain to Mary what this has meant to me and talk her into letting Josephine spend next winter with me and go to high school in the city."

It would be utterly impossible to picture Mother Cahill's astonishment when she walked into that dear little home, so fresh and sweet and inviting—and it was sometime before she could discover just what had happened during her absence for they all tried to tell her at once—but it was Jack who finally made the whole thing clear.

"Why, you see mother dear, there isn't any more 'kazzum!'" he said, as though that explained everything.

"Chasm?" mother smiled, inquiringly.

"Well, Jo said a kazzum divides us from Aunt Edith—but she just got Uncle Marvin to step on the gas and the car must of just shot over 'cause first thing we knew here they were and all these things just came right along with her."

But mother smiled wisely at grandpa.

"I guess there was a chasm, a pretty big one," she said, "and I think I can guess who planned the bridge across. It isn't the first chasm that love has spanned."

MASTERED THE HANDICAP.

Affliction is no hindrance to success, that is, if the person who is afflicted is ambitious. That was proved at the graduation exercises at Duke University this week, when young Kiker, a blind boy from Anson county received his diploma. He had graduated from a blind scholo, prepared his theme papers on the typewriter, had the boys to read his lessons to him, and he recited on class as good as his fellow students. When they lead him across the stage to receive his diploma he was greeted with thunderous applause. He finished the course in four years, made a good average on his studies and was well liked by his fellow students. It certainly was a lash across the face of those able bodied students who flunked on their courses.—Chairtown News.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By James Davis.

About one hundred new hoes were purchased last month.

The boys of the higher grades hoed cotton one day last week.

The work force has been threshing oats for several weeks.

The Latham Pavilion received a coat of paint during the past week.

Prof. W. M. Crook, second cottage officer, has been confined to his room since Monday with the mumps.

Mr. C. B. Barber, of the office force, is enjoying a two weeks' vacation at his home in Kings Mountain.

All the boys who were promoted on last Monday, are getting along nicely in the higher grades.

Mr. Carriker and a number of the carpenter shop boys added several feet to the cooling tower last week.

Whitlock Pridgen has returned to the institution after spending a few days with his parents in Wilmington.

A new set of printer's rollers arrived at the school last week and they will be put into use sometime this week.

A number of the boys in the eighth grade have taken up the study of algebra, after completing the third arithmetic.

The whole school section memorized the fifteenth Psalm recently and it was said in concert Sunday at the close of Sunday school.

Capt. Thomas L. Grier is teaching the sixth grade during the absence of Mr. Crook. Mr. Grier had just returned from a business trip in the western part of the state.

A new electric fan was installed in Mr. Simpson's school room recently. The boys of this room are very glad of it because it comes in mighty handy these sultry days.

Cucell Watkins, member of the third cottage, has been given a position in the printing office. We hope that he will make a good printer in the future.

The new cottage, which was started several months ago, will be completed soon. There are now fourteen cottages at the school and a total of about four hundred boys with the number increasing rapidly.

Conley Kirby, Earl Hauser, and Smiley Morrow, members of the seventh and ninth cottages, were paroled during the past week.

These boys made very good records while at the school.

Mrs. Mattie Fitzgerald and daughter, Arlene were called to Charlotte Saturday owing to the death of a relative. Miss Hartzell and Miss Eagle fulfilled the duties of matrons during their abscence.

Rev. Mr. Turner, pastor of the First Baptist church, of Kannapolis, conducted the services in the auditorium Sunday afternoon. He took his text from II Peter 3:9. The sermon was one of the best delivered here in a long time and the boys are all looking forward to his coming here again.

As no regular game was scheduled for last Saturday, the boys and the officers had a practice game the boys winning 7-6. Both pitchers pitched a good game, but the large number of errors on both sides were responsible for most of the scores. The only feature of the game was a home run by Poole for the officers, in the seventh with one on. Only one double play was registered during the contest.

IN A GARDEN.

Any garden blooming sweetly,
In the sunshine of God's grace,
Holds a little of His presence—
Every blossom's smiling face
Is an echo of His gladness;
Every cloud that drifts above
Looks upon the garden kindly
With His dear, reflected love.

Oh, a garden gives a promise
Of God's graciousness and power!
He it is who makes it flourish,
He it is who tends each flower.
God is nearer, in a garden
Than in almost any place—
One can almost feel Him passing,
With a smile upon His face!

—Margaret E. Sangster in The Christian Herald.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SCHEDULE

South Bound

No.	29	2:35 A. M.
"	31	6:07 A. M.
"	11	8:05 A. M.
"	33	8:25 A. M.
"	45	3:55 P. M.
"	135	8:35 P. M.
"	35	10:12 P. M.

North Bound

No.	30	2:00 A. M.
"	136	5:00 A. M.
"	36	10:25 A. M.
"	46	3:15 P. M.
"	34	4:43 P. M.
"	12	7:10 P. M.
"	32	8:36 P. M.
"	40	9:28 P. M.

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Concord, N. C.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIII CONCORD, N. C., No. 31

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THE CUSSING BAG.

The pugilist hangs a bag of sand on a rope and swats it. It doesn't hurt the bag and it toughens his wrists and gives him excellent exercise.

Kiwanian Jim is a "cussin' cuss" to use his own expression. He gets peeved easily and when he is peeved he "bawls out" the handiest person. Being an intelligent man he knows that just "jumping on" the telephone operator for a wrong number is the poorest way in the world to get the right one, and that any waiter will do more for a smile of protest than a frown of displeasure. So he has what he calls his "cussin' bag." It happens to be a dressmaker's dummy which his wife once used and has now relegated to the attic. Every morning he goes up in the attic and "bawls out" that dressmaker's dummy. He calls it all the hard names he can think of. He calls down upon it the lightning and the thunders of Jove. Really the way he talks to that dressmaker's dummy is something shameful!

Then he goes down to his office and is as meek and mild and sweet tempered all day as a man could be. "You see" he says, "I am a temperate man, and I don't believe in excess. And so, when I want to cuss, I recall that I have expended all the cussin' out I have right to use for one day. And my conscience never hurts me, any more than my cussin' hurts the dummy.—Kiwanis Magazine.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription

Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. Fisher, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920 at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of 4, 1923.

Have you ever had your path turned sunshiny because of a cheerful word? Have you ever wondered if this could be the same world because someone had been unexpectedly kind to you? You can make today the same for somebody.

AN ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

It is said that if you wish your horn to blow, you must blow it yourself. The Uplift has no disposition to do this, so long as good and partial friends do that for us by letter and in person. We wish we had the time and physical strength, along with our other varied efforts, to individually acknowledge the thrill given us by many letters of commendation that reach us; and the many who stop to give a verbal appreciation of the character of the contents of this little weekly paper "hope" us up very much.

We have not fully realized before the sincerity and the extent of this recognition until last Monday. An accomplished lady, one of Charlotte's choicest spirits, made us a visit. She looked us over and expresed the desire

to see our printing office, where "the good little Uplift is produced." While looking with amazement at the youngsters operate the linotype machines, she exclaimed, "I'll go back and tell my husband what I saw: he has me to read every line of The Uplift each week to him, and he will have, if possible, a greater interest in the paper and the great, wise institution from which it springs." This lady's husband is an invalid, bed-fast.

It is no small thing to carry cheer and helpfulness to the weary, the distressed and the shut-ins, and The Uplift is beholden to the many loyal supporters for their appreciation of the purposes and efforts of this publication. Say it with flowers—say it while we are in the flesh.

* * * * * * * * *

MADE HIS CONTRIBUTION.

Back in the mountains of western North Carolina there appeared an individual that seemed destined to reflect glory upon his section by a long and faithful service to his state and nation. He died practically a sudden death, last week, to the sorrow of hundreds of admiring and trustful friends and to the state at large.

He was Samuel L. Rogers, who gave to his locality, his state and to the nation an unbroken service for forty years. Clerk of the county court; high officer in a local bank; clerk in the Revenue Collector's office, afterwards the collector himself; chairman of the State Corporation Commission for a number of years; and Superintendent of the Federal Census during President Wilson's two administrations—in fact, Mr. Rogers died in harness, having been selected by Gov. McLean on his Wage and Salary Commission.

This man Rogers was not brilliant—something other than brilliancy accounted for his being entrusted with so many positions of honor and trust. The truth of the matter is that Samuel L. Rogers was smooth, smart and substantial. These three qualities have figured in the lives of all successful men and women.

It is given to **but few men** to fiill so many and varied positions of trust and honor in these days of so many smart and aspiring men, as is the record of this likeable mountaineer, whose death we deplore.

* * * * * * * * *

A CREDITABLE PERFORMANCE.

Miss M. Jewell Sink, of Thomasville, enjoys the honor of being the first under graduate of the University of North Carolina, and maybe in the whole country, to write and engineer the publication of a county survey.

She selected her own county, that of Davidson. It seems to be quite thoroughly done, the young lady having gone back to the firstness of the whole history and tracing the record up to date.

Miss Sink reflects great credit on her county and deserves the thanks of the public who take an interest in the development and growth of our North Carolina counties. But pray, why does the young lady use in her otherwise admirable story the offensive name for the great struggle our people were engaged in back in the sixties. "Civil War" begone—it was the War Between the States; and people who undertake to write history should use correct titles, and not fall into such errors because of brevity.

* * * * * * * * *

A SOUL AND INTELLECT ATTUNED TO MERCY.

In a former issue The Uplift published a story about a little crippled girl, who made of her dolly a being of real flesh and blood in order to illustrate the thoughtlessness and blindness to opportunities of a big, strong neighbor. This story was taken as a text by Mr. James Hay, Jr., a brilliant editorial writer on the Asheville Citizen.

Mr. Hay's understanding of the little crippled girl and, more to the point, the opportunities afforded men to live big and feel big and act big, in a big sense, is so fine that we reproduce it in these colunms. It will make even the hard-hearted (and we have no such readers among our subscribers unless it be passed along on the outside) think more of one's duty to his fellow man.

Mr. Hay entitles his story "The Real Stuff."

* * * * * * * * *

An excellent start does not insure success. A brilliant youth who towers above his comrades is not by virtue of his ability assured of greatness. Such endowment only indicates that there is a possibility for developing into true greatness. It will take constant and diligent application through years of toil to fill the measure. In the fable of "The Hare and the Tortoise" the plodder reached the goal before the fast runner because he kept at it while the challenger slept on the race.

* * * * * * * * *

The father of Success is Work. The mother of Success is Ambition. The oldest son is Common Sense. Some of the other boys are: Perserverence, Honesty, Thoroughness, Foresight, Enthusiasm, Co-operation. The oldest daughter is Character. Some of the sisters are: Cheerfulness, Loyal-

ty, Courtesy, Care, Economy, Sincerity, Harmony. The baby is Opportunity. Get acquainted with the "old man" and you will be able to get along pretty well with the rest of the family.

* * * * * * * * * *

The first step to failure is the first doubt of yourself. If you would succeed up to the limit of your possibilities hold constantly to the belief that you are successfully organized, and that you will reach your goal no matter what opposes. Never allow a shadow of doubt to enter your mind or dim your courage. Regard every suggestion of failure as a traitor, and expel it from your mind as you would a thief from your house.

* * * * * * * * * *

In an out-of-the-way corner of a Boston grave yard stands a brown board showing the marks of age and neglect. It bears the inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Eben Harvey, who departed this life suddenly and unexpectedly by a cow kicking him on the fifteenth of September, 1853. Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

* * * * * * * * * *

There seems to be a concerted movement, all over the nation, against the obscene magazines which, like the plagues of Egypt, have been infesting the news stands everywhere and spreading moral contagion. The order has been given in many cities to stop this sale and this order should be universal, and absolutely enforced.

THE REAL STUFF.

By James Hay, Jr.

The following story, credited merely to "Exchange," was reprinted recently by The Uplift, which is edited by Mr. James P. Cook and set up and published by the boys in the Stonewall Jackson Training School, at Concord, North Carolina.

A very small girl, beside whose chair leaned a little crutch, pressed her face against the window-pane one morning and watched the man who lived next door as he backed his automobile out of the garage; she was absolutely motionless while he inspected the car, cranked up the engine and started off. After watching him out of sight, she wiped a tear from each eye and picked up a rag doll that lay in her lap.

"Now, Lily Violet Rose," said she to the doll, in a voice that quavered ever so little, "you sit right up there on the table. You are a little girl who has a pain in her hip every minute. You can't go outdoors 'ceptin' somebody pushes you in the go-cart, and you never was in a awe-mobile, never once. 'N' you sit up there in your room and watch me; I am a great big man; and I don't have any pain in my hip, and I can walk; and I got an awe-mobile and everything. See, this 'ear is my awe-mobile. 'N' you just watch me, 'n' think maybe p'rhaps I might look up and see you, and say: "Want a ride, little girl?" But you see I am a great big man, and I have some very 'portant business to do, and I can't be botherin' with little girls who can't walk. So I don't even look up to your window, but just wind up my awe-mobile, and jump in quick and turn a little thing and jerk something and away I go just a-flying."

Then in a burst of pity the little girl snatched her limp dolly to her heart and kissed her again and again. "Don't cry, Lily Violet Rose, my dear darling. You shall go with me, so you shall. Don't feel sorry any more."

The laundress heard, and the tears rolled down her cheeks; she told the cook next door, and the tears rolled down her cheeks. The cook told her mistress, and the mistress must have told her husband, for the very next morning the "great big man" looked up at the window and waved his hand and said: "Want a ride, little girl?"

So the little girl got her ride, and the limp dolly went, too, and every time the man looked at them he had to wipe his eyes. The automobile is fast becoming an old story, but there are still many people who have never motored. There are many longing eyes that follow those empty back seats, and there are probably no persons who can give so much pleasure with so little inconveni-

ence as those who go about in cars.

Having read the story of the little lame girl, you are now, in all probability, exclaiming: "What a fine, kind gentleman that was to give her a ride in his car!"

But there was nothing unusually fine or surprisingly kind in what he did. What credit do we deserve when we instinctively respond to an incident or a picture whose pathos takes hold of our very heart-strings and breaks down the barriers of our tears?

The true charity, the real stuff of sympathy, is an incessant search for ways to lighten the burdens or silence the moans of those who, less fortunate than ourselves, cross our paths.

If that man had looked at the little lame girl with a seeing eye, if he had not waited to be told of her plight by another, if he had had in his heart that which could translate the wistful glance and the quivering lip of that little face, he would have been among the elect. And, if he had, unprompted and of his own accord, given her the ride, he would have done a nobler thing than the signing of a check for thousands of dollars for charity.

Those who sign large checks, and endow hospitals, and give to charity thousands in money whose loss they do not feel—they have their reward. They have, too, publicity, and the homage of the public tongue, and the gratifying knowledge that they are accounted generous men.

But the real stuff is thoughtfulness of others, a shrewd skill in divining the heaviness of a friend's heart, a quickness to preceive the need of a sufferer made dumb by pride, a wisdom that reads aright the yearning in the eyes of a little girl at an upper window. "Charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up." The real stuff is always on the job.

The Methodist Advocate has gathered together the following aphorisms that are well worth thinking about: "Big troubles may come from little sins," "A man wrapped in himself has a shabby cloak," "It is a poor religion that is never strong except when its owner is sick," "The stay-at-hame is a voter against everything the church is trying to do—and for everything the church wants done," "You can't judge an automobile by the sound of its horn—nor a man."

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

When you hear persons whistling or singing in a bath room you may be sure the bath room door will not lock.

A recent advertisement began: "Smart women buy candy." Smart women don't need to buy candy.

A little Durham tot, of tender years, found a comb on the floor with several teeth broken out. She wanted to know "Who broke the spokes out of dis tombed?"

It used to be fashionable in the years agone to blow your horn. Now-a-days they leave the horn for their chauffers to blow.

They say that money is going up. Here it is that I, with a number of my friends, have been going along in a jolly kind of mood and didn't even know that money had been down.

If all the grades of gasoline would do what their companies claim they will do there's no need of anything else in an automobile but the tank.

Don't tell me that dreams do not come true. I dreamed that I won $25,000 in a moving picture senario contest, and when I came down to work the next day I found a check for $6, for a little newspaper article, and a bill for $10. Dreams come true, but not always just as exactly as you dream them.

It is natural that a man should feel a sense of his importance when he gets about the streets of a city all day without being run down. The impression used to be how he struck his neighbors. Now the question generally is how did his neighbors strike him.

Whenever the man of the household takes a sudden streak of economical ideas, and kicks the cat about, he's been doing something he ought not to have been doing; and it is working its way out of his system.

The big drum can drown out the band. It's the man who knows how to play all the instruments that leads the band. He may say little, but he is respected for the knowledge he posseses. If the man who knows that people are willing to follow. Don't be the big drum in your home and all the relations of life.

A new salesman of meat-slicing machines demonstrating his product before a Dutch butcher. As the sharp blade trimmed off the neat slices the butcher slapped his hands approvingly and exclaimed: "Py gollies! Dot's fiine! Dot's a great t'ing!"

"You think it's a good thing for you?"

"Sure! Dat's de perries!"

"You know you need it, don't you?"

"Sure! I should say so!"

"Well, why don't you buy it?"

"Vell, vy don't you ask me?"

From the looks of the figured dress goods now in vogue, there ought not to be any difficulty in a man spotting his wife or sweetheart in a large crowd, or no crowd at all.

In a period when every sign points to prosperity; when the needs of the world and its purchasing power are at their peak—for despite the waste of war the actual wealth of the world is greater today than ever before in its history, it is time for the men in the business trenches and their generals to begin a steady and systematic campaign to take advantage of conditions which are ripe for a great business offensive.

All of this discussion over modernism, fundamentalism, and all other isms and seisems do not disturb the tranquility of my mind the least bit. I am not taking any part of the Scriptures and turning it around and over to find out if it means something else than what it expresses. I take the Scriptures with the faith of a little child in its parents. Faith without asking the whys, of this, that ando the other. I am not a bit excited over evolution, revolution, or any other kind of 'lution. I know human beings spring from monkeys—when the monkeys jump at them. Regardless of where people come from originally a good many are making monkies of themselves in monkeying with the theories of ancestry.

It is being published in the papers that "beam stations will revolutionize radio." Just when and how I do not know. But I know of a beam station that was in existence long before radio was radiated over this country, where two black eyes beam and twinkle, and "look for my coming and grow brighter when I come," that cannot be revolutionized into anything more than they are, and all other revolutions sink into insignificance with me. These kind of beaming stations most generally revolutionize the fellow. If they don't they give him a pretty good spin around.

What shall it profit a man if he gaineth a hard-earned vacation and loseth his health? A bit of string, an iodine swab, and a sterile compress of gauze is worth a gallon of whiskey in the care of a snake bite; and, by the way, the average is one snake bite for every keg of whiskey taken into the woods.

A combination of three parts brains, two parts of good nature, and one part of money will insure a "real" vacation. Brains to know poison ivy when you see it; to pitch your tent on high ground and near pure water supply; to get your sunburn by degrees; to master the few most important "dont's" about going in swimming, and to understand the simple rudiments of First Aid.

Good nature, not silly sentiment, will make you a desired companion of people you want to be associated with during your "playtime." Eugene Field once said, "Almost anyone can enjoy himself when the sun is shining. It takes a good-natured man to enjoy himself in a storm."

Ever since Mrs. Grace Goodhue Coolidge has occupied the position of the "first lady of the land," there seems to have been a conspiracy to

identify her with a color. It is a fact well known by the intimate friends of the gracious wife of our President that Mrs. Coolidge has no favorite color and the fact that she wore gray at the inauguration has no color significance.

The gowns selected by Mrs. Coolidge herself are in the best of taste as to line, style and color. But her choice of clothes shows, instead of a preference for any one color, a fondness for all the colors that are becoming to her type and coloring. Coolidge gray is a misnomer which limits the love of colors characteristic of Grace Coolidge, Mistress of the White House.

When P. T. Barnum and his freak side show
Entertained the countryside years ago,
A man wrote to him that he had for sale
A cherry colored cat which would start a gale
Of laughter throughout the whole circus throng.
That in buying this cat he couldn't go wrong.
P. T. Barnum agreed, and right off the bat
Sent a check for the cherry colored cat.
Next day when the cat jumped out of its bag
P. T. Barnum saw he had struck a snag,
Without a chance to get his money back
For the cherry colored cat was jet black.
The seller was within his legal rights,
But after that Barnum turned on the lights
When making other purchases for, he said—
"Now I have discovered when black is red."—
And he to his bosom this bum hugged—
"The people all like to be humbugged."

I believe that your own observation will justify the opinion that our nation is on a sounder basis today than it has been since the beginning of the World War. On fundamentals we are practically a unit as to American ideals. It is well, however, to occasionally consider our advantages in order to fully appreciate the necessity for continually striving to maintain sound national policies. We believe that the press is the greatest safeguard of American institutions. To my mind it could be linked to the directors of a great corporation who periodically must take stock of the situation of their company and advise their stockholders. The rural press of America stands in this position toward the great majority of American citizens. Never was there a more opportune time to take stock of our national assets and liabilities and prepare to increase our assets and further decrease our liabilities.

Passerby: "Why aren't you at school today?"

Youngster: "'Cause the school house burned down, an' the teacher's sick, an' this is vacation, an' it's Saturday, an there ain't no school."

"OLD TIMES IN THE SOUTH."

This is another in our series of "Old Times in the South" letters began several months ago but which have recently been crowded out for lack of space. The "Old Times" series proved one of the most popular we have ever run. This is a very interesting account of the siege of Petersburg, written by Mrs. E. C. Waddell, in 1868, *and written in the form of a diary. It was sent in by Mrs. R. P. Holt, Rocky Mount, N. C.—Progressive Farmer.*

Petersburg, Va., June, 1864.—For some days the troops had been withdrawn from the city and ordered to points more threatened with immediate attack, leaving for our protection only 170 militia composed of boys under 18 and old men, one battery of artillery of raw recruits, and one regiment belonging to Wise's Brigade. These were to hold 11 miles of breastworks in case of attack.

The attack was made on the morning of the 9th of June by a large calvary and infantry force, numbering between three and four thousand men. The summer sun dawned brightly upon our devoted city that morning. An unusual quiet at first prevailed, but at an early hour a sound broke upon our ears which palsied our hearts. It was the sullen roar of cannon and musketry along our line and the tolling of the town bell, the signal which summoned grandfathers and boys to the defense of their homes. Truly did our foe say that we robbed the cradle and the grave that day for our defenders.

As a little band of heroic young spirits passed a group of sorrowing mothers and sisters who were trying to smile and cheer them on, one of the noble little fellows exclaimed, "Do not fear, do not weep, ladies. We are going to the front and will fight as long as we have ammunition and when the rascals press us, we will club our muskets upon them." Many of those bright young boys grew pale and languished for months in a Yankee prison. To some the sun went down at midday, while others were maimed for life. The few who came out from the horrors of that day unhurt left behind their murdered youth.

I was ill, and all that long, weary day, as I lay with a raging fever, I could hear the roar and din of the fierce conflict going on nearly at our very doors. But the wall of brave human hearts stood steady and fought on against fearful odds. Towards three o'clock the enemy made for a commanding hill and so did our forlorn hope, who gained it just in time to stop the advancing column, while the unexpected appearance of a body of our calvary in another quarter discomforted the enemy somewhat and they retreated.

But what a dearly bought deliverance! Towards evening wives, mothers, and children with pale faces and anxious, trembling hearts looked for the return of loved ones or tiding of their fate. Soon the ambulances and wagons began to come in from the battlefield. Naught was heard but the roll of their heavy wheels as they passed along our now silent streets,

leaving here and there the lifeless or mangled bodies of either the stay or the hope of the bereaved household, while there rang out on the stillness of the soft summer air the wails of mothers over the beardless boys and of little children for fathers and grandsires.

* * *

June 16, 1864.—Have been up today for the first time since my illness, but spent it alone. Since I do not need nursing, my mother and sisters are out all day, ministering to the wounded and sick around us. Troops have been passing all day. The heat and dust are oppressive, as they pass. Our neighbor's servants and our own stand at the gates with buckets of fresh water, which the poor, wearied fellows receive thankfully.

* * *

June 17, 1864.—What a night was the last! Our inhuman foe, without a single warning, opened their guns upon us, shelling a city of defenseless women, children, old men, and wounded soldiers. It was a lovely moonlight night, and feeling too weak and anxious to employ myself I sat at my window until half-past nine, listening to a band belonging to some brigade encamped across the river. My attention was aroused at length by what I thought the unusual reverberation of the heavy guns continually firing around the city for the purpose of breaking the rest of our poor wounded soldiers, but just as I was stepping into bed I heard the unmistakable whiz of a shell as it passed over the house and exploded nearby.

My heart sank within me, for with these swift-winged messengers of death flying around us no one could know what might be my fate or that of those dear to me. But I committed myself and my dear ones with my dear striken country into "our Father's" keeping and lay down to rest. I lay quietly until nearly one o'clock, when a shell struck so near that the light flooded the room and a fragment struck our porch. This so frightened my sister that she insisted on going over to a neighbor's basement for protection.

* * *

Saturday, June 18, 1864.—Today we sent off Mother and Sister L. to Raleigh, and after seeing them safely on their way Sister R. and I came back home to see what it was best to do for the future, which is dark enough. Our home is besieged and shelled, we are nearly penniless, and but little provisions are left to ward off starvation a little longer. The Lord put it into the heart of a friend to ask us to stay awhile with her, which is a great help to us. I must manage to remain here until I can know the fate of my dear Charlie, who is with General Lee and has been marching and fighting since the campaign opened.

This afternoon, as we were sitting at dinner, we heard a strain of martial music, and knowing that General Lee's army was momentarily expected, we hastened to the door. Sure enough the head of the column was just turning into the street. At its head was our own gallant 12th Virginia Regiment, but oh, so worn with travel and fighting, so dusty and rag-

ged, that we did not recognize them as the same gay-looking band who three years ago left their homes to try the fortunes of war. Now they are veterans. It made our hearts ache to look at them and miss so many dear, familiar faces from these ranks of bronzed heroes. They were hurrying to the front, to keep back the invader from their already besieged homes.

As they passed Dr. Robinson's, Mrs. Robinson and Mary with their own hands ran up a handsome flag in honor of their return. The poor fellows tried to cheer, but all hearts were too full to make much outward demonstration. There were tears in the voices which sent up the shout to greet our pure white flag with its starry cross.

As the column passed up the street, I saw a poor, feeble, travel-stained figure step out of the ranks and wave his hat to me. In spite of the dirt and the rags, I knew my darling's graceful gesture, and that he was still safe and still spared to battle for his beloved South. But this was all the greeting he could give me. For a moment I was frantic with joy to know that he was near me and safe, full of sorrow to know he was marching towards death and danger.

ERRORS DO CREEP INTO THE PAPER.

Sam Miller, up at Mineral Wells, in western North Carolina, where the crazy water flows uninterruptedly, admits there was an error in his newspaper the other day, and in apologizing for it said:

"Oh, yes, we know there were some errors in yesterday's paper. We'll agree further that there were some few errors in the issue the day before, but before balling us out too unmercifully about it we want to call your attention to these facts: In an ordinary column there are 40,000 letters, and there are seven possible wrong positions for each letter, making 70,000 chances t omake errors and several million chances for transpositions. There are 48 columns in this paper, so you can readily see the chances for mistakes. Did you know that in the sentence, 'T be or not to be,' by transposition alone 2,759,022 errors can be made? Now ain't you sorry you got mad about that little mistake yesterday?"

ROBERT MARION LA FOLLETTE.

(News & Observer.)

No man has lived in this generation who so completely held the unquestinoing support of the people of his State as Robert Marion La Follette who died in Washington yesterday. His unquestioned leadership was not due to political manipulation or machinery. He first came into politics over the opposition of the powerful machine of his own party, and his appeal was always made to the whole people and never to any special interest. He was elected to the House at the age of 29 and was continuously in office until his death. Previous to his election to Congress he had been district attorney. He was often called "Fighting Bob" and the name fitted him, for from his entrance into politics until his death he never won any position or any contest except by battling for it. He made no combinations or concessions to opponents. First over the opposition of Senator Spooner, the spokesman of the Old Guard Republicans, and later overcoming the opposition of Presidents Harrison, Roosevelt, Taft, Harding, and Coolidge, he maintained his hold on Wisconsin. Twenty years ago, when Wisconsin was in the complete control of the big railroad interests, La Follette left Congress and became Governor. He astonished the railroad magnates by his knowledge of all the technical data of railroad experts. He carried out his policy, rescued the State from corporation control, installed one of his disciples as Governor and then became a candidate for the Senate, to which he was elected and re-elected to the day of his death. Such was his popularity in Wisconsin that when half the voters of his party bolted the nomination and sought to compass his defeat, always enough Democrats came to his support to secure his election.

In his first term in Congress Mr. La Follette served on the Ways and Means Committee, and as a Republican was an advocate of the McKinley theory of protection. He had given little study to the question then, having then and later devoted most of his time to defeating "special interests" and in oposing monopoly in all its forms. As he grew older and mastered the intricacies and injustice and favoritism of high protection, he became a foe of that system, opposed the later tariff bills of his party and exposed the indefensible bounties employed to compensate big campaign contributors. The Republican who dares question the protection fetish is usually doomed to defeat. La Follette routed those who sought to compass his undoing without doing violence to his conviction that tariff schedules such as were incorporated in the Fordney bill were robbing the many to enrich the few.

The first great service in national affairs that La Follette rendered was to champion the rights of the Indians whose land was being taken from them by legislative approval of frauds committed upon them. He had to expose the wrongful practices upheld by the leaders of his party. From protecting the Indians in the

rightful possession of the lands, Mr. La Follette naturally ranged himself on the side of those who were trying to protect the public domains from exploitation by selfish interests. No man in Congress was so quick to see or so vigilant to oppose the long attempt to steal the naval petroleum reserve. That attempt, begun in 1913 and continued until Doheny and Sinclair secured the illegal lease by fraud from Fall, encountered the opposition of Senator La Follette at every step. He was a firm supporter of those who in Wilson's administration prevented the crime afterwards committed under Harding. When the lease was actually made he was the first to demand an investigation. He supported Senator Walsh in every way and by pen and speech flayed the men guilty of the wrong, not even sparing President Coolidge when he at first refused to get rid of unworthy members of his cabinet.

Party ties set lightly upon him. His excoriation of Lorimer was one of the contributing causes to the unseating of the Illinois Senator. Others might be deceived for a time by the specious pleas offered in extenuation of Lorimer's action, but La Follette's speech left nothing but tatters of them. He voted against Newberry. Himself clean as a hound's tooth, he had no toleration for a public man who made merchandise of public position, whether he obtained money or influence or place as the price of his support. Nobody ever intimated that he could be influenced by power or pelf or even personal advancement. Ambitious, very, he sought no alliances that would cause him to compromise with those who stood for special privilege.

In the campaign of 1912, Mr. La Follette occupied what for him was an embarrassing position. He was the nominee of the Republican party for Senator. He did not like Roosevelt who had captured the Progressive nomination for the Presidency, which La Follette and his friends felt belonged by fair right to La Follette. He did not believe Roosevelt was a sincere Progressive and he could not support him. He was as far from sympathy with Taft as was possible. He had geuine admiration for Wilson. In that campaign he spoke for progressive policies. A year ago this paper stated that it could never understand how, with the views he entertained, La Follette could vote for Taft, as was reported. Word came that he had not supported Taft.

When Wilson became President he had a geuine admiration for "brave Bob La Follette" as he called him, and the two worked together with cordial sympathy until the sinking of the Lusitania. Then came the parting of the ways. Wilson was determined to protect Americans on the high seas and he came to the conclusion later that it was America's duty to enter the World War. La Follette wanted Americans to keep off the seas. He opposed war to the last. He was one of the five "willful Senators" excoriated by Wilson as the United States entered the war. La Follette, whether influenced, perhaphs unconsciously, by the big German vote in Wisconsin, was not only hostile to the war, but was critical and often bitter in his statements. He was believed at one time to be so anti-

war that there was talk of expelling him from the Senate. An investigation into an alleged disloyal utterance was begun by the Senate. However, the charge was not pressed when the notes of the official stenographer showed he had been misquoted. However, his open hostility to war measures and his subsequent bitter attacks upon some of the measures adopted by Wilson, separated him from many of his old friends. At the best in that period he was pro-German and anti-war, though he voted for war supplies and for months practically retired from participation in public affairs, rarely taking his seat in the Senate. Leaders of his own party hoped his attitude would cause his defeat.

In 1919, when the Republican control of the Senate depended on the vote of La Follette, the leaders who had boasted they "would drive him out," made overtures to La Follette, gave him the most important committee assignments and he was reinstated in party standing. In the long fight over the League of Nations he was one of "the bitter-enders" and out-Lodged Lodge in opposition to "Wilson's League." Later he opposed the World Court and any suggestion of American participation in restoring European stability. By this attitude he strengthened his hold on the German vote in Wisconsin, was re-elected to the Senate, and in 1924 when he was a candidate for President fully expected the solid vote of those Germans who had opposed entering the World War. By every consideration his friends believed he was entitled to such support, but that portion of the German vote went to Coolidge. That was the crowning disappointment of La Follette's life. When he announced his candidacy he felt sure of carrying ten States and of being able to prevent a choice at the polls. His calculations miscarried. The anti-war forces did not vote for him and the Legion boys were vigorous and almost united in their quiet and effective opposition. He carried only Wisconsin. The only crumb of consolation was that his own people stood by him to the last. And that was comforting in his defeat.

Many reformers who battled with La Follette depended upon the righteousness of their cause. So did La Follette, but he always knew more about the matter he discussed than any of his opponents. If it touched railroads, he could measure swords with the best experts. If it was a trust question, he knew all the facts and presented them with force and fullness. When he was to make a speech, he would absent himself from the Senate, lose himself in his subject, and when he arose to speak he never lacked for every fact and argument that could be needed. You might wholly disagree with him, but grant his promise, and you could not escape his conclusion built up by argument, precedent, fact, statistics and every available thing that could make the presentation convincing.

The war was La Follette's Gethsemene. He hated war. He opposed it so violently his loyalty was brought in question. But he "came back" and no man less than a genius and a notable figure could have regained position after his record as to war matters before and after the struggle.

He not only "came back" as Senator and obtained a remarkable vote for President, but he lived to see those who doubted his loyalty in perilous days reverse their opinion and end the fight upon him.

Brave and doughty fighter, who battled consistently and courageously for the rights of the man of toil, never lowered his lance in combat with Privilege, never bent "the pregnant hinges of the knee that thrift might follow fawning"—such was Robert Marion La Follette. His mistakes are written in the sand. His courage and vision will endure.

Golf Novice (after her first stroke.)—When do I use the putter? Instructor.—Some time before dark, I hope.—Life.

PISCATORIAL OBSERVATIONS.

By Ben Dixon MacNeill.

Notice is hereby served upon all the fish doctors that after four days of intensive study I have become an authority on all sorts of fish, and on the coming Sabbath, intend to publicly display my newly attained wisdom. I have become so thoroughly acquainted with fish of various sorts that they followed me about the premises. Some of them even got so familiar with me that they would wink scandalously at me.

One particularly flapperish bass, recently the mother of thirty-seven thousand children, swam up to the edge of the pond where she is spending the summer months, and bit me on the finger. She did it in a most coquettish manner, and went tripping off to a clump of weeds. I felt as if she must be laughing at me about something. She flirted her tail like a chorus girl flips her skirt when leaving the stage.

Personally I hold that the mother of 37,000 children ought not to behave herself in such a manner. It is an unwholesome example to be setting for her children. She was not even a widow. Her husband accompanied her to within a few feet of the edge of the pond. Evidently he saw what his wife was about to do. He turned back jealously. He poked his tail up in the water and went off toward the deeper part of the pond.

Brook trout are, on the whole, superior in breeding to the common black bass. They are more exclusive, and like the aristocrats, they don't have so many children. I met several of the first families of troutdom. They were friendly enough, but by no means effusive. None of them undertook a flirtation with me. They maintained that calm detachment that is characterized of the well bred when meeting casual strangers. The bass impress you as being social climbers, whereas the trout are socially established.

My inquiry has been exhaustive and hereafter I will not stand abashed before H. H. Brimley—and by the way why doesn't he re-open the

museum—and other authorities on fish. I have not yet caught a fish, and it is not improbable that I shall have it inscribed upon my tombstone, along with the legend that I lived my life without making a speech. But I have a most extensive theoretical knowledge of them, and considerable other learning that I doubt that even Brimley knows.

Heard Long Ago.—"Now, tell me, what is the opposite of misery?"
"Happiness!" said the class in unison.
"And sadness?" she asked.
"Gladness."
"And the opposite of woe?"
"Giddap!" shouted the enthusiastic class.—Good Hardware.

"DOWN, BUT NOT OUT."

By A. P. Edwards.

If you were rendered helpless on the eve of today's work by sudden affliction, what yould you go about doing to make your own way? Inasmuch as you were paralyzed, would you not be paralyzed in undertaking further personal affairs of your own?

How would it seem to you to be brought up on the farm, with a limited education of seven grades in a country school, and just when you are conforming to that wish of father or mother in pursuing that profession you would want to qualify to in life, fate takes a hand in your game and changes your destiny in a manner that improverishes all future opportunity?

And with the irony of fate settled, you were left to earn daily bread while occupying a wheel-chair and with the aid of only four fingers, what would you do?

Would you undertake to "earn the salt" that went into your bread under such physical handicap, or just "quit" and settle down on the mercy of the sympathetic public? And could you see far enough in the future to realize a chance to sustain your personal welfare, learning a life's vocation that will remunerate your time and effort, supporting a mother and sister, buying and paying for a home through the building and loan without the aid of anyone, yet all this accomplished through the work of only four fingers?

This is the story of Clarence Earl Beam, age 29 years, of 56 Alexander street, Statesville, North Carolina. Mr. Beam is a paralytic invalid, yet with all these words could imply, he retains a whirlwind of ambition and determination. Nothing he undertakes is ever discerned as a failure. Instead, he is alert with an optimistic spirit and is building a business at the present time over which he hopes to be "the general boss."

Could you have confidence in your ability to "turn out" things when you are paralyzed from your waist down, and left only the use of your

fingers?

Would you see anything worth while to your advantage in the way of a "gold mine" ahead after going into business with a two-cent stamp?

Wouldn't you soon become faint with the strife and worry of living under such handicaps when all depended on you alone?

Could you assume the courage of your own convictions, despite the fact of being a paralytic invalid, buy and pay for a home?

No Street Corner Job.

Instead of placing himself on the street corner, there to receive the small sheckles of the passerby, as so many in his case would have done, he is independent of the public's heart-strings, and is usually to be found busy in his "corner room" at his home from seven to seven, busy with very profitable work which he finds himself capable of doing without handicap.

"The Insurmountable Wheelhorse,' as we are prone to term this wizard, is a regular fellow. He goes about his daily tasks with a flitting smile, shaves himself, and only requires the assistance of an aid when going to bed or getting up. He retains that ambition throughout the day that holds the observer agog, yet defies the insurmountable handicap of almost complete paralysis. Mr. Beam looks on the future of tomorrow with cheerfulness and is building a permanent business for himself and paying for an 8-room house where he now resides.

"How did you become afflicted," the writer queried.

"It was elven years ago the 14th of July," said Mr. Beam, "when I was with a crew threshing wheat near my father's farm at Elmwood, N. C. I was band-cutter, but because a negro water hauler suddenly quit his job, I was asked to haul a few loads of water. It was while I was bringing in my third load of water that I slipped and fell off the wagon on and the wheels of the wagon ran diagonally across my body, paralayzing me from my waist down, and for many months I had no use of my hands."

At the present time he is able to use the thumb and middle finger of his left hand, and the thumb, forefinger, and the little finger of his right hand. In operating the typewriter he can us only the little finger of the right hand in keyboard work, and the thumb or forefinger of the left hand is used to operate the shift key. As to permanship ability, the muscular movement is used exclusively. He has never been afforded a commercial course, although he has been using a typewriter successfully for the past five years. As to his speed on any machine he avers "at the usual rate paid for typewriting and copying I can reimburse myself very well if kept busy, for I average about 2,500 words per hour."

Letter Writing.

The first work Mr. Beam undertook after suffering his misfortune, in-so-far as to earn a living wage, was for a local newspaper, and following this, he began addressing envelopes, writing business letters, doing mimeograph work, etc.

Being somewhat gifted in the art of painting, he took up the work of painting pictures and so a pillow

tops, and offering these for sale. Incidental to this point of vantage, in writing a short story for a favorite magazine he mentioned the fact that he was an invalid, and as a pastime for which he received remuneration, he was offering painted pillow tops for sale and doing typewriting for the public. The scopes of territory in which the magazine circulated his letter was published in, did not occur to him and little did he realize the benefit derived from such publicity.

But within a few months after writing his story Mr. Beam received over 600 letter from all parts of the United States and Canada, and some from the Hawaiin Islands, many making personal inquiry, while others sent orders. In order to equip himself to take care of this onrush of inquiries, he fitted up a form-letter for replies. His business in three months, from September to December, 1920, amounted to over 1,000 orders, or nearly $600.00 clear profit. Due to the fact that this followed close on to the flourishing conditions existing after the war, he considers this his best year.

Since the year of 1920 he has possibly sold 4,000 pillow tops, in addition to selling other articles such as hair nets, curtain rods, and hosiery which he bought at wholesale prices and realized a small profit from same. $n the past four years he says he has made from $750.00 to $800.00 each year clear of all expenses, yet all this work was accomplished while seated in a wheel chair.

During the month of June, this year, Mr. Beam applied through the Department of Vocational Rehabilitation, State Board of Education, Raleigh, for vocational instruction in the printing trade. This being granted for a limited time, Mr. Beam soon discovered his "hobby," and while he still takes lessons he understands and does first-class commercial work in this line. At present he is equipping his "corner room" with a complete printing office. In this room he has a mimeograph machine, printing office and complete stock.

With the addition of the printing department to his other work, what is known as the Beam Letter Shoppe, got its birth as an additional part of Stateville's growing list of business establishments and is functioning daily at the hands of this wizard —the first month's business, for August, amounting to around $.00 gross receipts. And this is not all. It is this young printer's personal ambition to establish one of the best printshops in his home-town—not with the intention of undermining his competitors, but in order that he can take care of his business later. And to do this, there are many things essential to any concern whereby it might maintain the motto "the fittest of the few."

Down But Not Out.

This lad of twenty-nine summers is enjoying good general health at present. Asked about this he replied: "I never spend any time in bed except at nights, when I get from eight to nine hours of good refreshing sleep. My general health has been good since I began taking treatment in 1921. I can do much more efficient work now, and much more than I could do four years ago.

The slogan which has been mine since becoming incapaciated, and will continue to be mine for life—'Down, But Not Out.' "

The chap's chief hobby is making friends and keeping them. Not only in his home town where every one knows him and patronizes his shop, but in every state in the union, Australia and Austria-Hungary, is a friend that Clarence Beam has that he frequently corresponds with. During the past summer months he has been visited by some of his admirers from adjacent states.

Ever aware of his own personal welfare, although conscious of being "down, but not out," Mr. Beam is accomplishing something that manifests sacrifice, inasmuch as he might be deserving from a sympathetic viewpoint.

HOW DR. BUCKLEY EDITED INGERSOLL.

(N. Y. Christian Advocate.)

There recently came to this paper from a Southern city a bit of insurance advertising entitled "Two Old Masterpieces, represented by a Letter from 'Bob' Ingersoll to Dr. Edmund Buckley and His Reply." The authenticity of the correspondence having been challenged, the firm which stood sponsor for the leaflet referred the question to the editor of The Christian Advocate. Fortunately it was not difficult to ascertain the facts. Reference to the file of this paper January 21, 1892, revealed an editorial by Dr. James M. Buckley, then editor, in which the Ingersoll letter was presented, not as a communication from him to Dr. Buckley, but as having accompanied a gift of whiskey to an unknown friend. The text as printed in The Advocate is as follows:

"I send fou some of the most wonderful whiskey that ever drove the skeleton from the feast or painted landscapes in the brain of man. It is mingled souls of wheat and corn; in it you will find the sunshine and shadow that chased each other over the billowy fields; the breath of June; the carol of the lark; the dew of night; the wealth of summer and autumn's rich content, all golden with imprisoned light. Drink it and you will hear the voice of men and maidens singing the 'Harvest Home' mingled with the laughter of children. Drink it and you will feel within your blood the star-led dawns, the dreamy, awny dusks of perfect days. For forty years this liquid joy has been within staves of oak, longing to touch the lips of men."

Dr. Buckley's response was not a letter, but a "revised version," such as the great railer might have written had he gone to the Bible and Shakespeare for his inspiration. Dr. Buckley conceived this to be the proper covering note for a gift of whisky:

"I send you some of the most wonderful whiskey that ever brought a skeleton into the closet or painted scenes of lust and bloodshed in the brain of man. It is the ghosts of wheat and corn, crazed by the loss

of their natural bodies. In it you will find a transient sunshine, chased by a shadow as cold as an arctic midnight, in which the breath of June grows icy and the carol of the lark gives place to the foreboding cry of the raven."

"Drink it and you shall have 'woe,' 'sorrow,' and 'wounds without cause'; your eyes shall behold strange women and your heart shall utter perverse things.' Drink it deep and you shall hear the voices of demons shrieking, women wailing and worse than orphaned children mourning the loss of a father who yet lives. Drink it deep and long and serpents will hiss in your ears and coil themselves around your neck. For 'at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like and adder.' For forty years this liquid has been confined within staves of oak—harmless there as purest water, and yet I send it to you that you may put and enemy in your mouth to steal away your brains, and yet, I call myself your friend."

This calls to mind Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes' well-known poem in which a drinking song was turned into an ode against alcohol by the blue pencil of a teetotaler. Twenty or thirty years ago Dr. Buckley's version was as widly printed as Colonel Ingersoll's. It was a clever idea of "D. A. Fisher, Inc.," to print the two pieces together and send them to the new generation.

DO YOU LOVE POT LIQUOR?

(Literary Digest.)

"Learn to love your liquor," advises Philander D. Poston, writing in the Washington Post. He hastens to explain that this may be done without violation of the Volstead law, for he refers to "pot liquor," or water in which vegetables have been boiled—once a staple of Southern food, but now, he charges, too often poured down the sink. Col. Henry Watterson, he tells us, claimed that "pot liquor" made the Confederate soldier the best individual fighter and the finest type of hardy manhood the world has ever seen. He insisted that, without "pot liquor," the Southern Confederacy would have fallen within six months, instead of holding out against overwhelming odds for four long years. Mr. Poston continues:

"'Pot liquor' is just plain vegetable essence, or the water in which vegetables are boiled, which nearly everyone pours down the sink. It's that sturdy stuff, dear to the heart and stomach of the real negro 'buck,' that tower of strength and endurance who wins our admiration when we watch the play of his brawn and bone in the happy execution of his hard physical tasks. 'Pot liquor' is foreign to the frail and educated 'colored gentleman,' but just mention it to a real sturdy, downright negro, and watch him smile.

"Evolution works from the ground up. The earth is composed of certain minerals, such as iron, lime, soda, phosphorous, iodin, etc.

These same minerals are found in seawater; in the vegetable and animal kingdoms, and in physical man. Nature, always responding to the eternal cosmic urge, causing the vegetables to eat, digest, assimilate and deposit in the cells of the plant these minerals from the soil. After being so treated, they are advanced to the next higher plane of life—the vegetable kingdom. Now they are refined and made ready for another upward move and similar process in the animal and human body.

"Vegetation receives from still another source another power—tremendous in its strength and eternal in its vitality. That power is solar energy. It comes to the earth in the form of sun-rays, and vegetation, exposed to these constant rays, absorbs this vital power and locks it up tight in the vegetable cells along with the minerals from the earth. There, in the leaf, which is the chemical laboratory of the plant, in the pod, in the fruit, and in the grain are blended and bound, together the Almighty powers of sun and earth.

"But right here, man steps in and spoils it all. He destroys or throws away practically all value in the vegetables he cooks and eats. In the hard, long boiling, the vegetable cells are broken open and the mineral wealth and vitamins liberated into the water and steam. This great wealth is then drained off, or pressed out, and poured down the sink!

"Millions of people in the United States face actual starvation, not for lack of food in quantity, for our harvests are bountiful, but because, through commercial processes and fertilizer destructive treatment wherever food is served, little remains in the form of mineral and vitamins.

"In boiling vegetables they should be started with a moderate amount of water, more water being added from time to time, as cooking proceeds, to the end that a moderate amount of essence remains when the vegetable is done. This essence contains what remains of the minerals and vitamins, and should be served along with the vegetable, in a bowl, and drunk, with a spoon, or separately as a broth.

"Boiling should be at a high temperature and for a short period rather than at a lower temperature for a longer period. Quick cooking saves much of value in food. A moderate amount of bacon may be boiled with vegetables where appropriate and desired. Too much meat will cause the essence to be greasy and unpalatable for drinking. Milk and butter may be used in seasoning, after cooking of vegetable is complete. Flour thickening should be avoided.

"The rule in every home, cafe, club, boarding-house and institution is to dump the vegetable essence down the sink, then to 'cream' with deadly white flour the even more dead and deadly bodies of the vegetable cells from which the life has fled, and adding condiments in a vain effort to put some semblence of life or taste into this muddled mess.

"Leave in your vegetables this vital life fluid, wasting not a drop.

Soon you will form a taste and thirst for this rare stuff. Take it often and in volume and start now the replacement in your body of the elements for which it has for years starved, giving it an abundance of this building vitalizing material that will mean to you a new life and a better mental order. When you drain this essence down the sink, with it goes from 75 to 90 per cent of the money value you paid for the vegetables. This momentary loss is as nothing compared with the irreparable loss to you in body and in mind through such a silly act.

"To 'pot liquor' there's a powerful kick, but no backfire. It gives you headway, but not headache. It will keep you within the law, but without a doctor of bondsman. It's the safest, sanest, surest way to good health and a good time.

"Learn to love your liquor and take it daily, but take it from the pot."

HOW CUSTOMS ORIGINATED.

(Boyland.)

The front door was ajar, and yet the young man did not enter, but instead rang the bell and waited until the old Negro 'mammy'' arrived. She had known him since babyhood, yet he handed her his card and he was ushered into the house. The coat rack was directly in front of him, and yet he handed his hat to the aged servant, who hung it up.

It all seemed too silly, and yet behind that little pantomime was a story. In ages past when life and property were unsafe, people had to fortify their homes strongly. If a person wished to enter he had to announce his arrival, usually by beating upon the door and calling. For convenience a nail-head was provided upon the door, and its frequent poundings originated the saying "As dead as a door-nail." Subsequently a knocker was attached, so that it might be more convenient, and now we use an electric bell, which, by sounding near the center of the house, prevents the annoyance of loud knocking.

We all know by experience how much noise is often necessary before the servants at the back of the house can hear. In the olden days a little window was often provided so that "callers" note the old term, might be questioned as to what they wanted, and who they were. It was often customary to present some article which would indentify them, especially at the time when men wore armor and could not be readily recognized. This is now supplied by the visiting card.

The knight upon entering the house of a friend, removed his helmet in order to show that he felt safe, and the host would hang it up where it might be instantly reached, in order to indicate that the knight could resume it whenever he felt inclined.

We still keep up the old customs, and many of them have interesting

origins. The young gentleman is careful to walk on the outside of the pavement when with a young lady. This originated when the streets were narrow and there were no sidewalks, so that the inside, next to the buildings, was safer from passing vehicles, especially when the streets were poorly lighted.

We are careful always to use the right hand in shaking hands, and first to remove the glove. This originated when knights wore armor and carried a sword and a dagger. By removing the gauntlet and extending the right hand he rendered himself defenseless as a mark of friendliness and confidence, since he would then be unable to reach his weapons.

It would have been considered very rude to take the bare hand without also first removing the gauntlet, or to have seized it with the left hand, while the right hand remained free to draw a dagger.

Another old custom has almost entirely gone out of fashion with the security of modern civilization. and that is the "loving cup," although the survival of the cup is still retained in the prizes given as rewards. The original loving cup had three handles and a cover. One person would hold one handle and remove the cover, and the other would take hold of the other two handles, as in this way neither could plunge a dagger into the other.

Cowboys are accustomed to mount their horses from the right side, and the cinch, or girth, is fastened on that side of the saddle. This is just the opposite of the old custom, as horses were always mounted from the left side. This was due to the fact that in olden times the knight wore his sword on his left side, so as more easily to reach it with his right hand. It was therefore necessary to mount his horse from the left so as to avoid getting his sword caught. The cowboy never carried a sword, but instead wore a pistol near his right hand so he had to mount his horse from the right side.

Formerly, when people drove carriages, before the day of the automobile, it was necessary for the driver to sit on the right side in order to have his right arm free to use the whip. In meeting another vehicle he would turn to the left so that he could watch the hubs of the wheels and avoid a collision. This turning to the left is the English custom and was formerly the custom in America, when the colonies were English.

The French, however, turned to the right, probably because it was more customary for the drivers of chariots to ride one of the horses. And in order to have his right arm free, he would naturally ride the horse on the left side. Therefore, in passing another vehicle he would turn to the right so as to be able to watch the hubs of the wheels.

When the Revolution took place in this country, and the French sent soldiers over to assist the Colonies, the patriots adopted the French method of turning to the right. Royalists would not do this, so it resulted in trouble every time a royalist and a patriot met on the road. It was a simple and effective plan by which the royalists were made known, and probably did much to identify them, and force them out of the country.

It is said that the Moors were finally driven out of Spain by an

equally simple method. The Spaniards, who were Christians, shaved their faces so as to leave the mustache and a little goatee, which, with the nose, made a cross. The Moors were Mohammedans, and would not make a cross on their faces, so it became very easy to identify them. We see this old method of shaving still customary in countries that were formerly Spanish. The Moors were dark-skined, and had lived so long in Spain that a great many people had Moorish blood. Those who had none were very proud of the fact, which could be seen by the veins on their hands being bluish; this originated the saying of having "blue blood."

BEWARE OF MENTAL SCURVY.

By Dr. J. W. Holland.

This title came to me from a reader in North Dakota.

Scurvy used to be the dread of sailors, soldiers, and pioneers. It is a terrible disease brought on by an exclusive diet of one or two things. Sailors on long voyages had to subsist on salt pork and hard bread for months at a time. Scurvy came upon them. Their teeth loosened, their bodies broke out with sores, and their blood became anemic.

The cure was found to be a balanced ration with vegetables and fruit. Today, little babies who have scurvy can be cured by a diet of orange juice.

Mental scurvy is more common than we realize. It is the mental condition that comes from thinking of only one thing. An ill-balanced mental ration will produce this malady.

There was the old political scurvy. It was caused by reading only one side of political questions. To know only "your" side of a political question, is really to know nothing You have met this individual. He is an opinionated pest. He has Republican or Democratic mental scurvy. His political diet is limited to one dish.

You have met the man with religious scurvy. His church has all the truth, for the reason that he reads not about the good in other churches. One of the greatest delights in life is to find out the beliefs and convictions of other men and women. There is some good in every religious idea if it helps some other man to be good and brave.

It is only when the religious diet becomes too meager, and opions become hostile that they become dangerous to the world.

Occupational scurvy is another pathetic form of this sickness.

The minister who reads nothing but his line of talk becomes diseased through "one diet." The farmer who wants nothing but facts about livestock and fertilizers and crops, will in a few years, lose his intellectual teeth through mental scurvy.

Read many things, and you are more likely to know one thing.

The other day I saw a score of farmers' wives gathering at a home

for an afternoon tea, talk, and sew. It made my heart glad to see. I know that each woman will go to her home with wider swing to her thoughts. Working over our own tasks, without now and then feeling the different angles of the thoughts of others, will unbalance us.

The same reason exists, so it seems to me, for attending divine worship with our neighbors. The new thoughts, and fresh aspirations, and better motives that come to us while we worship together helps to diversify our mental and soul life, and brings us to the humdrum of daily duties with new courage.

Beware of the One Track mind. Eventually it will land in a Side Track. The great Apostle said, "Forget not the assembling of yourselves together."

I think that he meant, "Keep your mind and soul in the open stream of the thoughts and prayers of others, and your life will move more sanely and surely."

MARVELOUS HELIUM.

By Delphia Phillips.

When the scientist Janssen found a strange line in the spectrum of the gases surrounding the sun, in 1868, he little realized that he had discovered the gas that was to keep a giant dirigible—two blocks and a half long—in the air for a journey of 9,000 miles, and keep it afloat in safety. From time to time the newspapers have noted the explosion of some big dirigible that was being tried out somewhere. The most notable of these accidents was in England when a large number of men were killed. Ninety-five per cent of these accidents were caused by the explosion of the hydrogen gas, which has been the accepted element for keeping such craft in the air until recently. The story of helium, which brought to our western coast the great silvery "Titan of the Air"—the Shenandoah—from its hangar in Lakehurst, New Jersey, is a most romantic one.

Some years after Jassen discovered the line that showed there was some strange element in the sun's gases unclassified by man, another scientist, Lockyer, named this unknown gas helium after the Greek word for the sun. More than twenty years later, William Ramsey, the great physicist, compared the density of nitrogen taken from the air and nitrogen manufactured in the laboratory and found the air contained minute quantities of other gases. One of these was helium, for, on inspection, it showed the same characteristic spectral line that Janssen had noted. The other gases were neon, krypton, argon and zenon.

It was found that helium was somewhat snobbish, for it would not combine with any other gases. This meant that helium would not burn. Being the second lightest gas known, it became an ideal gas for aerial navigation. The lightest, of course, is hydrogen, but as has been noted, it is highly combustible. Helium was found to have 92.6 per cent of the

lifting power of hydrogen.

Laboratory experiments with helium showed that it was tasteless, colorless and odorless.

How to obtain it in sufficient quantities without its being expensive beyond all reason was the next problem. When it first began to be manufactured in laboratories, the cost was $2,500 a cubic foot. The Shenandoah carried more than 2,000,000 cubic feet of helium when she arrived at one of our California cities, so it can be seen that if the price were still that the cost of equipping such a ship of the air would have been staggering to the imagination. It is still expensive enough, but it is now something like $65.00 a thousand cubic feet.

Up to the time the government established helium plants in Texas, it was obtained by frictional distillation of liquid air. Minute quantities were obtained by working over pitchblende ores containing uranium and other radio-active elements. But the great discovery in regard to less expensive production was that of Prof. Cady of the University of Kansas, who found that natural gas from certain fields in Texas contained small amounts of helium.

Only about one per cent of the gas is helium. This is piped from the fields to Petrolia and Forth Worth, and is turned over to the government. The natural gas is cooled under pressure. The hydro-carbons are liquified first and removed. Then nitrogen is taken away, and last of all helium. After this the natural gas is sent on its way, and the best thing about it is that it is now a better gas, being improved by having the non-inflammable helium removed, and it, in its turn, is put to a more useful purpose.

Scientific experts are continually at work on the problem of how to obtain helium from other sources and the Bureau of Mines have discovered a new method of recovering the precious element from the natural gas. Fear is entertained that the supply from this source will soon give out, as not all natural gas yields helium. But when that happens scientists will no doubt have discovered other sources.

The helium is shipped to the Shenandoah in steel bottles, resembling those used in charging soda water, though larger. Each bottle has a capacity of three cubic feet, into which 150 cubic feet of gas has been forced under pressure. The ZR-3 —now rechristened the "Los Angles" —which was made for the United States in Germany, made her way safely across the seas on hydrogen; only the Shenandoah has so far used the aristocratic helium.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By James Davis

Mr. Hillery Hobby has returned from his vacation and taken charge of the dairy barn again. Mr. Richard Walker had charge of the dairy barn during his absence.

The boys of Mr. Simpson's school room have been setting out potato

plants for the latter part of the week.

Miss Hattie Fuller, matron of the Guilford county cottage, spent one day in Charlotte last week.

Charles Maynard, formerly a student at the school, paid us a visit last week.

Alphonso Wiles was permitted by Supt. Boger to spend a short time with his parents in Durham.

Mrs Mattie Fitzgerald and daugh,-ter, Arlene have returned from Charlotte, where they attended the funeral of one of their relatives.

Dr. Buchanan came out to the school Monday afternoon and vaccinated about one hundred of the the boys against smallpox.

Walter Page, a member of the second cottage, was paroled during past week. Page has made a very good record while at the school.

Everett Griffith left the institution last week to spend a few days with his parents in Burnsville. He will return sometime this week.

We are very grateful to Mr. C. E. Frick of Charlotte, for the five new piano rolls, which arrived at the school recently. The player piano was donated to us by the Efird brothers of the same city several months ago.

The regular band practice was held twice last week and the boys are progressing rapidly under the leadership of Mr. McGuirt. Mr. McGuirt has been band director for only a short while.

The shoe shop has been closed for a short while and Mr. Groover and the shoe shop boys have been working on the pumps. Mr. Pittman, pump specialist, of Richmond, is also here assisting in this work.

A number of base-ball games were played between the various cottages last week but the principal one was staged between the fifth and twelfth cottages the latter won by the score of 9 to 8. It was marred by numerous errors on both sides.

The heavy hitting St. Johns team visited the school last Saturday and was defeated. On their former visit they handed the school boys a beating by the score of 13 to 3, but on this occasion Scarborough held the sluggers to 8 widely scattered hits and fanned 13 batters. The score was tied at two runs each at the end of the ninth inning and after playing the first half of the tenth, the visitors refused to continue the game. As there was no reason for calling the game, under the official rules, the game was forfeited to the Training School by the score of 9 to 0.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SCHEDULE

South Bound

No.	29	2:35 A. M.
"	31	6:07 A. M.
"	11	8:05 A. M.
"	33	8:25 A. M.
"	45	3:55 P. M.
"	135	8:35 P. M.
"	35	10:12 P. M.

North Bound

No.	30	2:00 A. M.
"	136	5:00 A. M.
"	36	10:25 A. M.
"	46	3:15 P. M.
"	34	4:43 P. M.
"	12	7:10 P. M.
"	32	8:36 P. M.
"	40	9:28 P. M.

For further information apply to

M. E. Woody,
Ticket Agent
Southern Railway
Concord, N. C.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIII CONCORD, 1925 No. 32

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FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship is not an ornament of life. It is one of the foundations of life. It is not a matter of happy chances, but of character and action. The person who has no friends has made a mistake somewhere. Either he has not made himself worthy of friendship or he has been too proud or self-centered to welcome it.

PUBLISHED BY
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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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THE AMERICAN DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

Today is the fourth of July, 1925, the one hundred and forty-ninth anniversary of the most important date in American history. We are not unmindful of the great importance and influence of the patriotic proceedings that took place at Charlotte on May 20th, 1775. This day is a real anniversary of a vital movement—the pronouncement of the American Declaration of Independence, by the representatives of the Thriteen Colonies, in Congress assembled in Philadelphia.

The average American applauds a heroic and nervy act. Though the Patriots at Charlotte had gone on record showing their contempt of of English rule and mistreatment, more than a year prior to this time, that gathering at Philadelphia represented the united colonies, and what they did

became at once a cause to be defended and supported by the whole people.

Weaklings, half-hearted people would not have invited a contest with a nation so strong, well equipped and so determined to have, throughout all time, its own pleasures and desires respected, but these American Patriots had resolved, pledged their honor and their lives to the cause of freedom.

It is fitting, as years go by, for the American people to observe in some way the anniversary of this momentous event in our country's history. That one act, in which the colonies united, did more to shape the face of the earth, governments, conditions and hopes of a people than any other one political event in history. It tried out, established and made secure a republican form of government, the first of its kind, and the very marvel of those times.

In the North, they shoot fire-crackers and guns and have bon-fires. It is noisy and demonstrative. In the South, the people take it more reverently, but deeply mindful of the importance of the event. We of this common country have a bounded duty in seeing that future generations do not forget the brave fathers, who made possible this most glorious country of all the world.

It would be time well-spent if each citizen took time on this day to read again the courageous and immortal words of the Declaration to the end that his appreciation of the brave deeds of the heroes of 1776 should never wane.

The official delegations from the several colonies, who signed this wonderful document, are:

New Hampshire—Josiah Bartlett, Wm. Whipple, Matthew Thornton.

Massachusetts Bay—Saml. Adams, John Adams, Robt. Treat Paine, Elbridge Gerry.

Rhode Island—Step. Hopkins, William Ellery.

Connecticut—Roger Sherman, Sam'el Huntington, Wm. Williams, Oliver Wolcott.

New York—Wm. Floyd, Phil. Livingston, Frans. Lewis, Lewis Morris.

New Jersey—Richd. Stockton, Jno. Witherspoon, Fars. Hapkinson, John Hart, Abra. Clark.

Pennsylvania—Robt. Morris, Benjamin Rush, Benja. Franklin, John Morton, Geo. Clymer, Jas. Smith, Geo. Taylor, James Wilson, Geo. Ross.

Delaware—Caesar Rodney, Geo. Read, Tho. M'Kean.

Maryland—Samuel Chase, Wm. Paca, Thos. Stone, Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

Virginia—George Wythe, Richard Henry Lee, Th. Jefferson, Benja. Harri-

son, Thos. Nelson, Jr., Francis Lightfoot Lee, Carter Braxton.

North Carolona—Wm. Hooper, Joseph Hewes, John Penn.

South Carolina—Edward Rutledge, Thos. Heyward, Junr., Thomas Lynch, Junr., Arthur Middleton.

Georgia—Button Gwinnett, Lyman Hall, Geo. Walton.

* * * * * * * * *

VERY IMPRESSIVE.

Monday evening, June 22, throughout the United States and Canada nearly 1,400 Kiwanis Clubs met in session at the very same hour. This was celebrating the meeting in St. Paul, Minn., of the International Kiwanis. There was sentiment and a stock-taking in these meetings. Speeches, carrying out fixed programs, were delivered in all the clubs.

It was the setting of an old story, that of the power of union and a oneness of mind. Preacher Scoville, Judge Buxton Robertson and Major Will Foil did these duties for the local club. All were good and inspiring. Many of the Kiwanians had never before realized the powerful influence in "We Build" until Major Foil traced the achievements of the Concord Club.

There is such a thing, however, of taking in too much territory in our claims of accomplishments. Major Foil honestly believes that the Kiwanis Club is responsible for one of the most popular and helpful introductions into our local life—that of putting music in the public schools. The club, showing fine sense and a vision of better conditions, did endorse the movement; but the Women's Club went about the thing with a personal touch and they claim the honor of turning the trick. But there were enough uncontested achievements by the local Kiwanis Club, which the peaker enumerated, to make fellows swell with pride.

These getting-together meetings of different forces in a community are real dynamos.

* * * * * * * * *

FIVE OF THEM.

Elsewhere in this number is a compilation of the activities of the school buses for the ninety-five counties in North Carolina. Five counties do not figure in this evidence of progress and consideration of the rural child. They are alphabetically Alleghany, Cabarrus, Cherokee, Macon and Perquimans.

These buses are a part of the constructive administration of rural school affairs. The elimination of one and two-teacher schools, the consolidation of districts and adequate school facilities commensurate with justice to the rural child were the outstanding objectives of all progressive counties, whose ad-

ministrators sought to function efficiently.

It was hoped that when Cabarrus repudiated a former administration and set up practically a new board of school administration that the schools of the county might enjoy the fruits of a constructive and progressive direction. Some of these days may it not be possible for a single county, in excusing itself for the non-performance of a real duty, to point to us and say, in the language of the immortal Aycock, "Thank God for Cabarrus."

A proud people living in the very heart of the greatest state in the South, and suffering but little in comparison with others, grow weary in seeing its county classified at the tail-end of every progressive measure that involves a square deal to the rural child.

* * * * * * * * *

BUDGET SYSTEM IS OPERATING.

In legislative conduct nothing of greater merit has been wrought than the setting up of the Budget System, dealing with the state departments, the institutions and other agencies that enjoy the privilege of spending state money. It was an outstanding feature of Gov. McLean's pre-primary advocacy, and in his campaign he stressed it, like the good business man that he is. When the General Assembly of 1925 met it passed the measure without a dissenting vote. It is, therefore, a measure of the people and deserves their hearty support.

It was simply rediculous that a great state could not tell by the books of the state's accounting officer just what the state owed; and after a famous auditing company had spent six months, the truth was yet is doubt. Such a state of affairs was disgusting—men charged with this matter lounging about at public resorts in their ease and leaving the whole matter to a crowd that spent most of their time in watching the clock and awaiting pay-day. Gov. McLean has set up machinery that will remedy this evil and extravagance.

We have a personal knowledge of the fact that the state, a county, a municipality and an institution stand in danger of having to pay more for a given service than a private individual, unless a smart oversight and check are invoked. We have seen this—they spent three times as much time in accamplishing a work as was necessary. Looking for a good time on easy pay seems to obtain among too many people who are being fed out of the public's spoon. The Uplift applauds the courage of Gov. McLean in putting this Budget System into action. He has worked overtime, and he leaves his

job only when real necessity requires.

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FLAG DAY.

The morning of the recent Flag Day a prominent attorney and an equally prominent minister, awaiting the arrival of a train, indulged in a discussion relative to the origin of that day. The lawyer, smart and adroit, awaited the time that the minister had, as it were, placed all his cards on the table. He saw at a glance that the minister really did not know the origin of the day; and then the lawyer spun his theory. "I knew the preacher," said the lawyer afterwards, "really was guessing; so I tried my hand, and I believe I got away with it—but really tell me how come this Flag Day?"

It is well that everybody should know the history of Flag Day—there is no better time than on this glorious July 4th to begin—and also that which the day represents. The first recognition of a day known as Flag Day was June 14, 1894, which was ordered by the governor of the state of New York, at the request of the "Sons of the Revolution" that the National flag should be displayed on all public buildings of the state on the 117th anniversary of its adoption by Congress, June 14, 1777.

In Philadelphia the same day was observed at the request of the "Colonial Dames of America." The history of the American flag will be better understood if it is dealt with under three divisions: The Early Flags of America; The Colonial Flags; and The National Stars and Stripes. In our next issue these will be treated in a special article.

* * * * * * * * *

D. MATT THOMPSON.

At the age of eighty years, Prof. D. Matt Thompson, for thirty years superintendent of the Statesville Graded Schools, passed away in the hospital at Morganton. Five years ago he was the victim of an automobile, which ran him down and left him with an incurable injury to his head.

Prof. Thompson was one of the state's strongest educators. A man of fine common sense, and of more than ordinary educational attainments, he wielded a great influence educationally in the state. He was the father of Walter Thompson, the first superintendent of the Jackson Training School, later of the Methodist Children's Home, where he died; of Dorman Thompson, a leading and popular member of the Statesville bar, and who died just a year ago; and Prof. Holland Thompson, engaged in educational work in New York, who has risen to a conspicuous place in the literary world. Just one of

this conspicuous and useful family remains—all save one have passed on.

* * * * * * * * *

"Judge" R. R. Clark is not reconciled to the idea of judges of our courts wearing gowns. They would look good on some of them, but if the idea is to apply to recorders of municipal courts it will work a hardship on some unless the public furnishes the skirts. It would be an awful tax to dress up Judge Morrison Caldwell of the local court—the tallest judge in the state. If it's for effect in awing the public, why not include the chiefs of police?

* * * * * * * * *

Old Horace Greeley urged young men "to go west." The exigencies today urge folks "to come away from there."

* * * * * * * * *

JULY.

I am for the open meadows
  Open meadows full of sun,
Where the hot bee hugs the clover,
  The hot breezes drop and run.

I am for the uncut hay-fields,
  Open to the cloudless blue—
For the wide, unshadowed acres,
  Where the summer's pomps renew;

Where the grass-tops gather purple,
  Where the oxeye daises thrive,
And the mendicants of summer
  Laugh to feel themselves alive;

Where the hot scent steams and quivers,
  Where the hot saps thrill and stir,
Where in leaf-cells' green pavilions
  Quaint artificers confer;

Where the bobolinks are merry,
  Where the beetles bask and gleam,
Where, above the powdered blossoms,
  Powdered moth-wings poise and dream;

Where the bead-eyed mice adventure
  In the grass roots green and dun.
Life is good and love is eager
  In the playground of the sun!

—Charles G. D. Roberts.

THE MEN WHO DARED TO SIGN.

By Emma Mauritz Larson.

As we look at those varied signatures on the Declaration of Independence, some of the names leap out at us, John Hancock, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson and John Adams. These seem to us like real men because they later became so well known in the history of our country. Some of the others of the fifty-six men who lived less in the limelight are only vague shadowy figures to us. We fail to realize that they were as real as Ben Franklin, and that they too had many adventures after that famous Fourth of July of 1776. Perhaps there was hardly one of the whole number who did not meet especial difficulties because he had been bold enough to sign that document that tore the colonies away from England.

They were men of many sorts, these men who represented their various colonies in the Continental Congress. Almost half of them were lawyers, but ten were merchants, three were plain farmers, four were doctors, and there was in the number one clergyman and one printer. Sixteen men of wealth, who had not had to choose a profession to make their living, were in the congress too, and they worked as hard as the others.

Twenty-four of the signers had been fortunate enough to have a full education, eight of them being from the one college of Harvard. But among those who had not been to college were men who had never had any formal schooling but had had to dig out an education for themselves while they worked for their living.

Two of those who had dared to put their names on this document were young men only twenty-seven years old, while the oldest of all, Benjamin Franklin, counted his age at that time by almost the reverse of that twenty-seven, for he was seventy-one. Franklin actually lived fourteen years after that historic first Independence Day, coming as he did from a wonderfully sturdy family. When he did die, sixteen of his brothers were still living. On the other hand, Thomas Lynch, Jr., one of the two young men of twenty-seven years old who signed the Declaration, lived only three years afterward. After hard and eager service in the army he was taken seriously ill and was ordered to the south of Europe as the only chance of recovering his health. But no word was ever received of the boat on which he sailed with his young wife, and there was no doubt but that somewhere out on the Atlantic it had been shipwrecked and every life lost.

It might naturally be supposed that all of these fifty-six men who were so eager to declare their colonies free and build a republic out of them had been born on this side of the ocean. But eight of them were not American-born, but had come from England and Ireland and Scotland and Wales. It must have required a doubly strong conviction on their part and an extra amount of courage to vote for breaking away from the mother country.

We like to think that the great majority, forty-eight of the signers, were born here on this new shore.

All but two of the thirteen colonies were represented in the list of birthplaces, Massachusetts leading the list proudly with nine of the men born there, though she had only five delegates in the congress. Virginia claims a close second, with eight of the men born within her borders.

But when they came to Philadelphia for what was going to prove so important a session of the Continental Congress these men, foreign born and American born, came from their various colonies with the same strong loyalty to the idea that had been growing for some time. They were agreed that the colonies weren't being treated justly and that the time had come to strike for liberty.

Many of them, especially the southern delegates, had had a hard time persuading their own colonies first that it was right and wise to go ahead with this attempt at independence. Among these was the man, George Walton, who is one of those who are but shadowy names to most of us, but who is worth remembering for himself.

It was in Virginia that the little cabin stood where George Walton was born. There were the bare necessities of life there, and not a cent for education. "We can make a carpenter out of George, so that he can earn his own living," said his father. And the boy was put out to a long apprenticeship to a carpenter before he had even learned to read and write.

He had looked longingly at the few books he had seen, and knew that if he could only read he would be very happy and would have a chance to get up a bit in the world. But his master worked him long hours so that there was no moment of daylight in which to try to learn to read by himself. And he was not allowed a candle by which to pore over a printed page at night. But like a later American, who was to do great service to the nation, this Virginia boy found a way. George Walton's wooden torch burned flickeringly, but by it he taught himself to read and write, and then he read everything he could get hold of.

By the time his long indenture was over, every one who knew him said, "Well, he has a good trade for life. He is a fine carpenter. He likes to read for pleasure, in fact, he has his nose in a book whenever he can, but he can never do anything with his brain as boys who have been to school or have had a tutor."

But the young carpenter ignored the fact that he hadn't had a day of schooling. He went to Georgia and with his brain trained by his own solitary efforts, he went to a distinguished lawyer and said he wanted to study law, he thought he was ready for that advanced study.

This Henry Young, known so well for his legal ability and culture, took the carpenter from Virginia into his office and soon began to prophesy a most promising future for him. "You have good brain power, and you have trained yourself well," he said. "There is no limit to what you can do, especially with my influence back of you to help you. These are important days, with a few foolish men in the colonies thinking that they will try to break off from England. Men like you and men who are loyal to the king and will lead

the common people to see that it is utterly foolish and wrong not to obey the mother country, will have the royal favor and get on in the world. We shall not be mixed up with a lost cause, for no one with any judgment thinks that these weak little colonies could win out against England, even if they did dare to rebel openly."

But this young law student didn't agree with his distinguished teacher. In fact, he believed just the opposite, that "these weak little colonies" ought to rebel and could win. He began to work in every possible way for the cause of independence, and of course he soon lost his chance to study in Mr. Young's law office. But he went on alone until he was ready to practice, and he had the satisfaction of seeing his colony which had been strongly for the king, becoming more and more strong on the side of the American colonies. It was in February of that famous year of 1776 that the carpenter-lawyer was sent to the Continental Congress to represent his adopted colony of Georgia.

When he reached Philadelphia by the slow travel of those days, he found the Britishers threatening the city and that the Congress was moving next day to Baltimore for the sake of going safely on with their work. Word had traveled ahead of him of his work in Georgia, so the Congress put him at an important task at once, dealing with money and other delicate matters that had to be wisely and honestly handled. It was work that had to be done in Philadelphia, so George Walton stayed on there with a committee and gave good account of himself during the time Congress had to be held outside of Philadelphia.

Each year during the next few years, Georgia returned to Congress this young man who had led their colony to support the Declaration of Independence and had personally signed it for them. But he was anxious to be in active military service and was released for a little while to command some troops in the south. In the British attack on Savannah he was wounded and taken prisoner. Then a strange thing happened, a thing which showed clearly that the men who had dared to sign the Declaration of Independence were not only taking great responsibility for their colony, but they were inviting personal danger as well. They would always be marked by the British as those worst rebels of all, the men who had framed and signed that daring document that was turning things upside down for England.

At the prison camp where George Walton was kept, many exchanges of captives was made. Walton was a colonel in rank, but at the time of his capture he was leading troops and acting as major. But neither colonel nor major would satisfy the British in exchange for this man who had signed the Declaration. They demanded a Brigadier General in exchange for him. So he was held for some time. Finally his captors heard that while he was prisoner his term in Congress had run out and they argued, "Well, he won't be able to do us much harm if he isn't a member of their Congress any more. His brains can't help them much as just a private citizen." So they consented to exchange him for a British cap-

tum in the navy.

The men of Georgia had no mind to give up the services of George Walton, so while another man served out his term in Congress they appointed the returned prisoner Governor. That was a big enough job to handle in those troubled times in the middle of the Revolutionary War. He was at it a very few months, because as soon as another term was beginning in Congress the State sent him again to represent them. In fact, even after the war was aver they kept him busy in important offices, as Governor and Superior Judge and in the United States Senate. He was one of the commissioners too to make a treaty with the Cherokee Indians out in Tennessee.

By this time few people remembered that he had ever been the little Virginia boy too poor to get a day of real schooling, or the young carpenter who read books by a wooden torch. He worked ardently for everything he believed in, but on the whole he was a rather reserved man. But there was one class of people who could always be sure that George Walton would lose some of his quietness and reserve. When young men came to him who were eager to train themselves for service to their country, his interest showed warmly. And he followed their careers for years after ward, when he had once sent them out feeling as he felt that this young republic, which had dared declare itself free and then had fought to the death to make that independence sure, was the place for all young men to have a chance to rise and to serve.

Edward Rutledge, of South Carolina, was another of the signers whose after-life was interesting. He was one of the two youngest members of that Congress. His mother was widowed early and left with seven little children to bring up. Edward was the baby. Fortunately, there was money enough to make living easy, so the boy could go to England to finish his law education. He was back from London by the time he was twenty-three and began to practice law in his own city of Charleston. while he was abroad he had heard the great orators of England speak and he admired their eloquence. But it could not change his own conviction that the American colonies were being badly treated and that they should not endure it much longer.

His neighbors were many of them royalist in sympathy. So when the young man first returned they showed him much attention and he really loved the popularity. But when they found out how strongly he stood on the colonists' side they even hissed him. South Carolina was still far from joining the other colonies for freedom.

But enough of the people approved the good work of the young lawyer so that the very year after his return he was elected to the Continental Congress, though he was only 24 years old. He was sent again in 1775 and fortunately in 1776. He was working quietly in Congress, but his work was telling for the cause. With John Adams and Richard Henry Lee he was getting all the colonies to establish strong colony governments instead of the mere makeshift that the crown had ordered, so that when the blow for freedom was struck there

would be real governments behind it to carry on the struggle in each colony.

When the English Lord Howe suggested that the Congress appoint a commission to talk things over, so that better relations might result between England and its colonies, it was Franklin and John Adams and this very young lawyer from the south, Edward Rutledge, who formed the committee from Congress. But nothing came of this conference, as the Americans had known beforehand. They realized too that it was called by the British solely to delay matters so that more of the timid colonists might rally to the king's side in fear.

But the Declaration came and the war. Rutledge, who had written his name at the bottom of that paper, upheld it by two more years of service in Congress. Then he went into military service in his own State, and like Walton he was captured by the British when they swarmed in numbers into his city. "This young fellow is especially dangerous to our cause," they said. "We will ship him down to St. Augustine. Only there will he be safe. He is another one of those signers of the Declaration."

So they sent him to Florida and for a long time refused to exchange him. Wheen he was finally traded for a British officer his home city was in the hands of the enemy and he could not return there. So he went to Philadelphia, and only returned to Charleston after the English had evacuated the city. There he found that his mother, suspected as being especially dangerous to the royalist cause because her son had signed the Declaration of Independence, had not even been allowed to live in her old home in the city. She had been transferred to a farm where she could not encourage anyone to uphold the American cause. She had suffered much too, but had kept her strong loyalty to her son's cause.

After all the turmoil of the war was over, young Rutledge settled down to be just an ordinary lawyer, but he was too used to serving. So it happened that the widows and orphans of the war came to him, knowing he would help them, in all their troubles. It got so common that the saying was that Edward Rutledge was busy with the cases of his poor friends "daily."

Some of his business friends came to him too. "We have had a hard time, too," they said. "Much of our business was ruined by the war, and most of our slaves were carried off by the British. We cannot be prosperous without getting some new slaves, but the law forbids our importing any more. Now that you are a member of the State Legislature, one of the best things you can do for the State is to shape a law allowing us to bring in new slaves, and get that law passed. You are very public spirited, so we know you will do that for your State."

But this young lawyer of South Carolina already felt that it was wrong and that if he could not stop it, yet he could keep it from growing in his State. He flatly refused his business friends their request for the new law, though he still loved to be popular and to have many friends. The same iron courage showed here as when he signed the famous In-

dependence paper.

The people of his State trusted him wholly, and made him United States Senator after the Republic was established, and he was also elected Governor of South Carolina.

That seems to be the story of the many signers who dared to trace with pen and ink their signatures to this upheaving document. In many cases they had to meet special difficulties because they had been among the fifty-six. But they lived very fully and usefully, even those whose figures have not seemed to us clear-cut and solid like the mightiest ones among them.

THE CHRONIC LIVE WIRE.

Civic pride and a conscientious performance of community duties characterize the best business men and citizens everywhere. But anything, no matter how commendable on general principles, may be run into the ground.

We have in mind what we have termed the "chronic live wire." He is always a "good fellow," alwasy a booster, always full of "pep" and enthusiasm and always with a grand scheme that won't work. He gladly plays the part of community goat, because he is willing to neglect his own business, if he has any, in order to serve on innumerable commissions, boards and committees supposed to be for the promotion of mass prosperity and uplift.

Nearly every town has such a character. He means well and is fairly useful to everybody and everything, excepting himself and his own family. He is a living example of local patriotism run to seed.

Unfortunately, he becomes so thoroughly wrapped up in optimism that he loses his sense of proportion and often ends in personal bankruptcy, through his ambition to be a public benefactor.

Many of us have passed through that stage and some have survived, but hundreds have ruined themselves through trying to carry the entire community burden.

Boost, but don't "bust" yourself doing it.—Reidsville Review.

AN HISTORIC PARSONAGE.

By Mrs. J. Ellington McGee.

The Hancock-Clark House, Lexington, Mass., will have an immortal record as the birthplace of American liberty. One feels a strange thrill as he stands on the Lexington Green, where a Spartan band of sixty men, under the brave Captain Parker (grandfather of the famous Theodore Parker), faced fifteen hundred British regulars in 1775. "What a glorious morning for America!" was the exclamation of the patriot Samuel Adams, as he look out upon the world that April morning

Lexington today is a beautiful, peaceful village, with great majestic trees, many of them dating back to the Revolutionary period. It is full of interesting places, but I found no place more redolent with dignified colonial antiquity than the Hancock-Clark House, which is situated about a hundred rods north of the Green, on Hancock Street.

It was built in 1698, enlarged in 1734, and was the residence of Rev. John Hancock, the second minister of the town, for fifty-five years, and of his successor, the Rev. Jonas Clark, for fifty years. These two men were the most distinguished clergymen of Lexington—famous for talent, piety and good citizenship.

The Rev. John Hancock was the grandfather of John Hancock, of Revolutionary fame, whose home and pasture occupied the beautiful site on Beacon Hill, Boston, where the Statehouse now stands.

John Hancock and Samuel Adams were sleeping in this house on the night of April 18, 1775. To save their lives, Paul Revere, "bloody spurring," rode up the old Bedford Road, now Hancock Street.

It was one by the village clock
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swing in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

* * * * * * * *

You know the rest. In books you have read
How the British regulars fired and fled,—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,
Chasing the redcoats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

A guard of the town's alarm list was placed about the house, and when Revere rode up they requested him not to make any noise for fear of waking the patriot leaders.

"Noise?" cried Revere. "You will have noise enough before long. The regulars are coming."

It was a difficult matter to persuade these brave men to flee, but at length they yielded and retired to a hill, where they remained until the troops passed on to Concord.

During the firing, random shots

whizzed past the house, and some of the wounded Americans were brought into it to receive attention. The entire battle of Lexington was visible from this point.

The old house is a veritable curiosity, for its interior and exterior speak only of the past. It is painted a dull brown, and each window has twenty-eight small panes of glass. The rear is the original part, where the Hancocks lived. The room in which Hancock and Adams were sleeping is the one on the lower floor on the left of the entrance. Care has been taken to preserve its original appearance. The woodwork, of southern pine, has remained unpainted, and age has given it a beautiful color. One side of the room is wainscoted up to the ceiling, the remaining walls bearing paper the same color and pattern as the original. A piece of the original paper is carefully preserved in a glass case. It is in large figures in green and black. The folding inside shutters are of solid pine, and were put on in 1734. The high-post bedstead has faded brown draperies and a homespun quilt.

Across the hall is the room in which, on that memorable night, Dorothy Quincy, great-grandmother of Oliver Wendell Holmes, and wife of John Hancock, was sleeping. She was a beautiful, vivacious girl, living here at this time under the protection of Madam Lydia Hancock, the governor's aunt. It was her presence that nightly brought John Hancock all the way from Concord, where the Provincial Congress, of which he was president, was holding its sessions. He courted Dorothy while his graver friend, Adams, discussed statecraft with their reverend host. When past seventy, and the second time a widow, she is described as having a "lithe, handsome figure, a pair of laughing eyes, fine yellow ringlets in which scarcely a gray hair could be seen, and as sprightly as a girl of sixteen."

Perhaps some of you will recall that Miss Alcott, in the Old-Fashioned Girl, makes Dorothy Quincy the great aunt of Fannie Shaw's grandmother, and pleasantly relates how Josiah Quincy, Mayor of Boston, sent word to Dorothy, who was then Madam Scott (having married Captain Scott after Hancock's death), that General Lafayette wished to pay his respects to her. She then tells that on this great occasion Madam Scott was arrayed in steel-colored satin, trimmed with black lace, and on her cap was pinned a Lafayette badge of white satin.

But to return to a description of the rooms. In an upper room I saw a marriage certificate of John Hancock and Dorothy Quincy, the marriage occuring August 28, 1775, when Hancock was on his way to the Continental Congress, held in Philadelphia. The next room is the kitchen and dining room. It is more antiquated than any other part of the house. The ceiling is very low, the walls of wood and the windows narrow. Here are found the old-fashioned cooking utensils of Mrs. Hancock. The long iron rod with its large hooks hangs over the large fireplace where she did all her cooking. From the hooks are suspended many kinds of kettles. The rod swings out away from the fire, so that these kettles may easily be removed when necessary. I do not envy colonial

dames their experience in cooking, but I am sure we would not object to their foot stoves and warming pans. These are small metal ovens arranged for a bed of coals to be placed inside, while the heat emanates through the perforated top. The warming pan has a long handle, and we are told that this particular one has warmed the beds of many Revolutionary patriots.

A cramped, dark, narrow staircase leads to the rooms above. The back rooms are nothing but an attic. They were used as bedchambers by the Hancock family, and here the five children were born. The windows are mere peep-holes, admitting very little light. What sacrifices these high-minded people made when they were content with such bare and desolate surroundings.

In the attic chambers are a number of relics, among them being the low wooden cradle in which Mrs. Hancock rocked her children, and the old push plow brought from England by the ancestors of Theodore Parker early in the eighteenth century.

The front rooms upstairs are bright and sunny. The entire front is the new part of the house built by Thomas Hancock, the son, when he had become rich.

On the right is the room used by Jonas Clark as a study for fifty years. I spent much time in this room, examining the many antiquities. Here are seen the large, bulky, black leather sermon cases of Theodore Parker; the gold ring worn by Hancock when he signed the Declaration of Independence; the pewter plate, cup, and spoon which Washington used on his visit to Lexington in 1789; the cup and saucer brought over in the "Mayflower" by John Alden; a wooden block, with raised design, used by the colonists during the Revolution for printing calico by hand; and a small, gray stamp issued by the British government under the nefarious Stamp Act.

The front room across the hall is similar to the study, and was used as the guest-chamber. It also has its full share of colonial relics—among them being a very handsome vest of white silk, brocaded in pink flowers, worn by Governor Hancock; also a piece of Dorothy Quincy's ball dress when she became Mrs. Governor Hancock. It is hand-painted white silk brocade.

It is truly delightful to visit this antique parsonage. One feels that he has taken a trip into another world. The life of the brave colonists, their struggles, sacrifices and heroism, become very real, and we honor them more and more, and commend the spirit of New England which endeavors to preserve these ancient landmarks for our instruction and inspiration and that of future generations.

Think that day lost whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no noble action done.—Bobart.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

The older people are more or less inclined to absent-mindedness. Some more so than others. A professor not long ago called out, "Come in!" when he heard himself knocking the ashes out of his pipe. That is almost as funny as one I heard of who was deeply absorbed in a scientific article when the nurse announced the arrival of a boy. "What—who?" stammered the professor absently. "Why interrupt me—isn't my wife at home?" Another one, a few evenings ago, at a social function, got in front of one of Durham's fairest buds who was serving ice cream, and apologized thus: "Excuse me, sir." Anybody would excuse him for being embarrassed.

I don't think I ever realizeed before how a change in one's ways of wearing hair can completely alter the appearance of an individual. I met a young lady I had known for some years on the street just after she had had her hair cut in the fashionable way, and when she said, "Hello, there!" I just stared at her, and then returned a very polite, "How do you do?" At the same time wondering who under the sun she was to appear to know me so well, when I was sure I had never seen her before in my life.

What is more exasperating than to attempt to use the telephons and after you have announced your number, to have the phone to continue to ring, and after a season waiting for clear wires, to have the inquiry came back to you, "Number, please," two or three time before you can get your lips framed to say that you had already called the number before so much ringing. Or, to answer a phone ring, and after you have placed the receiver to your ear, to have it start up ringing again, and then a grating and twisting sound like all the wires in the universe were crossed and all charged with sounds, and then something strikes you on the side of the head like a catapult, or a thunder bolt, and it seems as if the top of your head had been knocked of at one fell sweep, and you can hear only sounds like the world is in state of chaos, and you feel that most excruciating pains. This is the shocking part of a telephone system. Or it can't be that the operator is a little off on temper and has blown in the transmitter. Like the countryman, not used to using the telephone, in town undertook to telephone back home. While he was using the phone lightning struck the wire and knocked him down. When he recovered, and got up he said, "That was Mandy at the phone. I know by the way she talks."

If lose my hearing by this telephone means I shall have to sue for punitive damages, mental anguish, estoppage of hearing, and the loss of an ear drum.

Regardless of our veneration and respect for the ideas of our forefathers things have changed in our present day complex life. Our forefathers were satisfied in their day

with spavins—we prefer blowouts. The time was when we blew out the gas—now we prefer to step on it. The various changes in our social life have come about through our change or viewpoint. A bride and groom, to be novel, planned a honeymoon in an airplane. At an elevation of about half a mile the bride missed a large pearl button from her coat. Looking back to earth she asked her husband to stop because she was sure she saw it down below, whereupon her husband said, cheer up, that isn't your button; it is Lake Erie.'' Things are seen differently nowadays. A modern up-to-date community, in line with this change of viewpoint, presents a different aspect from the kind of communities that grew up in the days of our ancestors, many of which still ''adorn'' our highways.

The husband who begins a heated argument with his wife starts a crossword puzzle—especially the crossword—he is not going to get suitable words to fit in smoothly and correctly. The best way for a man to get along with his wife is let her do as she pleases—and he do as pleases her. That's matrimonial harmony.

Little Mary had got a ring for her birthday. The same evening her mother had company for dinner. All of Mary's efforts to attract attention to her ring were fruitless. Finally she cried: ''Oh, dear: I'm so warm in my new ring''

Listen to these words of wisdom that have been impressed upon me during the last few months: ''Some men think they are wise old owls just because they are always hooting at something.'' ''A half truth soon grows into a while lie.'' ''What people don't know won't hurt them unless they tell it.'' Aren't they the truth? And what a difference would suddenly appear in the talk one hears on the street and in the stores, offices, shops, and everywhere else where peeople congregate if everyone took all that wisdom to heart and acted upon it! But what a quiet sort of place this would be if every one should make and keep a resolution to make no statement to anyone that he could not prove to be the truth. The things that I hear every day of the week, ''as I journey up and down this old world,'' as parson Massey would say, that have no foundation in fact would appall George Washington. True news, if possible, of coudse, but news anyway, even if we're not sure of its truth. That's human nature, but let's not forget that our job in this world is to transform human nature into devine, and right there is a good place to begin.

Of course, in the case of a newspaper, it's a little different, because when it issues a mistatement, it's always an accident, due to a slip of the typewriter; a misunderstanding over the telephone; fault of the linotype, or the proof-reader; or failure of the galley-boy to correct; and so forth, and so on—like when the names of Mrs. So-and-So and her daughter were left out of the list at a surprise party, and she put enough static in the telephone to almost break the wire, and she gave in the list of

names herself. Individuals are wholly responsible for their own words, not only for them but for the starting of the big snowball of other words into which they roll up in the re-telling. Let's C sharp that we don't B flat liars.

Stranger visitors are coming into Durham every day. In fact, I met them wandering around the place as though they were on their way but didn't know where they were going. When I say, "How do you do?" or "Lovely day, isn't it?" they look surprised as though they weren't used to speaking to everyone they met, the way we do here. There's quite a difference in them, though. Some stay here for a week or so and go away without knowing hardly anyone but the real estate men, while others, like a couple here not long ago, that wasn't here three days before they were acquainted with half of the town. They go to everything that's going, and talk to everyone they meet, just like they belonged here.

That reminds me of a story I heard about a tramp who was sleeping on the grass in a cemetery, when the keeper gave him a kick. The poor fellow woke with an injured air, and when the keeper yelled at him, "What are you doing here?" he answered wearily, "Playing dead. When I'm in Rome I do as the Romans do." Sometimes that's a good rule; sometimes it isn't. It depends upon what particular Rome you are visiting. But I think the Durham visitors who follow it have a better time than those who don't.

Mind over matter is no theory. It is a living reality. One of the recent sweltering days, when the thermometer was 100 per cent in mercurial activity, I strolled leisurally down the street, my mind dwelling on the time when I saw snow banked up on Main street as high as the second floor of the stores, and was feeling quite cool. Everybody I met wanted to know if it was "hot enough for me." Others said it was "a scorcher;" "pretty hot, isn't it?" and many other such warm greetings. They just wouldn't let me ruminate upon the snow. Then there hove in sight a dandy youth with red tie, red socks, and even a red belt—all flaming red. I met several redhead people. A certain flaming red oil truck had to come along to add color to the hues of hot days. The salutations were all so bent on my knowing that it was warm, the atmosphere became sudorific and groups of perspiration drops began to camp on my back. Standing alone I guess they were lonesome, for they began to run together in flocks, and made a marathon race track out of my spinal column, next to reading matter, top of the column, and there were twin cascades that dogged my heels. A state of mind was getting in its work over matter.

Half the gossip of society would perish if the books that are truly worth reading were but read.—Dawson.

SAVING AND SERVICE.

By O. J. Denny.

Mr. O. J. Denny has been Cashier of the Trade Street office of the Wachovia Bank and Trust Company since its organization in 1919. Along with his duties as a banker he has kept up his active work as a minister of the gospel. In these two capacities, one as a business man and the other as a preacher, he has, perhaps, dealt with more men of different walks of life than any other man with the Wachovia. From this breadth of vision he quotes as the climax of his article: "The sum of duty is to measure life by the standard of love, to prize health as contagious happiness, wealth as potential service, reputation as latent influence, learning for the light it can shed, power for the help it can give, and station in life for the good it can render to others."—The Wachovia.

Saving means sacrifice coupled with a firm determination to create a competency. All will agree that a savings account is a safe, sane and convenient means of creating a reserve fund for an emergency or with which to make larger investments when opportunity arises. It is quite a different thing to get people to make the sacrifice to save regularly and systematically.

Economy a Virtue.

It has been said that economy is a virtue, parsimony a vice, and miserliness a crime. We can work hard and save something without becoming misers or without reducing life to a drab struggle only to provide food, shelter and clothing.

The Will to Save.

No other people on earth, perhaps, have the same opportunity and ability to create and maintain substantial savings accounts as our American people enjoy. The need of the hour does not seem to be an argument in favor of saving and thrift; but the more important task is to get people to do and to want to do what all agree should be done—namely, during the full years lay aside a surplus for the day of adversity.

The Friend in Need.

Saving accounts are available on short notice and may be said to be the friend in need that does not desert us when the storms of affliction or adversity may blow relentlessly.

Spasmodic Efforts.

Spasmodic efforts to create substantial saving deposits accomplish little. Budgets should be so arranged or planned as to insure a regular amount to be added to the savings account weekly or monthly. We plan ahead to meet the rents, insurance premiums, installments, payments on our pledges or property. Why not a fixed allowance for the savings accounts? The hare lost the race because he slept on the job. The tortoise won because of his constant toiling onward. Intelligent and persistent effort to lay aside a part of our income to build up a substantial balance with which to meet future needs will soon accomplish worthwhile results.

Deflected Plans to Save.

Many people who start out to create

a substantial savings account are easily diverted from their purpose by flattering offers of those who have something to sell which apparently promises increased earnings over a savings interest return. This often proves a detriment rather than an aid to progress.

Those who sell property on what is called the easy-payment plan usually retain title to the property until the last payment is made. The plan looks easy; yet it often happens that the buyer finds it impossible to continue the payments, only to have his equity in the property jeopardized or lost entirely when the property is sold to pay balances due. Not so with a savings account. The total amount paid in, with its interest accumulations, may be withdrawn with no loss or worry to the depositor.

Savings Habit.

The savings habit is not easily fixed. The saying, "Once thrifty, always thrifty," will not always hold good. The fact, however, that many of us resolve to save regularly and systematically, only to break faith with ourselves, is no argument against the fact that we ought to save and save until it pinches, and do so not because our banker tells us to save, but for our own good and for the protection of loved ones who are dependent upon us.

A critic said to Billy Sunday, "Your conversions are not always lasting." He answered promptly, "Neither is a bath." The fact that most of us are backsliders as to well directed saving does not change the fact that a savings habit once well fixed is a very valuable asset, not so much because of our balance in bank, but because it is a correct and fixed policy.

Benjamin Franklin's Philosophy.

Benjamin Franklin said, "Always taking out of the tub and never putting in soon comes to the bottom." Again he said, "The borrower is slave to the lender;" and again, showing the importance of having little things, though necessities, at the right time, he said, "For want of a nail, the shoe was lost; for want of the shoe the horse was lost; for want of the horse the rider was lost; for want of this rider the battle was lost." "For age and want, save while you may; no morning sun lasts all the day."

A Life of Service.

The true life is a life of service. It has been well said: "The sum of duty is to measure life by the standard of love, to prize health as contagious happiness, wealth as potential service, reputation as latent influence, learning for the light it can shed, power for the help it can give, and station in life for the good it can render to others."

MAKNG HER LIZZIE A DRESSER.

She stopped her show-case lizzie in front of the U. S. Post Office. She drew out her beauty case, comb and brush and proceeded, oblivious of everything that makes womanhood attractive, to comb and brush her bobs. car—the thing she wore for a dress wouldn't permit her stepping out car—the thing she wore for a dress wouldn't permit her stuffing out gracefully.

"CUSSING."

Mabel A. Dysinger.

One of the surprises awaiting most missionaries who come to the foreign field is the fact that the children in the mission schools are not like sponges—eagerly waiting to absorb every bit of teaching offered by their teachers and missionaries. Some of us had never given much thought at all to that side of mission work; others, who had read a great deal of the heathen pleading for enlightenment, supposed that such was the case in all heathen lands. Disillusionment comes very soon, and after a time one realizes that African children are like all others: some are, eager to learn some others keep their acquaintance with their lessons just as casual as they dare; some are conscientious, more of them careless or see no need of learning to draw very distinct lines between right and wrong; some are good, others are frankly bad; all have some bad habits, many have a host of them. The whole moral plane is lower, and yet one finds oneself feeling quite at home when the same characteristics of people in America are discovered to crop out in those with whom we deal in a foreign land.

Very soon after arriving at one of the schools of our mission, one is likely to have a child come crying to her saying "Janie cussed me." One is horrified, very properly. Or perhaps, on following to its source the sound of screaming and wailing,one finds two girls have come to blows, and a real fist fight is in progress. After separating the culprits and inquiring into the reason for this surprising display of temper, the answer is given, "She cussed my mammy, and I knocked her." Perhaps the answer given will be, "She cussed me fatcheek." Of course, the next question will be, "Well, what did she say?" The new missionary will then learn to great amusement that simply saying the words "Your mammy," or "You have fat cheeks," or "Big eyes! Big eyes" is the "cuss" which has called forth all the trouble. Very probably she will pay little attention to that part of the "palaver," and give the girls involved a talking-to about being so touchy, and making much out of nothing. It seems all very ridiculous, and she will probably be very glad that the children know nothing of the real "cuss words" which contaminate the speech of so many men —and even women and children— in the land of civilization from which she has recently come. If "cussing," to these children, is such a harmless thing as this, it is negligible consideration in the problem of teaching the ways of righteousness and truth, which is the work we have come to do.

If a more experienced missionary is there to advise and initiate the new arrivial, she will be told almost at once that this "cussing" is really a grave offence and must not be treated lightly; but if, as is frequently the case, she has not that advantage, it will be some time before she begins to come to the conclusion

that this matter must be looked into. The children and grown people take it as a serious thing, and there must be something behind it.

"Out of the heart the mouth speaketh." We find that these apparently innocent words of the so-called "cuss," are spoken with the purpose of hurting; with the desire of calling attention to the peculiarities in appearance and action of the person herself or of her friends and relatives. A great many people do not like to be teased, but how many of us who do not mind being teased, would enjoy the same teasing words, if we knew they were spoken with malicious intention? And that is exactly what "cussing" is in this land. When Ruth says to Mary, "Your mammy," Ruth means and Mary knows that she means to speak slightingly of Mary's mother, and Mary gets angry about that, so a quarrel ensues. Grace says to Hannah, "Your daddy go dig." which refers to digging in a graveyard, and is a great insult, so Grace and Hannah may come to blows.

"Cusses" are many and varied —frequently coined to fit the occasion, but always insulting and spoken with the intention of being so. Quite naturally the older people do not take these more simple "cusses," which we have mentioned in connection with the schools, quite as seriously as the children, but they are likely to cause hard feelings and quarrels, even with the adults. More serious "cusses," calling attention to evil characteristics or actions (true or untrue) often bring about lawsuits, and result in heavy fines. Among the native people, the palaver is carried to the chief, who "cuts" it by giving satisfaction to the injured party, usually in the form of money. In the civilized settlements, it is not uncommon to have the matter taken to court, and the hasty person who let his tongue run away with him, suffers in consequence.

Cursing, in its most highly civilized state of advancement, is known in the settlements, likewise among some natives who have come in contact with civilized people who stoop to that deplorable habit. We have even found some mission children who have picked up some such expressions from their home surroundings; and, like children at home, use them because they sound big. However, cursing and swearing are entirely different from this "cussing" to which we have referred above. The latter is an insult to one's fellow man, while the former is an insult to God.

The mission children do not "cuss" one another in the presence of the missionaries, of course; but frequently the injured one will bring the palaver. and after we have learned that it is a serious matter, we use rather severe punishments in dealing with it. Knowing that the missionaries will always take up such a complaint, several little children came to a missionary not long ago, telling long. sorry tales about two little girls who had gotten into a "cussing" quarrel. While the story was being rehearsed, the missionary noticed that the two culprits were unusually quiet and unconcerned; they did not speak in, and attempt to interrupt with excuses and explanations as is often the case. This

somewhat puzzled her, but she listened on, finally calling attention to a sermon which had been preached in the church the previous Sunday, having a distinct bearing on the matter of our words and actions toward one another. This little talk seemed to have the desired effect, and the little folks stood quiet and serious for a few moments. Finally, one spoke up and said, "Miss———, I don't think there was really much to this palaver." The missionary was thoughtful a moment, then, from the spokesman of the occasion, "Miss———, let me tell you the truth. We wanted to come to your room to visit you, and we could think of no reason to give for coming and knocking at your door, so we made this palaver up. There isn't a word of truth in what we said, these girls didn't cuss each other at all." The reason for the composure of the supposed culprits thus came to light, and the delighted kiddies were entertained for a little while by their teacher, and went on their way rejoicing.

Unfortunately, most "cussing" palavers have much more behind them than this one. How to deal with this custom in order to teach the children not only that it is wrong, but when they are reviled to revile not again, is one of the problems to be dealt with in the schools in our mission in Liberia.

MARKING WASHINGTON'S JOURNEY.

The patriotic order of the D. A. R. is not engaged altogether in social stunts and politics. The order contributes no little to the preservation of history, which bears directly upon Revolutionary events. Among the many worthy deeds that must be credited to the activity of the D. A. R., and which is of more than passing interest, is the determination of marking the course of George Washington's famous trip through the South.

Recently there was a meeting of the chapters in an eastern section of the state, held at Dunn with the Cornelius Harnett chapter as hostess. At that meeting Mrs. W. N. Reynolds, of Winston-Salem, delivered an address bearing on the purposes of the D. A. R., with respect to marking Washington's course through the state. Of course, there must be a marker of the home where Washington spent a night in Cabarrus and the home of the little girl on the Concord and Salisbury road, who had the honor of giving the great soldier something to eat.

Among other things Mrs. Reynolds, in her interesting remarks to the daughters at the Dunn meeting, said:

One of the most delightful things in life is to be the herald of a happy event, the message bearer of a welcome bit of news—and it is this—that the D. A. R., of North Carolina have decided to mark Washington's journey through our State. This is a momentous and historic event which we want to portray in bronze and stone and we need the co-operation of the manhood and womanhood of North Carolina to unite in this

great joyous rededication of ourselves to the ideals of our form of government and to the purposes and patriotic passions of the founders of this, our glorious country and State, Washington lighted a torch called the Constitution, under which we have made the most inspiring progress of any country in the world.

In the spring of the year 1791, in the interval between the first and second sessions of Congress, President George Washington, greatly encouraged by Lafayette determined to take a private journey to the Southern States with two purposes in view. The first and minor purpose the restoration of his health which had been considerably impaired by the hardships of the Revolutionary War, and the second and major purpose, an earnest and necessary endeavor to come into personal contact with the spirit and sentiment of the Southern States, which were felt to be far removed from the center of the new Republic, and whose attitude toward the new problems of government was not as yet fully ascertained.

With his characteristic care and exactness. President Washington himself, mapped out to the last detail every day's journey and every night's stopping place, of this the longest single journey which as President he ever undertook. The journey itself, occupied 100 days and covered a total of 1887 miles and was made without interruption according to his previously scheduled program and with entire freedom from accidents or misfortune.

Washington first visited Halifax, N. C., next Tarborough, Greenville, New Bern, Wilmington, Belvedere Estate near Wilmington, Charlotte, Salisbury, Salem, now Winston-Salem, and Guilford Court House or Battle Field. At each of the above places an appropriate marker will be placed a bronze tablet on stone—the location of the marker to be decided upon by the D. A. R. Chapter in the town. A Washington Elm will be planted near each marker placed.

The committee is composed of the following.

Mrs. William N. Reynolds, chairman; Mrs. S. N. Ferguson, Halifax; Mrs. C. M. Parks, Tarboro; Miss Mary P. Ward, New Bern; Miss Margaret L. Gibson, Wilmington; Mrs. Frank Smith, Charlotte; Miss Mary Henderson, Mrs. Gorman, Salisbury; Mrs. S. Clay Williams, Winston-Salem; Mrs. J. M. Milliken, Guilford, Greensboro; Mr. Burton, Mr. Howard Rondthaler, Mrs. Felix Harvey, Kinston; Mr. Paul Schenk, Greensboro.

Marking Washington's journey through North Carolina should be an inspiring, educational and spiritual event, to be celebrated by our entire State, when we should not only seek to be true to the way, marks of our state's progress, but to portray its significance to the whole country.

Washington belonged to that noble company known and revered in history as men of deeds and not of words —their records were written in terms of patrotism and service.

I can give you nothing better than Lincoln's tribute to Washington:

"Washington is the mightiest name on earth. Long since mightier in the cause of civil liberty; still mightiest in the moral reformation. On that

name a eulogy is expected—it cannot be.—

To add brightness to the sun—or glory to the name of Washington is alike impossible. Let none attempt it. In solemn awe pronounce the name, and in its deathless splendor, leave it, shining on!''

YOUTH AND AGE.

(Asheville Citizen.)

A story from Asheville life: a young man and his parents arrived at one of the city's boarding-houses this week, and it soon got about that several years ago he had left his Georgia home as a mere boy with a few dollars in his pocket, that he had gone to Florida and, by virtue of his industry and business vision, was now well on his way to riches, that this was his first vacation, and that he had chosen to celebrate it by motoring to his old home in his own car and touring through the country, bringing his father and mother to Asheville for a stay of a few weeks, he himself paying all the expenses of the trip.

When that became known, the young man was the hero of the house. Everbody there commented on the ''unusualness'' of his performance. One woman said: ''How seldom, how tragically seldom, we see nowadays such thoughtfulness of parents on the part of their children! The cry of the young people now is always for their own pleasure and indulgence. I don't know when I have heard of a more beautiful thing than what this young man has done in electing to spend his vacation in giving pleasure to his parents.'' His father and mother, taking no pains to conceal their happy pride in their boy, said: ''Yes; we think it was a wonderful thing for him to do.''

But there is another story back of it. Not all the praise is due the young man. Years ago the seed from which his service of love sprang was planted. The youngsters who go back, in affection and reverence, to the ''old nest'' are drawn thither by the pull of their memories of a happy chidlhood and beloved parents whom they once considered so great and so perfect. The young man in this story, when he gave his vacation to his father and mother, paid tribute to what his parents had done for him and given him in his younger years. It is almost an unfailing rule that the parents in the way they bring up their children, determine how many or how few of the dividends of happiness these children will pay them in later years.

It is with human character, very often, as it is with a torch: the more it is shaken, the more it shones.—W. W. Newton.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By James Davis.

The recent rains have made the lawn look very green.

The carpenter shop boys have made harness racks for the barn force.

A number of gallons of blackberries were picked by the small boys last Friday morning.

Charlie Haynes and Travis Browning, former boys at the school, paid us a visit Monday morning.

James Caviness, a member of the third cottage, received his parole last Saturday.

Normie Lee, also a member of the third cottage received his parole last Monday.

String bean season is again here and the boys have to string beans after supper about twice a week.

Mr. Reese I. Long made a survey of the proposed water line from Coddle Creek to the school Friday morning.

Horse shoe pitching has become quite a popular game with the boys as a good many of the boys practice after supper.

The Latham Pavilion received a second coat of paint during the past week. With the fresh paint shining, this pavilion looks very attractive.

Rev. J. H. Barnhardt, pastor of the Tryon Street Methodist church of Charlotte, conducted the services Sunday afternoon. He took his text from Daniel 6:3.

The tennis court is again in use and a good many of the tennis fans are glad of it. Since the boys have started to play tennis a good many of them have learned about the game.

Prof. W. M. Crook, one of the teachers and officer of the second cottage, has resumed his duties at the institution, after being confined to his room for the past ten days with the mumps.

We are grateful to the Charlotte baseball club for the baseballs which they donated to the institution. The boys who play baseball are glad of the fact that they have some good balls. We thank the Charlotte club for them.

The Rocky River team visited us again last week and received their second defeat at the hands of the boys locals by the score of 10 to 9. On their former visit here the local boys sent them back with the short end of the 5 to 4 score. The visitors started scoring early by crossing the plate

once in the second and third innings, but the locals came back strong in the sixth, scoring five times on several consecutive hits coupled with two errors. The visitors added two in the eighth and tied the score in the ninth on Reid's home run down the right field embankment. The River boys proceeded to sew up the game by scoring four in the tenth, but this was short lived when the locals hopped on Kiser for four runs in their half of the inning, and won the game by filling the bases with none out in the eleventh. This was the second extra inning game played so far this season.

Letter writing day came around again last week and all the boys had the pleasure of sending a letter home.

HONOR ROLL.

Room No. 1

"A"

Edd Ellis, Ray Franklin, John Keenan, Valton Lee, Oler Griffin, Smiley Morrow, Mark Jolly, Herbert Apple, Willie Case, James Davis, Everett Goodrich, Irvin Moore, Clyde Pierce, Delmas Robertson.

"B"

David Brown, Ernest Brown, Elwyn Green, Doy Hagwood, George Howard, Sylvester Honeycutt, Willie Herndon, Albert Hill, Carl Henry, Floyd McArthur, Mike Mahoney, Hallie Matthews, Sam Osborn, Roy Rector, Thomas Sessoms, Zeb Trexler, Robert Ward, Jesse Wall, Isaac Anderson, Joe Caroll, Olive Davis, James Watts, Theodore Wallace, Cucell Watkins, Herman Goodman, Charles Loggins.

Room No. 2

"A"

James Bland, William Beard, Elvis Carlton, Harvey Cook, John Faggart, Abe Goodman, Arthur Hyler, Frank Hill, George McCone, Herbert Orr, James Phillips, Dwight Queen, Teachey Rich, Wirron Terry, Vernon Hall, William Bearnan, Pete Ransom, Roy Johnson, Basel Johnson, Robert McDaniels, Richard Meekins, William Nichols, Bryant Tally, Earl Wade, Walter Williams, Graham York, Walter Hildreth, Homer Montgomery, Joe Stevens, Earl Secrest, David Driver, Joe Wilks, Doug Williams, Clayton Stevens, Alton Piner, Albert Garrison, Ralph Martin.

"B"

Judge Brooks, Herman Cook, William Creasman, John Kemp, Garfield Mercer, James Poplin, Dick Pettipher, Lester Staley, Carl Teague, Roy Lafon, Adam Beck, Johnny Boyd, Russell Capps, Buford Carter, Alton Etheridge, Walter Evers, Jas. Ford, Dave Fountain, Paul Hager, Roy Johnson, Elmo Oldham, Sam Stevens, Clemon Floyd, Clif Hedrick, Wenton Matthews, Albert Buck, Clarence Maynard, Lester Bowen, Herbert Fulford, Bill Rising.

Room No. 3

"A"

John Johnston, Leonard Atkins, Lawrence Scales, Ralph Leatherwood, James Bedingfield, Simon Wade, Silvian Gregg, Clyde Peterson, Sam Poplin.

"B"

Albert Stanley, Raymond Richards, Carlton Hegar, Sol Thompson, Dina Brown.

Room No. 4.

"A"

Olen Williams, Lindsay Lambeth, James Reddick, Leonard Burleson, Ed Moses, Frank Butcher, Clyde Lovett, Norman Watkins, Lum McGee, Tom Groce, Pearson Hunsucker, Ben Stubbs, John Gray, William Hamon, Cecil Trull, Roy Houser, Clarance Rogers.

"B"

Ennis Harper, Lonnie Lewis, Hill Ellington, Hunter Cline, Clyde Smith, Delmas Stanley, Rudolph Watts, Dan Nethercut, Lonnie McGee, Herbert Floyd, James McCoy, Bertie Murray, James Davis, John Presnell, Eugene Keller, Maston Britt, Hewitt Collier, Lee Wright, John Hill.

Room No. 5

"A"

Van Dowd, George Cox, Clarence Weathers, Walter Culler, Al Pettigrew, Samuel Devon, Elmer Proctor, Theodore Coleman, Glenn Taylor, Guy Haddock, Lester Love, Bolling Byrd, Ottis Floyd, Wilbert Rackley, Turner Preddy, Ralph Glover, Larry Griffin, James Long, Burton Emery, John Watts, Everett Cavanaugh, John Warren, Ben Cameron, Albert Stanbury, Earl Edwards, James Williams, Andrew Parker, Robert Monday, Claude Wilson, Kelly Tedder, Howard Riddle, Tessey Massey, Wannie Frink, Earl Mayfield.

"B"

Charlie Huggins, Ray Brown, Paul Sapp, Willie Shaw, Normie Beck, Lee Cabe, Reggie Payne, Earl Torrence William McMahan, C. Ballard, Rex Allen, John Davis Sprinkle, Bennie Cook.

Not a single one of the liberties that we enjoy was conceived in America. Each and every one of them was cradled in the Old World. These principles of civil liberty had all been sprung in Europe and had for generations been forcing and fighting their way onward . through the heroic efforts, the unstinted self-sacrifice, the splendid devotion of the early martyrs, who dreamed of the blessings we enjoy and died rather than be silent. . . . The true heroes of our race are not those who blazon the march of great thought and great principles as they burst into final success. They lie in unmarked graves beneath the accumulated oblivion of bygone ages. Their brains cradled the daring thought at a time when it was treason. Their burning lips proclaimed it when the gibbet, or the dungeon, or the stake was almost certain to be their doom.—Senator Thomas E. Watson.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SCHEDULE

South Bound

No.	29	2:35 A. M.
”	31	6:07 A. M.
”	11	8:05 A. M.
”	33	8:25 A. M.
”	45	3:55 P. M.
”	135	8:35 P. M.
”	35	10:12 P. M.

North Bound

No.	30	2:00 A. M.
”	136	5:00 A. M.
”	36	10:25 A. M.
”	46	3:15 P. M.
”	34	4:43 P. M.
”	12	7:10 P. M.
”	32	8:36 P. M.
”	40	9:28 P. M.

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Southern Railway
Concord, N. C.

THE UPLIFT

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U. N. C. Library

VOL. XIII CONCORD, N. C., JULY 11, 1925 No. 33

GOOD LUCK: A WORKER.

There's an old proverb to this effect: "The man who does not buckle in soon fizzles out." It is a trueism. Life is a game that must be played according to the rules, or we'll be relegated to the trash heap.

Lots of people who think that they are patient and long suffering are merely lazy and short-sighted. The game is never over until we have won or lost. Many a man has bowed his head and left the dock just before his boat came in.

When a miner finds a nugget, folks usually say he is lucky. But it isn't luck. The miner went for the nugget where they were to be found. He dug, and dug, and dug. When you land a prize it is because of work—and brains.

The possessor of good luck is a worker.—Old Hurrygraph.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription

Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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IS THIS TRUE?

"He who has doubts as to the finish never starts anything." This statement was made as a general truth to be applied universally. At first glance, it seems a truism and at once illustrations flash into the mind to substantiate its generalization. But, how does this square with the other statement, "I can't see my way through, but I will undertake it and do my best." We wonder if it is not true that many times great achievements have resulted from the latter course, when by being guided by the former nothing would have been attempted. Truth lives in each statement. The man of faith and hope will act on the former when he can, but will not stand idly by doing nothing, undertaking nothing, even if he must venture on the uncertain promise in the latter. We are supposed to count the cost before starting to build our tower, and to estimate our strength before meeting our enemy, but emergencies arise when we must venture and pioneer, and let hope be our stimulus. This is certainly the case in our material and physical undertakings.—Selected.

TONSORIAL PROFESSOR.

This may be astonishing to the public, but not more so than some of the introductions that have heretofore been made. Ben Dixon MacNeill, who contributes a column in the Sunday News & Observer, which he calls "Reportorial By-Products," has come out strong for a Professor of Barbering. Why not?

Mr. MacNeill puts it this way:

No valid reason occurs to me why the University should not install a

college of barbering They will, of course, have to find a better sounding name than that. It would never do to speak of the product of the "school of sales relations as drummers." They have not been called by that name in a great many years. We speak of them as traveling salesmen, and no doubt there is a new and fitting name for these graduates that is more exclusive than traveling salesmen. Being one of the creatures who people the outer darkness I have not yet heard it.

Eventually there will be such a school at the University, and it should be there. I would submit the suggestion that when it is established, a professor of conversation be included in the curriculum, with courses in "what to talk to customers about, and how." And I would have my degreed barber better versed in the art of selling me additional ministrations. I have not had my face massaged in years, or tonic on my hair, mainly because none of the current barbers offer them in an artistic or business like manner. Let them have a few hours in "sales relations."

* * * * * * * * *

IMPERISHABLE MEMORIES.

At the recent meeting of the North Carolina Bar Association some notable addresses were delivered. Among them was an appreciation of Franklin McNeill, late of the Corporation Commission, by Gov. McLean. The Governor strongly presented in his memorial the high qualities of mind and soul that intimate friends easily recognized in Mr. McNeill, who was the author of his fortune. Hon. A. L. Brooks told the story of the life and the great accomplishments of Chief Justice Clark, one of the brightest lights in the history of the state; and ex-Judge Rountree, of Wilmington, told of the beautiful life and the patriotism of the late Locke Craig. These memorials will be preserved as they should be for the pleasure and profit of coming generations.

No three speakers on any occasion had better subjects for a sincere appreciation of life and deeds than did Gov. McLean, Hon. A. L. Brooks and Judge Rountree in speaking of McNeill, Clark and Craig. Their memories are imperishable.

* * * * * * * * *

A THIRTY-FOUR YEAR SERVICE.

From the Salisbury Evening Post we get the story of the service, which has been rendered Rowan county by Prof. Robert G. Kizer, for thirty-four years

in an educational capacity. It is an inspiring record.

Prof. Kizer is retiring on account of his advancing age, and for no other reason. He is succeeded by Prof. George Howard, who has come into the educational limelight in the past few years. The nice things said of Prof. Kizer, his faithfulness and his devotion, by The Post and Mr. J. M. McCorkle, the chairman of the Rowan School Board, are fully deserved. Prof. Kizer has been a laborious worker, and he strove to advance the schools of Rowan county in keeping with the enlightened consciousness and spirit of the times. He has not advanced them as in some counties, but it was not his fault—he had many obstacles that gave him fight. But he has made a glorious record—this is attested by a general satisfaction with him and his service for a third of a century.

* * * * * * * * *

WHY NOT STOP IT?

It is perhaps none of our business, but we think so much of Charlotte and her fine citizenship that we can no longer abstain from making a comment.

Why do the civic clubs and the woman's club not raise a howl against the unsighltiness and disfigurement of the street that enters the city from the North? It is always unkept and in a mess. Not content with its general dirtiness, they add to the streets all kinds of signs, placards, and advertisements tacked on the trees. A stranger approaching the beautiful Queen City must get, from the surroundings and the condition of extended North Tryon, an impression that he is entering a city in which no civic pride abides.

* * * * * * * * *

The A. P. seems to be following up Mr. Coolidge and his wife. They haven't had Cal raking hay yet, but there is plenty of time. They have had Mrs. Coolidge dodging cars, a pastime that every woman in the land is engaged in if she goes across the streets; and not satisfied with this, the A. P. announces that the first lady of the land took a swim, when nearly everybody takes a bath occasionally, whether he needs it or not.

* * * * * * * * *

Whenever there is under discussion anything that invalves education and the advancement of the child, you'll find present Col. Baldy Boyden. He witnessed the retirement of Prof. Kizer and the induction of Prof. Howard, and called down on each of them such blessings that a noble heart bears for

men. This was a scene in the county court house of Rowan on Monday.

* * * * * * * * * *

Bryan declares that "Christianity and evolution are engaged in a 'Duel to the death.'" This is not the first time that the devil and his imps have undertaken to dethrone the church.

* * * * * * * * * *

Dayton, Tennessee, is now a sharp rival of Swampscott. The A. P. will have to do some lively hustling, or the Coolidges will be overshadowed by the monkey investigation.

* * * * * * * * * *

In spite of a few growlers and pessimists, the bank reports, predicated on the June 30th statement, indicate a prosperous condition of the country.

* * * * * * * * * *

That fellow Scopes has won for himself a place in history and in the court records.

"AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT."

By B. L. Umberger.

The heading of the first article in your issue of June 27th is a good word that is not overworked. Reading between the lines of this article, prompts me to use it right now.

I have been a reader of the "Uplift" and a great believer of the Jackson Training School from the beginning. You may recall that once I was a delinquent in paying my subscription and you stopped the "Uplift." I sent check and advised you to put it on record that my subscription was not only for my lifetime, but for you to send it to my heirs and assigns forever.

As I daily pass your place in the public 'Bus, I hear many comments. Most of the drivers are loyal, but frequently find a passenger who is a "knocker." I will give you one instance, which was a climax. It was from an elderly lady, well dressed, and from the North. She certainly had a grouch, but we made her look like thirty cents before she reached Charlotte. She seemed to hate all reform schools. She sat directly in front of me and asked my friend (who was near her) what kind of an institution we were passing. We were all dumbfounded when she made this remark: "I would rather kill my child than let it go to a reform school." At this everybody sat up and took notice. My friend looked back at me appealingly. I took up the case by asking her to give us her reason. She told of the mismanagement in the North in several of the states, especially her State, which, I believe, was Ohio. She seemed to think that no one but a parent would give a child a square deal. She said she knew where children had been beaten and crippled in institutions of this kind, that several superintendents in her State were now in the penitentiary. I quickly told her that she was talking about mismanagement, and possibly politics, and not the Jackson Training School; that we all knew this institution from birth and not a hint of scandal had ever appeared. This was verified by the other passengers, including the driver, who gave her several examples that he had known where boys had made good. Her opinion was greatly changed before she reached Charlotte.

I have the clipping habit and very few of the copies of the "Uplift" get by me whole. I mark the balance and hand them over to neighbors, or someone on the 'Bus line. One of my standard answers to people inquiring about the Jackson Training School is that there are at least two men there who do not get the credit they deserve.

The big job there is not only to "feed the lambs, but teach them the work habit." What is a boy, or any other living thing worth to his family, country, state, church and community if he has not the work and steady habit?

Speaking of the "Uplift," I try to subscribe to periodicals that give me both sides of all questions. In my list you will find church papers,

papers on politics of all kinds, together with several independent papers. I class the "Uplift" with the free thinkers; keep it up! Toray, after reading many views of the Tennessee and Oregon laws on Evolution, I found the best of all in old "Hurrygraph's columns. I had to read it out loud and laugh. Among the things in the article, I quote the following: "This discussion running riot over the country about 'isms' and 'cisms' does not turn the tranquility of my mind the least bit. I am not taking the Scriptures and turning them around and over to see if it means something else than what it expresses. I take the Scriptures with the faith a child takes in its parents. I am not a bit excited over Evolution, revolution or any other kind of 'Lution.' I know human beings spring from monkeys—when a monkey springs at them."

Here is hoping the Jackson Training School and the Uplift Magazine will continue to uplift humanity under the same management.

THE OLD LINOTYPE.

The Department of Agriculture recently prepared one of its customary bulletins on oats, but the linotype operator took a notion he would glance away from his keyboard while setting up the type, and he struck the letter "C" instead of the letter "O" with the result that the department turned out a bulletin on "Cats" when the proof-readers were, also, asleep at their desks.

Only a few of the bulletins got into the mails before the mistake was discovered, but from these some rather interesting facts are discovered as to the importance of the "cat crop" of this Country.

We are told that "the cat crop ranks third in importance in the United States. Cats traditionally constitute the banner horse feed of the world, and 3 per cent is used for human consumption."

It seems, according to the bulletin, that cats are subject to some strange disease, such as "smut, stem rust and crown rust," then follows a discourse on wild cats, broken cats, and wilted and withered cats. The latter kind can often be seen along the roads just after an automobile has passed.—Marshville Home.

AN UNUSUAL WOMAN.

(Asheville Citizen.)

In a Presbyterian Church paper we read of an American woman living in Mexico who entertained a woman's church meeting under conditions which would really have disconcerted some hostesses. Although without a servant she provided three bountiful meals for fourteen guests and attended the meetings, although handicapped by the fact that three of her children were ill with measles.

We may make of this the idea that this woman is a survival of the old type which sacrificed itself to all occasions, or that she is of that competent kind that can do a dozen things at once, or that she is prodigiously zealous in church work. Probably she represents two, and possibly all three, of these types. Certainly she is a fine woman.

At any rate, her achievement is not without suggestion to other women. It may not be recommended that they so strenuously exert themselves —in many cases it would be highly unwise to do so, a misconception of duty—but the thought of what this woman did may make the burdens of some others seem lighter. The woman who returns from a card party to find her cook quit may find consolation in the thought that she has not to prepare a meal for fourteen people. The servantless woman who is tasked to furnish light refreshments to her church society may well rejoice that there is no case of measles among the children. And the single woman dwelling in a boarding house can be consoled by the realization that she has neither children with measles nor company to cook for. Contrast often affords consolation.

WEAR COTTON THIS MONTH.

Just as Harold Lloyd depends upon his grinless grin for his existence and fame so does Cleveland county rely on cotton. And by the statement we mean not only the farmers but everyone. Let Billy Boll Weevil win his game with the bolls or the market drop and "hard times" for business in general hereabouts is just around the corner. The more cotton goods are used the more they are in demand, and so goes the price and continuation of our prosperity.

The Piedmont Textile Journal a weekly paper published in Gastonia, has originated an idea to set aside the month of July as cotton fashion month. During this month it will be fashionable to wear cotton in some form on all occasions. If, as the rumor experts say, milady lessens the demand for cotton goods and also decreases the price because of her silken things, something must be worn to make up for those nameless necessities that once were cotton—mebbe.—Cleveland Star.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

Some philosopher has said that "A pat on the back while living is worth a bucket of tears on the face when dead." It's the truth. If he or she does something fine, praise him or her. If the other fellow says something good about him or her, repeat it. It is better than repeating the bad you hear and are so prone to repeat, regardless of the consequences. Every time you give the other fellow a boost it is a hitch ahead for you. In order to make the riding easy, keep your frienship road clear of criticism.

The problem of parking automobiles is one of the greatest questions with those who own automobiles. And it is getting so that a man, even, can hardly find a place to park himself. When an auto owner comes up town in the morning and eventually finds a space to park, he returns to it later to find that it is so hemmed in by cars in front and in the rear, that he has to almost take his car to pieces to get it out. Automobile owners have their troubles as well as other folks.

That West Virginia darkey blacksmith, who made a change in his business had about as much human nature in him as is gnerally given to human beings. He framed and put up this announcement: "Notice—De copardnership heretofore resisting between Me and Moses Skinner is hereby resolved. Dem what owes de firm will settle wid me; and dem de firm owes will settle wid Mose." Can you beat that for human ingenuity?

These warm summer days inclining most people to pleasures, reminds me that the late "Tom" Marshall observed: "The real evil confronting us today is the high cost of leisure." Too much leisure gives encouragement to the devil's worshop force. The world's work, of which ours is a part, has to be done notwithstanding.

It is certainly a joy to some people to own an automobile, and they make it a joy to others. I was in the neighboring city of Raleigh some time ago, and I was struck with the liberality, the generosity, the good fellowship, and the kindliness of the capital city to strangers, and those apparently not acquainted with the place. The cheerful-hearted, good-deeds-doing citizens would drive up to a stranger standing on the pavement and inquire: "Going up, or down town?" "Can I take you somewhere?" and like salutations. It was music to my ears, for I have been one of the fortunates to be thus accosted. That is what I call real, genuine honest to goodness neighborliness. You don't find that kindliness in every place. Raleigh is sowing the seeds of good-will that will blossom all over the country, and return to her some day in a beautiful bouquet.

I met a man at the postoffice the other day who had fished out one of

his last summer suits and had it on for the first time this summer. While we were conversing he put his hand in an inside pocket; suddenly ceased speaking; his eyes rolled up as if he had all at ance seen a vision in the office—I expect he had—and his lips went out in a round pucker like he was going to kiss me, and I thought he was seized with an attack of appendicitis, and began to look around to see if a doctor was in the neighborhood. What do you suppose it was that affected him? He had put his hand on a letter his wife had given him to mail more than a year ago. He said the incident was closed. He'd never mention it to his wife, and let her still think the letter went astray. Wasn't that like a man? It was so like myself that I had to console him by telling him what had happened in my wife letter-mailing career. Mrs. "Hurry-graph" gave me a letter to mail early in the morning. Sure I'd do it the first thing in passing the postoffice. About 2:30 the next morning, as I put my hand in my pocket to get my night latch key, for entrance to my domicile, I pulled out this letter. Now, says I to myself, I will walk right straight back, some five blocks, at this hour of the morning, and put this letter in the postoffice, so that when she asked me later that morning if I had mailed her letter (which they always do, as wives know their husbands so well) I could tell her yes; and the trouble to walk back will so impress my mind that I will not do such a thing again. Well, bless to goodness, the very next day she gave me another one to mail and the very some thing happened. Aren't we husbands "some pumpkins" when it comes to mailing our wives letters?

Times have changed with newspapers as well as with people and the customs of the age. Well do I remember the time when the country editor—for I have been one myself—was beseiged with propositions to swap advertising space for electric bells, liver pills, liver pads, cottage organs, school certificates, bicycles, pencils and fountain pens that did not fount. There was one new proposition, however, that struck the country editor as progress—progress with a big P. That was the breakfast food proposition. For myself I do not care whether it is breakfast food, dinner food, or supper food, just so it feeds. Of course this breakfast food will not feed a press; buy paper and ink; cheer up the office force; but is a cereal story the papers have long looked for. To my mind this is a brilliant light o'er the hilltops of journalism, in comparison to the old methods of wood and pumpkins, potatoes and chips. We need to rejoice over this fact. The daydawn of feed has "arrove." He that hath a good harvest may be content with some thistles.

A wise authority once said: "The letter killeth but the spirit maketh alive." "Principles were given for people of intelligence, rules for those with none," some modern man has has paraphrased the same truth. The Bible is composed, in its best parts, of principles and not rules. No soul sensitive to spiritual impressions can miss its total meaning. If one is not so constituted as to appreciate

the book no amount of arguments or pretty theories will ever awaken him to it. If the story of Joseph, or of Hosea, or the Good Samaritan does not appeal to a man on their own account and by their own native power then no power on earth can appeal to that man. He is spiritually blind. And the argument should end at that point. Coercion is of no avail in this sphere.

You realize that it is vacation time of the year when you see cars streaming along the highway loaded with camping stuff; the neighbors closing up the blinds in the daytime, and hustling off; and you miss familiar faces in the offices and on the streets. The schools are all closed. I heard of a teacher who said she was going to keep on setting her alarm clock all summer just so she could have the satisfaction of throwing a pillow at it. Which only goes to show that teachers are made of just the same stuff that the children are, and don't like to get up one bit better. I guess its only the insects, like ants and busy bees, and English sparrows, that really like to work all the time, without any off time.

Oh, I heard such a funny story about bees the other day. A friend of mine brought it to me from California, where they have such dreadful calamities as well as good stories, fine fruit and beautiful scenery almost equal to that of Western North Carolina. This lady of whom I speak says she was at San Luis one day when she saw a lot of people standing on the sidewalk looking at a car in the street. When she got nearer she found that a whole colony of bees had swarmed and settled on the hub of the rear wheel, and the poor man that owned the care didn't dare start it for fear they'd all come around and sting him. Someone else was trying to make them swarm somewhere else, but they preferred the location they had chosen and wouldn't budge. It certainly was a novelty in "reasons why you can't start your car."

There is really no telling what electricity will do, besides killing folks who do not know how to use it. I believe it is destined to reorganize American farm life. What would happen if the American farmer could press a button and do a large part of his work as it is done in a modern factory? The day of farm electrification is drawing nearer. Power companies have actually made it possible in large sections of this nation, but general farm electrification will be brought about as a result of complete co-operation between the four groups most vitally interested—the government, the farmer, the electric equipment manufacturer and the power companies. Fortunately for the people of this nation, our regulatory bodies see the necessity of such co-operation and are today more than ever before basing their rulings on sound principles of business which recognize that the need of the consumer cannot be served to the best advantage without fair consideration of the needs of the power company. Neither the company nor the consumer can profit at the expense of the other.

A FAITHFUL SERVANT.

When Prof. R. G. Kiser retires next Monday, July 6, as superintendent of schools of Rowan county he will relinquish a position he has held for thirty-five consecutive years, a longer service in this capacity than has ever been credited to any man in any county in North Carolina, and he takes with him as he goes out of office a record that is unparalleled in the educational history of the state and one that sheds honor and glory on him and on the county of Rowan which he has served so faithfully.

Robert G. Kiser, the retiring superintendent of public instruction for Rowan county, was born in Salem, Va., and received his education at Roanoke College. He has been in the school work from his boyhood days, as pupil, teacher, or educator. After leaving college he taught for several terms in the rural schools of Tennessee and Kentucky; then returning to his native town he accepted the principalship of the graded schools, which position he filled for six years. He then came to North Carolina and established at Enochville one of the few rural high schools in the state at that time. With the services at this place and a year's teaching in Mississippi ended, he came to Salisbury in 1885 and was principal of the graded schools here for fifteen years. A few of the graduates sent out from the schools were: Dr. Walter Murphy, Leo Wallace, noted for handling figures, Cham Coughenour, J. L. Rendleman, Ernest Woodson, Stahle Linn and others. As to his services as superintendent the outstanding features may be summed up as follows. He has served under seven chairmen of Boards of Education in Rowan from the late J. A. Hedrick to J. M. McCorkle. He has never missed a meeting of the County Board of Education held on the first Monday in the month, except one caused by the death of a near relative in a distant state. During his 34 years consecutive service as county superintendent he served under seven state superintendents from the late Major S. M. Finger to Supt. A. T. Allen.

There was a period of about nine years, from 1891 to 1900, during which Prof. Kizer was joint superintendent of the Salisbury public schools and the county schools.

Mr. Kizer had the good fortune to receive a fine mark at a public examination for rural and urban teachers held by George R. McNeill first Rowan county superintendent. There were fifty applicants for certificates to teach. Mr. Kizer's mark stood at the top, nearly 97 average, and the examiner wrote on the certificate, "Fortune favors the brave."

The superintendent who soon will lay aside the special duties of the office will ever be ready and willing in every way possible to work for the interests of the school and thereby advance a cause so dear to him and to which he has, thus far, devoted his whole life.

There had been only three superintendents of schools in Rowan county before Mr. Kizer took up these duties, each of these serving only a comparatively short time. They were

in the order of their tenure of office: George R. McNeill, L. H. Rothrock and T. C. Linn. When Mr. Kizer took charge of the schools of the county the schools census for the entire county, including Salisbury, was around 5,000. Now it is nearly 17,000. The total school fund of Rowan was then around $20,000 and it is now around $300,000. At that time there was not a high school in the county and the school houses, mostly one-room structures, were cheap, poorly constructed buildings with no conveniences whatever. Now there are numerous modern educational buildings throughout the county. Spencer and East Spencer were then unknown and these places have gone through a rapid development along school lines until Spencer has a fine system of schools with a modern new high school that has long since been taken from among the county schools, and likewise East Spencer has a splendid school building for both white and colored and is to become an accredited high school under direct supervision of the town. It has a new $65,000 building.

Getting out into the county among the schools that are still under the county board and the county superintendent there is the Rowan Farm Life school at China Grove with its 200 pupils and three splendid high school buildings, fifty acres of land and thirteen high school teachers, with a department of agriculture, domestic science and teacher training. In China Grove proper a new $60,000 building has just been completed for a standard elementary school. At Landis there is a modern $75,000 high school, and at Granite Quarry next year the new $50,000 school building will be occupied and the school there will go on the accredited list. Rockwell has a splendid high school on the accredited list for next year, with an enlarged building.

When the retiring county superintendent assumed office thirty-four years ago a special school tax district was unknown in Rowan as well as in practically every county in the state. He goes out leaving seventeen special tax districts, counting Landis, which voted such a tax two weeks ago. Fourteen of these special districts are in the county outside of Salisbury and the two Spencers.

In addition to these high school work is being done at Woodleaf, Mt. Ulla, Cleveland, Faith, Barber, and Miranda, with prospects of a still further widening of this scope of school work in Rowan at no distant day.

The total valuation of public school property in Rowan county, outside of Salisbury is now placed at approximately $400,000, whereas when Mr. Kizer assumed the superintendency of the county schools thirty-four years ago, it was less than $40,000.

—Salisbury Post.

The scientists say that a pre-historic race built huge apartment houses. Now if one of these evolution theories happen to be right we wonder why our ancestors wanted to build such houses when they had plenty of trees to scamper upon. For instance a "want ad" in the Monkey Blade of that day might have read: "For Rent—Second limb apartment with many adjoining branches for family with children."—Cleveland Star.

MODERN ARCADIA.

By Henry A. Grady in News and Observer.

We read in Genesis—2:8, that the Lord planted a garden eastward in Eden! and a river out of Eden to water the garden; and from thence it was parted and became into four heads. The name of the first river was Pison, the second Gihon, the third Hiddakel and the fourth Euphrates.

In like manner there are four rivers that rise in North Carolina, flow southwardly through the Palmetto State and mingle their waters in Winyah Bay, near the ancient city of Georgetown—the Waccamaw, the Lumber, the Peedee and the Lynch. The Waccamaw has its source in Columbus county, traverses Horry and Georgetown counties in South Carolina, practically paralleling the coast for more than sixty miles. The land in its vicinity is low and flat, and consequently the river is meandering and uncertain in its course.

To the east of Waccamaw lies Arcadia, bounded by the Atlantic, filled with peace and plenty, with birds and deer. Among its attractions is the settlement called Myrtle Beach, a famous resort for bathers and those who go out to fish. Ten miles to the south is Murrell's Inlet, a quiet retreat where one can rest from his labors; while up and down the river are the remains of many rice fields, now fallen into decay and as tangled as the Everglades of Florida. We understand that there was a Post Office in the community; but though we remained there for nearly three days, not a newspaper was to be seen. It is probable that the institution is ornamental rather than useful.

Everybody Rests.

Everybody rests at Murrell's Inlet. There is no statute forbidding manual labor, but the people obey the natural impulse and simply rest —morning, evening and night. The tiny cleared patches are cultivated by "niggers." The white population, descendants of Revolutionary patriots, lies under the live oaks or in hammocks, studying ornithology by day and astronomy by night. Occasionally they sit up and yawn; but the physical effort is too great a strain upon their anatomy, so they lie down again. Most of these people are of the aristoracy; or, as they would say, the morest of them are. Only the birds work. There are orioles, mockingbirds, whippoorwills, woodpeckers, blue jays, cardinals, woods thrush and warblers in countless numbers.

Such a place had been described to us, and it seemed a fit retreat for a weary Congressman, a tired Solicitor, an overwrought lawyer and a bench-ridden Judge. The Congressman in question was Hon. Homer L. Lyon, the Solicitor was Hon. Thomas A. McNeill, and the lawyer was Mr. W. E. Lynch, of Rowland, N. C. All of us were tired—the Congressman with him arduous duties at Washington, the Solicitor with nearly five months of continuous prosecution, the lawyer with the natural aversion to work that characterizes his

profession, while I had just finished the Spring Terms in the several counties of the Ninth Judicial District.

We left Dillion at about 11 o'clock and arrived at the Inlet at some thing like 3:30 on Saturday morning, June 6. On the following day, the Congressman, following the example of his famous namesake, began to mingle with the natives, dispelling ignorance and instructing those who were awake along the lines of least resistance. In a few hours he had fired one of the elder statesmen with a desire to run for Congress; or rather to offer for that honorable position, for running is out of the question in Arcadia. Nothing runs there except the deer of the forest and the waters as they yield to the force of gravitation. Before leaving we understood that the Congressman's adroit agitation had brought about the formation of a Club, which was solidly behind the aforesaid elder statesman. Before leaving the Capitol City the Congressman had provided himself with much paraphernalia, such as rods, reels, and imitation bait with which to fool the finny tribes of the Sea. After stirring up the native pride from a political standpoint he repaired to his room where he worried us much with the noise of great preparations, and in a few minutes we noticed him depart with a famous sea-going captain, sailing in the direction of the open sea. We might have had some uneasiness; but we understood that he was a member of the Committee on Rivers and Harbors and was perfectly at home on the water; so we left him to his angling while we surveyed the surrounding territory.

The 'Geechee Cook.

After a bountiful breakfast, prepared by Joe, the Geechee cook, we took the aforesaid elder statesman in our car and proceeded down the sand-asphalt road towards Winyah Bay. It is not exactly a sand-asphalt road; but it would be if there were any asphalt in it. The sand is there alright.

Arcadia was divided many years ago into large plantations containing from 10,000 to 20,000 acres, which were settled largely by French Huguenots who came up from Charlestion in search of rice lands. The Mansion Houses were set in lordly groves of live oaks, facing the Waccamaw river, many of which are still in excellent condition. Brook Green, the ante-bellum home of the Ward family, is said to have supported more than three thousand slaves, who cultivated the rice fields in the low-lands of the Waccamaw River, as did the slaves of other landed proprietors to the north and south. Owing to the vast number of negroes where the white population was sparse, and where communication between the two was infrequent, there grew up in this section a bastard dialect, part English and part African, know as Ogeechee or Gee chee, from a river of that name in northern Georgia; and to this day it is exceedinly difficult for a stranger to understand the negroes along the coast of South Carolina and Georgia. It was from Brook Green that Mrs. Joseph Allston (Theodosia Burr), sailed in 1813 on her ill-fated voyage to visit her

father in New York. At the gate entering this beautiful estate is a little cottage where dwell an ancient negro and his wife. He is the hereditary gate-opener for the Ward Estate. He is totally deaf. Unable to understand his lingo except that he was ninety-seven years of age, we named him Melchizadek, tossed him a quarter and passed in, leaving him bowing and scraping and calling upon all the tribe of Salem to bless us.

Prodigal Wealth.

It is impossible for us of today to understand the wealth of these early settlers or how prodigal they were in spending their money. The mansion sits in a vast grove of live oaks hung with mosses, and the place appears to have had the care of a landscape gardner. There relovely walks and avenues, and the steps leading down to the boat landing were of marble with enormous brick pillars on each side. The place is a veritable fairyland. Adjoining Brook Green on the south is the Allston Estate, called The Oaks. The surroundings are similar to those of Brook Green, showing great wealth and a refined taste. It was to this home in 1801 that Governor Joseph Allston brought his bride Theodosia, the only child of Aaron Burr, and, because of her tragic death at sea the place is clothed with an air of mystery. The giant oaks, robed with moss and swaying gently to the evening breezes may be likened to the forest primeval of Acadia, for they in fact.

"Stand like druids of old, with
voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards
that rest on their bosoms,"

while countless orioles flit from limb to limb, feeding their hungry broods and signing their vesper hymns with a wild and eerie piety.

Something like a half a mile away, hidden in the depths of the forent is the old Allston Grave Yard, where one may find the graves of this distinguished family. Running back so far as 1725 there are inscriptions of quaint form and verbiage. Among the shadows of the towering oaks, moss covered tombs, with their "half-effaced inscriptions, written with little skill or song-craft," speak of a by-gone day when time was young in the western hemisphere and patrotism was as holy as its name implies; but the tomm that stands out most prominently is that of Joseph Allston—a brick sepulcher covered by a marble slab, upon which is the following inscription:

Sacred To The Memory
of
Joseph Allston and Theodosia Burr
Allston and their son
Aaron Burr Allston.

This last died in June 1812 at the age of 10 years, and his remains are interred here. The disconsolate mother perished at sea few months after; and on the 10th Sept. 1816, died the father, when little over 37 years of age, whose remains rest here with the son.

The loss of this Citizen was no common one to the State. To its service he devoted himself from his earliest years.

On the floor of its Legislature he was distinguished for his exclusive information and his transcedant eloquence; in the chair of the House of

Representatives, for his impartial and correct decisions, and every where he was distinguished for his zealous attachment to republican principles.

This Great Man

In the capacity of Chief Magistrate of The State

where both honor and the responsibilities of the trust were heightened by the difficulties and dangers of the War of 1812, he by his indomitable activity and his salutary measures earned new titles to the respect and the gratitude of his fellow citizens. was also a good one. He met death with that fortitude with which his ancestors died, from whom he received his name and this estate; and which is to be found only in the good, hoping to rejoin those whose lot had left in his heart an aching void that nothing on earth could fill.

To the south of the Allston Estate lies Rose Hill, and still further is Hobcaw, owned respectively by Mr. Isaac Emerson and Mr. Barnard M. Baruch. These gentlemen have spent many thousands of dollars in beautifying the landscape, and both places have the appearance of carefully guarded parks in a great city. The Baruch Place lies directly on Winyah Bay, opposite Georgetown, and it is here that he entertains Cabinet Officers, Senators, and other dignitaries. His Manager, Mr. Powell, was very kind to our party, giving us a delightful ride on the Bay in a gasoline launch.

Rose Hill, the Emerson Plantation, was formerly the home of Major Benjamin Hugar (pronounced Yougee',) and it was here that La Fayette spent his first night in America in 1777. This entire section is filled with traditions of the past, and many a fable of strange import is imparted to the credulous stranger.

Our visit to Hobcaw was on Sunday, and on this trip we were accompanied by the Congressman, who, because of his experience on the River and Harbor Committee, was permitted to pilot the boat, during which performance he exhibited a remarkable degree of skill and satisfied even the elder statesman of his seamanship. I might add here that on our return to the Inlet on Saturday afternoon, the Congressman had returned also from his experience at sea. No man in the party was willing to doubt the word of a Congressman; but his frank statement of what had occurred reminded us forcibly of another angler who is said to have gone forth in the morning with a smile of great expectations. It is related of him that he returned in the afternoon with his pants torn in many places, and that the truth was not in him.

Speaking of lying; the elder statesman told us that the deer were so plentiful in that community that the farmers had to build wire fences of considerable height to protect their crops against the ravages of the swarming pest. This statement was somewhat doubted by the Solicitor, who is accustomed to many forms of prevarication, and who is convinced from long experience that a Court room is a place where liars do much congregate; but corroborating evidence having been furnished, his doubts were dispelled, and he swallowed the story with perfect breeding.

In conclusion I will add that there is no such place as Arcadia, but the name is so descriptive of the lands which lie between the Waccamaw River and the coast, that I have adopted it for Murrell's Inlet and the territory thereabouts. To the tired man there is no better place to go. It is an ideal resting place, where one can learn to rest by watching the natives. It is pleasing in its natural simplicity, a land of idylls and of dreams. We arose on Monday morning, breakfasted on clam fritters, scrambled eggs, fried ham, flounder, corn bread, coffee and waffles, and took our departure, each for his own home; and may we meet again in Arcadia where nothing is true but fiction, and nothing is false but facts.

IT HAPPENED ON THE FOURTH.

By N. F. Milburn.

'Mother, I think I won't go to the celebration today.'' Jim spoke the words quickly and nervously as he stood in his faded blue overalls at six o'clock in the morning of the Fourth of July.

Mrs. Arnold was busy cooking breakfast on the hot stove in the farmhouse kitchen. She turned in great surprise. ''Not go to the celebration! Why, Jimmy, you have been talking about the Fourth for weeks. What's the matter now?''

The boy's lip quivered. ''Yes, mother, I did want to go to the celebration at the Fair Grounds and see the airship and the baseball game, but I don't like to go without Jesse. You know he's my twin and we always do everything together. He can't go because he has been sick and he'll be lonesome if I am away the whole day.''

Mother Arnold understood children. She saw that Jim was making a sacrifice of his own wishes in order to stay home with his twin brother, Jesse had been sick for over a week with a sore throat. Although he was almost well his parents realized that the long ride to the Fair Grounds and heat and excitement of the day might make him ill again. Grandma Arnold said she had seen so many celebrations and always wanted her afternoon nap, so she had offered to stay at home with Jesse.

Mrs. Arnold patted Jim on the shoulder and smiled: ''Well, Jimmy, if you want to stay at home with Jesse, it will certainly make him have a happy day, and grandma will be glad to have you help her feed the chickens and pigs at supper time. I'll bring something nice from town for both of you boys.''

Mrs. Arnold managed to speak to each member of the family before they gathered at the breakfast table, and told them not to say a word to Jim about missing the celebration. After breakfast Jim went out to the barn where his father was packing baskets of eatables in the big automobile. ''Daddy,'' he said, ''I want to buy something for Jesse with the twenty-two cents I've saved. He wants some ice cream awful bad. Can't you bring him some ice cream from the Busy Bee Store?

You know the doctor said he could eat anything he wanted now."

Mr. Arnold started to laugh but Mrs. Arnold shook her head at him, so the father spoke kindly. "Well, Jim, I'm afraid the ice cream would melt in five minutes this hot day. However, perhaps I can find something else he would like."

"No, that's the only thing Jesse has asked for. I wanted to surprise him." The boy looked downcast as he turned and walked slowly back to the house.

There was quite a crowd to go in he automobile. Mr. and Mrs. Arnold, the two little girls, Grace and Dorothy, and Uncle Henry Arnold who lived in the city but always came to spend holidays at the old farm, his wife, Aunt Katie, and little Katherine, their daughter. The hired man, old Bob, who had been with them for many years, and two young high school boys, who were helping for the summer, were going to follow in the spring wagon. Jimmy slipped away and went up on the hill and sat down behind a big apple tree in the orchard. He didn't want to see the gay party start off without him.

After they had gone he came running back to hte house. Jesse was delighted to see him. He had supposed that Jim was going with the others until he noticed that he was not in the automobile. Jesse did not say much, but the happy look in his eyes fully repaid Jim for staying at home.

Grandma came bustling in. "Now Jesse, you come lie down in the hammock on the back porch. It's shady and cool there. I'll bring my knitting and sit there and I will tell you some stories that your grandfather used to tell about the War Between the States."

The boys always enjoyed grandma's stories and listened eagerly and had a a happy, quiet morning. About noon, she suggested: "O, I have such a nice plan for luncheon. Your mother left some chicken sandwiches and cookies, and we'll just have a picnic meal out here on the porch."

After lunch grandma lay down in her own room for a nap while the boys looked over the pictures in some magazines which their Uncle Henry had brought with him. Then they played with "Teddy" their puppy. The boys were trying to teach him some tricks but he was full of mischief and fun.

They were so busy that they did not notice the dark sky and mutter of thunder until grandma came downstairs and cried out in surprise: "Why, look at the big black clouds! There's going to be a storm. Jimmy, run out to the barn and see that the door of the chicken house is open so the chickens can find shelter. Let down the bars so the cows can get into the shed." The wind was blowing hard now, bending the trees and roaring around the house. The cattle were mooing, pigs were squealing, fowls were cackling, all hurrying to get under shelter. After the animals were made safe, Jim went upstairs and down in the house, closing shutters and putting down windows.

"I believe it is going to hail," said grandma. "There's such a heavy cloud overhead and a strong wind."

"Why, grandma," laughed Jim, "it couldn't hail or snow in summer time. It's too hot."

"Yes, indeed, we may have rain or snow," grandma nodded her head. "Sometimes on a very hot day a strong wind will blow the rain clouds upward into the high region where it is very cold. The moisture is frozen into hail or snow, and does not have time to melt before it falls upon the earth."

It was now about three o'clock in the afternoon. The boys crowded close to grandma as they sat in the bay window of the living room.

"O, what will mother and the girls do?" said Jesse, thinking of the pretty white dresses his sisters had worn.

"I don't think we need to worry about them," replied grandma. "At this time they probably are in the big hall, listening to the band music and the speeches. There are other buildings also on the Fair Grounds where they could find shelter."

At that moment there was a vivid flash of lightning, a loud clap of thunder, and a shower of big hailstones came pattering and clattering on the roof and cement pathway.

"Oh look! Look!" Jim danced up and down in glee. "It really is hailing! Why, some of the hailstones are big as chestnuts!" He ran out on the back porch to get a better view. He gathered up three or four bright, sparkling hailstones that had fallen on the steps of the porch and brought them for Jesse to see.

Grandma stood looking out of the kitchen window. The fierce gust was over and there was a moment's lull in the storm. "Granny, dear," asked Jim softly, "can't I put on my raincoat and get a pan full? They are so solid. Why, if we only had a freezer, we could make ice cream with them."

"Yes, Jimmy, put on your raincoat and get the big dish pan." She shut the door after her as she followed him on to the porch. "Jimmy," she whispered, "I can make ice cream without a freezer if you will get enough hailstones to furnish the ice. Don't say a word to Jesse and we'll surprise him."

"Oh! Won't that be fine!" Jim clapped his hand over his mouth. "He is just wild for some ice cream. The only reason he wanted to go to the celebration was to have ice cream."

By the time that Jim was back on the porch with a big pan full of solid ice hailstones, grandma had skimmed a crock of milk and was beating a bowl full of cream with an egg beater. She added powdered sugar and vanilla flavoring. She put the cream into a tin bucket with a tight lid and set it in a wooden pail and packed the hailstones around it with handsful of salt.

Then she showed Jum how to turn the bucket around and around in the melting ice. "Do this for five minutes," she ordered. She went into the room and started the "Star Spangled Banner" on the phonograph so that Jesse would not notice the noise of the grinding. He supposed Jim had gone out to the barn and lay on the couch listening to the music.

Grandma went back to the porch and carefully took off the lid from the bucket. She took a sharp knife and scraped the frozen cream from the sides.

"Oh, my," whispered Jim, "it really is going to be ice cream! Why do you scrape it off, grandma?"

"So it will be frozen evenly," she answered, beating it quickly with a spoon, "otherwise it would be as hard as a rock on the outside and soft in the middle." Jim turned the bucket for two minutes more and grandma again scraped the cream from the sides. The third time she opened it there was a delicious foamy frozen mass of vanilla ice cream.

She put some slices of sponge cake on a pretty flowered plate, spread a napkin on a tray and heaped two saucers high with ice cream, then opened the door, wihle Jim proudly carried in the tray and set it on a low table beside Jesse's couch. He sprang up with amazement.

"Why, Jim! Why, grandma! You must be a fairy godmother! How did you do it?"

Jim laughed with delgiht as he told how they had made ice cream with hailstones| There never, never, was such delicious ice cream as this made from pure Jersey cream.

"Eat slowly, boys, and drink a little water. I've given you a bountiful supply and you can have a little more when this is gone," advised grandma.

The ice was melting rapidly and the hailstones were all gone from the ground as Jim scraped the last spoonful out of the tin pail. "My, the folks will hardly believe us when we say that we had ice creaw," he said joyfully.

It was long after dark when they heard the toot of the automobile horn as the big car came rolling down the road. Everybody talked at once and the folks told of the celebration and the big storm. Then when there was a minute's quiet, Jim said:

"Well, you'll never guess what we did. We made ice cream with hailstones."

They all laughed and wondered and exclaimed over the story. Then mother said:

"Yes, and you boys can have a little celebration of your own. Uncle Henry has brought you a big package of fire crackers and rockets and pin wheels."

The next evening the country folks were astonished to see a display of rockets and Roman candles lighting up the woods and the sky on the Fifth of July.

Says The Christia Advocate: Home is more than a house. A cabin in the wilderness or a mansion on the boulevard may be a house. But these —cabin and wilderness; or mansion and boulevard are incidental—the essentials of home lie deep down in the heart experiences of the human race. Hence Edgar Guest got an unusual response when he gave the public these lines:

Home must be built out o' laughter and tears
It's got to be aged by the passing of years;
It's got to be perfumed by memories sweet
An' carelessly raced through by glad little feet,
An' though mother may fret some when company calls,
There's got to be thumb marks all over the walls.

FURTHER NOTE ON MISTAKEN IDENTIFY.

Ben Dixon MacNeill explains in the News & Observer how he successfully passed for the "Big Boss" of that establishment. Some of these days, when the sporting blood is up we shall make the acquaintance of that charming speed officer of Hickory.

This building was rudely shaken with something akin to a Santa Barbara earthquake last Friday when the current issues of the Hickory Record were read herein, in which it is made to appear that Josephus Daniels had pleasant words with a traffic cop in Hickory on Wednesday afternoon, concerning certain infractions of the speed laws. Mr. Daniels was in Raleigh Wednesday afternoon and the entire staff on Friday set up a jubilant howl about somebody attempting to impersonate him—and apparently succeeding.

In the midst of the jubilation I began to have uneasy feelings. I was in Hickory having words with a speed cop Wednesday afternoon. Very pleasant words they were, too. He said that I might drive ahead, but please be a little more careful. He was the finest fraffic cop I ever saw. I was completely captivated by him, even before he said that I might proceed. Indeed, it would be a pleasure to be arrested by so fine and diplomatic a man.

"Where are you gentlemen from?" he inquired when he had drawn alongside and put his foot on the running board. We were returning from the cave in Linville mountains.

"You were doing about 40 miles an hour," he said pleasantly.

It would have been discourteous to argue with him, so we three admitted that he was probably conservative about it. We expressed chagrin, and made other lame excuses. He smiled some more. It was impossible to outdo him in courtesy, so we professed readiness to accommodate ourselves to any suggestions that he might make.

'We never like to be hard on fellows just driving through," he said. "The speed limit is 20 miles along here. Wish you would try to keep within it until you pass the city limits."

These were unheard of words, and well did we remember them when a High Point cop four hours later laid hold and would not let go until he had been satisfied. He waved us a friendly boodbye and we went on. Then I was seized with a notion that something ought to be said in the paper about the man's methods. I stopped and he came alongside again. I told him I connected with this newspaper and wanted to know his name. He suppled it cordially and we went on—at 18 miles an hour.

But how I am going to convince these staff cynics that I did not tell him I was Josephus Daniels I do not know. Moreover it is with reluctance that I disillusion the speed cop with the fact that he caught a minnow when he believed—perhaps naturally enough— that he had a

whale.

But anyhow Hickory has the best traffic officer riding a motorcycle in North Carolina. Charles H. Settlemyre is the name of him—and I couldn't wish the Old Man a pleasanter experience than to be called down by him, if perchance he should pass through Hickory on a mission that now has him in the Western part of the State.

FLAG DAY.

The history of the American flag will be better understood if it is dealt with under three divisions as follows: The Early Flags of America, The Colonial Flags, and the National Stars and Stripes.

The Early Flags of America.

The first flag unfurled was a Spanish ensign, with the arms of Castile and Leon, borne by Columbus together with his expedition flag in 1492.

When John Cabot came over in 1497 he brought the English Flag, or Saint George's Cross, a white flag with a rectangular red cross extending the entire length and breadth of the banner. This was probably the only flag during the sixteenth century planted on territory now belonging to the United States.

When the Mayflower sailed from England she wore the cross of St. George as a secondary banner, and carried the British National Standard at Masthead. This was the "King's Colors" often spoken of as the Union Jack, a combination of the cross of St. George, and the Cross of St. Andrew or Scotch Standard.

In 1651, the English Parliament changed this Union Flag to the Cross of St. George, or as it had been before the union of the English and Scotch banners; and the general court of Massachusetts followed suit by adopting the same flag for the standard of the colonies.

In 1707, Parliament re-adopted the Union Flag; and this, with many modifications, was used by all the English Colonies in America from that time until the adoption of the Stars and Stripes.

When Henrick Hudson first explored the river which has since borne his name, he carried the Dutch Ensign, a flag of three equally wide longitudinal stripes of orange, white and blue. In 1650, the orange stripe was changed to red; and this combination of colors, red, white and blue, eventually became the fundamental design of the flag as we have it today.

The Massachusetts Council in 1776 adopted as a standard a white flag with a green pine tree and the inscription "An Appeal to Heaven." A flag like this once belonged to a military company of Newburyport, is now in the museum of Independence Hall, Philadelphia.

Often seen in conection with the Pine Tree Flag, was the Rattlesnake Flag, said to have originated from a picture published by Dr. Frankin in 1754, the interpretation being this: The colonies were in their contests with the Indians acting with only partial co-operation. Franklin wishing

to impress upon the people the need of union, made an engraving of a curved rattlesnake divided into several parts, each bearing a name. The head was New England; the other colonies represented the remaining divisions. Under this device was the suggestive motto "Don't Tread on Me."

Colonial Flags.

The Colonial Congress in 1775 appointed Messrs. Franklin, Lynch and Harrison a committee to prepare a design for a Colonial flag. George Washington was then in camp in Cambrige, Massachusetts, where this committee went to consult him concerning their task. During their stay they were entertained at the house of a patriotic citizen, where boarded a professor who proved to be an important assistant in designing the flag.

December 13, when they met for dinner the party consisting of Washington, the three committeemen, the professor, the host and hostess. The conversation drifted upon the work of the committee. The professor and the hostess talked intelligently upon the subject, and before the meal was over they were added to the committee who met the same evening and discussed the vital question. They arrived at the conclusion "That the flag must be one which will recognize our loyalty to Great Britain, and at the same time announce our earnest and united suit and demand for our rights as British subject." The professor said: "The field of this flag must be entirely new, because first, it will soon represent a new nation; second, because it soon will represent a new principle in government—the equal rights of a man as man.

The design that this committee presented had a field composed of thirteen equally wide, longitudinal, alternate red and white strips, with the Union Flag of England for a Union; this became the recognized standard of the Colonial army and navy. A ful-seized garrison flag was quickly made, the exact counterpart of the plan offered by the committee and was flung to the breeze with appropriate ceremonies by General Washington and staff, January 12, 1776, at Cambridge, in the presence of his army, the Franklin committee, and citizens.

The proceedings were watched by the British officers on Charlestown Heights and through their field glasses they discerned the detail of the design. Recognizing the Cross of St. George, they said. "It is thoroughly English, you know," and hastily concluded that General Washington announced his surrender, and with great enthusiasm greeted the thirteen stripes with thirteen cheers followed with the more dignified salute of thirteen guns. Although unintentional, it was really its official recognition by its enemies, and may now be looked back upon almost as a prophecy of the result of the struggle.

The Declaration of Independence, signed July 4, 1776, changed the British colonies into Independent States. The Colonial Flag thus became the standard of the thirteen New and Independent States.

The National Stars and Stripes.

In June 1777, a committee having been appointed by Congress to confer with General Washington con-

cerning a design for a National flag, reported in favor of a flag containing thirteen stripes, alternated red and white, and a blue field adorned with thirteen white stars. This was adopted June 14, and the design was carried to the upholstering shop of Mrs. Betty Ross, Arch Street, Philadelphia, where the first national flag was made.

The original design requires six pointed stars, but upon Mrs. Ross's suggestion, that five pointed stars would be more symmetrical, the pattern was changed. This lady was afterwards given the position of manufacturing of government flags, which occupation upon her death was retained by her children. The stars and stripes were first unfurled at the battle of Saratoga upon the occasion of the surrender of Burgoyne. By an act of Congress, January 13, 1794, the design was changed so as to incorporate fifteen stars and fifteen stripes, and one star was to be added for every subsequent State admitted. This however was repealed in 1818, when the original number of stripes was reestablished, the stars continuing to increase as new States were admitted. There is no reason for the difference of the size of the stars as seen on some flags, except the taste of the maker, nor is there any official rule for the arrangement of the stars on the union, or field, but in the army flag they are grouped in the form of one large central star, and in the navy flag they are arranged in parallel rows.

The first United States flag was hoisted by Lieutenant John Paul Jones, who was placed in command of the Ranger, a United States war vessel, the same day congress adopted the Stars and Stripes; at the time it was flung to the breeze the vessell was in Portsmouth harbor. The Stars and Stripes were first carried around the world by Captain John Kendrick of Boston, sailing in the fall of 1787 in the craft Columbia. It required nearly three years to make the voyage.

Let the glorious Stars and Stripes float out to the breeze from every home, public building, schools, churches and every institution standing for American Freedom and the best things obtainable by the sons and daughters of men!

BROTHERS AID WRECK.

What if you had lived fifteen years with but one thought, and it a terrorizing thought for another shot, the life of a doper? It is like fiction to imagine that any one lives that way, pulled down by the insatiable craving until every moral fibre is twisted out of reason—until every bit of courage is gone. Human beings sink to that level, says an article in the Burlington News.

Fletcher Frederick, 603 Ireland street, this city, is one.

And what if at the end of so many years, with their pain and agony, there came to pass a miracle, a ray of hope, another chance! Such has come to this man. It is the Men's Federation.

Fletcher Frederick went in the

Foster Shoe Store on Main street yesterday afternoon. His nerves were beginning to ache from a slumber of opiates. He was restless. He was scheming for another shot.

Two members of the Federation approached him, asked him to try a new cure, to put his faith in God, to keep it there until he broke away from his prison. He was converted.

This morning the man was at the Municipal theatre for prayer meeting, struggling in the grip of pain and anguish. He had spent the night praying, for no sleep would come to him. He got up and testified that he had reached the depth into which every doper descends, where it was dope, dope, dope—dope at any cost, at any sacrifice.

Although his physical body suffered, he declared his mental being felt better, with the reservation, "that he hadn't a friend in the world." That is where his new life began. At the end of fifteen years he realized that love is still in the hearts of men, ready to go whereover it will be admitted. It was another of many great things the Men's Federation has done.

At the close of the prayer service a special service was held for the man. Twenty-five men stood by and prayed for him, that he might be lifted by the grace of God from slavery to drugs and redeemed, saved to himself and his family.

One hundred and thirty-five dollars was quickly donated to give him treatment, and Dr. Braddy at once communicated with the Taylor Sanatorium, at Morganton, to have him admitted. This communication was with Dr. James Vernon, a son of Mrs. C. R. Vernon, of this city, and arrangements for treatment for a month was made.

W. M. May, of the May Hosiery Mills, offered to furnish an automobile for the trip to Morganton, and Graves Holt volunteered to drive it. The trip was begun soon after the prayer services closed.

Fletcher Frederick, known by everyone here, but known at that "as a doper, no account, a man that would stoop to any place for his stuff," has got his big chance to come back. The men of the Federation will not leave him to drift back when he is released, but will help him so long as he will help himself. His conversion, his release from dope may do an even greater thing: Mrs. Frederick works to support herself.

W. E. Sharpe is at the head of the Federation. Working with him are many men whose hearts are full of love for their fellow men. They have been the greatest influence ever at work in Alamance county. Their work is not done, and they would not have it so.

You can say one thing for American jurisprudence. It makes rich defendants spend a lot of money.—Nashville Tennesseean.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By James Davis.

The boys received haircuts during the past week.

Fourth of July has passed away, and now the boys are looking to the next holiday.

Larry Griffith has returned to the institution after spending a few days with his parents in Burnsville.

The afternoon game of a double-header was rained out. This rain was one of the biggest of the year.

The work on the pumps has been finished and they are again in good working order.

The tank has overflowed several times since the pumps have been repaired.

Miss Kate Latimer has charge of sixth cottage in the absence of Miss Hattie Fuller.

Thomas Sessoms and Clyde Trollinger, members of the fourth and sixth cottages, were paroled last week.

Adam Beck, member of the fifth cottage and shoe shop, was permitted to spend a few days with his people in Greensboro.

Miss Hattie Fuller, matron of the sixth cottage, is away on her vacation, she will spend her vacation in South Carolina.

Mr. J. H. Hobby, officer of the eleventh cottage and also manger of the dairy force, is away on his vacation.

Mr. Jack Harris is visiting his mother Mrs. Maude Harris, matron of the administration building.

Mrs. M. W. Fetzer, matron of the second cottage, is away on her vacation. Miss Georgia Hartsell will have charge of the second cottage in her absence.

Mr. C. B. Barber, officer of the second cottage and a member of the office staff, has resumed his duties at the institution, after spending two weeks on his vacation.

Harry Cole and Thamer Pope, former boys at the institution, paid us a visit during the past week. We are glad to hear that they have made good while away from the institution.

Next month is parole month and many mothers and fathers will be made happy by the home coming of their boys. Several boys were paroled last week and spent the Fourth of July at their homes.

Avery Rothrock and Jesse Wall,

members of the eighth and twelfth cottages, were paroled by Supt. Boger last Friday. Rothrock was a member of the shoe shop and understands that line of work well. Wall was a house-boy in the twelfth cottage.

Rev. W. C. Lyerly, pastor of the Reformed Church, of Concord, conducted the services at the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. He took his text from Joshua 15:19, Give me a blessing; for thou hast given me a southland; give me also springs of water, and he gave her the upper springs and the nether springs. The sermon was enjoyed by everyone present.

The following boys were visited by relatives and friends last Wednesday: Johnny Gray, Huett Collier, Bryant Talley; James Robinson, Lee McBride, Lyonel McMahan, Herbert Poteat, Austin Surrat, Irvin Moore, James Davis, Pete Ransom, John Kemp, Lester Morris, and Walter Evers.

The school boys were defeated Saturday morning by the Pennsylvania Rubber Co. of Charlotte, 6-4. The locals had the game won but a muff by Johnson, right fielder, with two on and two out in the ninth lost the game for the locals. The fielding feature was contributed by Sherrill of the visiting team by catching a foul fly after a long run. Only a few of the runs were earned ones, the balance being made by errors.

Saturday , July fourth, was a big day at the institution. The boys assembled at the big tree at eight o'clock and Supt. Boger announced that the boys would have a whole day for a holiday. The boys returned to the cottages and took a bath and got ready to go to the ballground to see a ball game. After the ball game the boys returned to the cottages and were served a big chicken dinner. Following this refreshments were served on the lawn, this consisted of red and white lemonade and also they said you could have all you wanted. After the refreshments were served the boys all met together in the grandstand where the afternoon program was rendered. James Bland won the one dollar prize for the best essay on the "Declaration of Independence" which was offered by Miss Vernie Goodman, a number of boys took part in this contest. The band also rendered several selections which were enjoyed by everyone present. The afternoon ball game between Flowe's Store and the School was postphoned on account of a heavy rain. After this the boys had a big time on the lawn playing ball and pitching horse shoes.

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Florida Points and Return
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To Jacksonville $15.50, Pablo Beach $16.00, St. Augustine $17.00, Daytona and Ocala $18.25, West Palm Beach $23.00, Miami $24.50, and to Bradentown, Ft. Myers, Manatee, Moorehaven, Orlando, Palmetto, Sarasota, St. Petersburg, Tampa and Winter Haven, the round trip fare will be $22.50.

Final return limit of tickets to Jacksonville, Pablo Beach, St. Augustine, Daytona and Ocala, will be seven days in addition to date of sale.

Tickets to West Palm Beach, Miami, Bradentown, Ft. Myers, Manatee, Moorehaven, Orlando, Palmetto, Sarasota, St. Petersburg, Tampa and Winter Haven, will be limited to ten days in addition to date of sale.

Tickets good in sleeping cars and parlor cars, and baggage will be checked.

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SOUTHERN RAILWAY SCHEDULE

South Bound

No.	29	2:35 A. M.
"	31	6:07 A. M.
"	11	8:05 A. M.
"	33	8:25 A. M.
"	45	3:55 P. M.
"	135	8:35 P. M.
"	35	10:12 P. M.

North Bound

No.	30	2:00 A. M.
"	136	5:00 A. M.
"	36	10:25 A. M.
"	46	3:15 P. M.
"	34	4:43 P. M.
"	12	7:10 P. M.
"	32	8:36 P. M.
"	40	9:28 P. M.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIII CONCORD, N. C., JULY 18, 1925 No. 34

ITS BIRTH IN PRAYER.

The Declaration of Independence appeals to Divine justice as a witness. When the makers of our Constitution were about to adjourn in failure, after four weeks of hopeless groping, Franklin rose and reminded the delegates that not once in their deliberations had they turned to God. "I have lived, sir, a long time," said he, addressing Washington in the chair, "and the longer I live the more convincing proofs I see of this truth that God governs in the affairs of men. And if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without His aid? I, therefore, beg leave to move, That hereafter prayers, imploring the assistance of Heaven and its blessings on our deliberations, be held in this assembly every morning before we proceed to business."

From that time on the delegates made successful progress with the Constitution, which thus had its birth in prayer.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription

Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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COMPENSATION.

The sunset dies but lives again,
Within some golden bloom,
The twilight comes, but silver stars
Shine out through dusk and gloom.
The song birds go, yet memory
Still hears them day by day:
The red rose fades, yet its perfume
Long in the vase will stay.

—Exchange.

GOD REIGNS.

All this to-do about evolution, which agnostics, skeptics, seekers after notoriety, displayers of great knowledge and the openly wicked pretend to believe in to the extent that they must eliminate the power of God and, directly or indirectly, deny the authenticity of the Holy Scriptures, is the same old thing that breaks out at different periods—it has been so since the beginning of time. But each time they fail to break down the Christian church and fail to discredit the Christian religion. The propagandists at the devilment today will likewise fail.

We sat meditating the other day, taking in the variegated colors in a yard that abounded in trees and flowers and shrubs. Among the oaks, the

sycamores, the cedars, Crepe Myrtles, and other growing vegetation, we tried to find two colors or shades of colors exactly alike. It was impossible. Is this due to science? Is all this an accident? Are these not evidences of a controlling power that reigns supreme in the world? Only a fool will question it. You may search a whole country and be unable to find two leaves, even from the same tree and off the same limb, exactly alike in size, or shape or texture.

There is a kind of evolution that we see about us. Boys and girls from humble and ignorant parents sometimes rise, and often do, to places of usefulness and power. You see evolution in the animal kingdom, by which breeds of stock are changed or improved; evolution in the vegetable kingdom, where marked development and a taming has been brought about by culture. But all these accomplishments are simply proof of the superiority of man over the animal and vegetable kingdom—wonderful man, whom God created and endowed in the beginning.

The church has withstood in the past the doubting isms of wild men, who seek to eliminate God in their mad ambition for notoriety—it will survive this crusade by the combined forces, themselvse unagreed, for an authority greater than any man or set of men has given assurance that, "upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

* * * * * * * * *

A FINE ENDORSEMENT.

The North Carolina Press Association, at its recent meeting in Asheville, started off rather vigorously as expressed in the address of President Braxton, who breathed not too much sympathy for the program of economy which Gov. McLean had outlined in his administration. Some of the features of this program won the endorsement of President Braxton, but the major part of it gave him a feeling of alarm.

Gov. McLean was an invited guest and down for an address. Like the open-minded and sincere fellow that he is—never carrying water on both shoulders and always frank—he outlined before the editors his program of economy, the reasons for it and the present necessity for it. It was a clear and convincing presentation of its importance at this time; and, as might have been expected, the editors gave to the Governor's program full and complete endorsement—that was the resolution.

Gov. McLean knows and everybody else knows, who has been brought

in contact with a public proposition, that the government generally gets less for a dollar spent than does a private individual. He knows that a public official or employee, who is "eating the bread of the state," should put in full time and render a faithful service to the state and stop watching the clock and planning vacations. Those who cannot subscribe to this regulation, have the privilege of selecting another job.

* * * * * * * * *

FORTUNATE PIEDMONT.

"I guess J. B. Duke will spend the balance of his life like many of us—a poor man." This was the declaration of a grouch, who had wasted in riotous living his goodly inheritance, when Mr. Duke established a foundation of mercy to the tune of forty million of dollars. The grouch did not know his man. This North Carolina genius is the architect of his own fortune and he is spending it in such a way as to bless the world.

It was announced that Mr. Duke is preparing to extend his electric railway—The Piedmont and Northern—to Winston-Salem, touching Concord, Kannapolis, China Grove, Salisbury, Spencer, Lexington. He is not asking for subscriptions. He simply wants the cordiality of the towns which his road will touch. He's got that already.

Piedmont North Carolina especially has reasons for great joy that this wonderful and far-sighted builder is in our midst. He is literally transforming this whole section by the utilities his genius and power are making possible. This is a kind of evolution that has basis and is not foolish. Long may his power be continued in the splendid developments that prosper under his wise guidance.

Nothing better could happen to Piedmont Carolina unless it be that we could enjoy the presence and activity of Two J. B. Dukes.

* * * * * * * * *

THIS IS PEACH TIMES.

It is a problem to properly take care of the fruit, in such a way as to avoid losses and lighten the labor required in accomplishing this purpose. The Monroe Enquirer gives out a secret how they minimize the labor in handling the fruit in the sand-hills.

The Monroe paper thus speaks:

> A former Union county citizen, who now lives in the peach orchard section of Richmond county, told me about the interesting and rapidly grow-

ing canning isdustry of his section. I naturally inquired how the canneries ever peeled so many peaches. "It's a simple process," said he. "Concentrated lye is used for that purpose."

Since that time I ran across a government formula for removing peach skins. It follows:

"Place firm peaches in a muslin bag. Plunge into a boiling solution made by using 4 tablespoons of concentrated lye to 1 gallon of water. Allow the fruit to remain from 20 to 30 seconds, then plunge into plain boiling water for same length of time. Next plunge them into a large vessel of cold water and then the skin may be easily removed. If peaches remain too long in the lye, they will be badly discolored. Soft peaches, such as Elbertas, may be easily peeled by first plunging into boiling water and then in cold water."

* * * * * * * * * *

PUBLIC SERVICE.

One may get a knowledge of the great preventive measures adopted by the State Board of Health by the activities of the Health Officers of the several counties of the state that have been far-looking enough to avail themselves of the many advantages to be had by putting on all-time officers, including nurses.

This is verified by a campagn inaugurated by Dr. Buchanan ,of Cabarrus, who has planned a county-wide vaccination that reaches in a convenient manner every section of this county. He is on this campaign vaccinating against Typhoid and Diphtheria. His schedule is so perfectly worked out that his services are within reach of every citizen of the county without cost or price. In this schedule he will touch 43 points in the county on four different dates.

We have so advanced in knowledge that but few people are not able to see the efficacy of these vaccinations; and it is up to those, who do not at this time need this particular treatment, to busy themselves in persuading the several doubting Thomases in their several communities to respond to this benign and free service the County Health Officer is bringing practically to their very doors.

* * * * * * * * * *

Col. Darrow, who has risen to leadership of the evolutionists, laying in the shade some of our North Carolina scientists (?), is distinguishing himself at the Scopes trial at Dayton, Tennessee. The Colonel protested the opening of the court with prayer. The old sinner doesn't know what's good for him—he, like some more of his ilk, is sadly in need of prayer.

THE TENNESSEE'S ACT

An act prohibiting the teaching of the evolution theory in all the universities, normals and all other public schools of Tennessee, which are supported in whole or in part by the public school funds of the State, and to provide penalties for the violation thereof.

Section 1. Be it enacted by the general assembly of the State of Tennessee. That it shall be unlawful for any teacher in any of the universities, normals and all other public shcools of the State which are supported in whole or in part by the public school funds of the State, to teach any theory that denies the story of the divine creation of man as taught in the Bible and to teach instead that man has descended from a lower order of animals.

Section 2. But it is further enacted, That any teacher found guilty of the violation of this act, shall be guilty of a misdemeaner and upon conviction shall be fined not less than one hundred dollars and not more than five hundred dollars for each offense.

Section 3. But it is further enacted, That this act take effect from and after its passage, the public welfare requiring it.

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STATE HAS DEFICIT OF $9,438,531.61.

Subtraction of unexpected institutional balances today placed the deficit finally at $9,438,531.61 and this is the amount that the state will borrow and pay off on the amortization plan. The state has borrowed from the First National of New York $7,000,000 of this at $4.25. The other two and a half million or thereabouts will be borrowed from the state's sinking fund which now is something above $4,000,000. The state will pay the regular $4.25 for this. Thus is the deficit a closed incident.

GET DOWN TO BRASS TACKS.

By R. R. Clark.

Talking about state affairs in his address to the North Carolina editors at their annual meeting in Asheville, Editor Galt Braxton, of the Kinston Free Press, retiring president of the association, declared opposition to waste and extravagance in public expenditure, and was a little more emphatic in emphasizing objection to a policy of parsimony, miserly hard-fistedness, in the name of economy. There is general agreement on that. We all profess adherence to a policy of economy of the right sort and object to undue nearness. All and sundry will no doubt go along with the Kinston newspaper man, who is as sincere as he is zealous for the common weal, when he further declares that "we must preserve an even keel and keep the pendulum in the middle and away from the extremes." The obvious difficulty is in agreeing on the course for the ship of state that will most certainly insure an even keel and avoid the rock of Scylla and the whirlpool of Charybdis. That is the question at issue, the line of demarcation, the subject of dispute.

There be those who insist that public improvements, such as highways and streets, modern educational facilities and all the things that make for public betterment, are not only necessities but are investments that yield handsome returns. Therefore we must have these things without too meuh regard to cost or too careful consideration of our ability to carry the load. In effect they would go the limit and take a chance, holding that the state is not only rich but will be enriched enormously, by the expenditure, and that the development will open the way to meet the bill. These, with Editor Braxton, view with alarm the economy program stressed by the state administration. They fear that retrenchment is passing economy and nearing parsimony.

The other group, of which Governor McLean is the head and front, are just as strong for progress, but they stress prudence. Believeing that we are near the peak of expenditure for the time, they would shorten sail until we get our bearings and make further test of our carrying capacity. That test is our ability to pay current expenditure out of current revenue; in other words our willingness, as well as our ability, to bear a tax rate that will take care of the load, and the size of the load must be governed by our tax carrying capacity.

Speaking to the editors at a later hour that same day Governor McLean admitted that the legislature cut the requests of state agencies and institutions for spending money from near $17,000,000 to about $10,000,000. That might be considered parsimony, or it might be considered prudence, seeing that the legislators had to jump the tax rate 45 per cent to meet this expenditure. They lacked the nerve, if it be called that, to jump the tax rate near 100 per cent to meet the requests made, so the requests were trimmed and the tax rate hoisted until the two met. While there was demand for the increased appropria-

tions it was not in evidence that there was great demand for an increased tax rate. It would seem to follow that those who insisted on the full amount of the appropriations asked, but did not urge doubling the tax rate, were willing to take chances on a deficit. That is to say, instead of collecting revenue to meet current expenses they would meet an annual deficit with a bond issue. That is quite common in North Carolina—in municipalities, counties, and has been so in the state. Governor McLean mentions that one reason for the higher tax rate and the retrenchment is that the 1923 legislature failed to levy sufficient taxes to meet expenditure.

The free spending policy then must mean high tax rates, that may hamper industry and impose a burden that it will be difficult to bear, or it means a deficit that must be met by constant borrowing. Nobody will contend for an economic policy like that. Then it must follow that expenditure must be governed by a tax rate that can be borne, call it parsimony or what not. If taxes are too low we should clamor for a higher rate. If tax sources that would yield richly are neglected they should be pointed out. Or if we can spend more than we take in without borrowing to meet current expenditure, somebody should point the way. We get nowhere by talking in generalities.

THE WIDOW'S SON.

In memory of the mother of Locke Craig, on his inauguration as Governor of North Carolina.

The husband of her life forever gone,
Her fortune wrecked in war, herself alone
To tender sons to rear—O every day
Her heart must crush with fear and dark dismay!
She faltered not, nor sat disconsolate;
Her sons each side she clasped, full facing fate,
And guided straight to Wisdom's Door, where youth
By teachers true are fired with zeal for truth,
Where eyes undimmed gaze up the steepest height,
Where soul enkindles soul to loftiest flight,
O spirit pure, look down today on earth;
Men shout the name of Craig whom thou gav'st birth,
He whom thou taught to face and conquer fate,
The Widow's Son doth rule a mighty state.

Asheville, N. C., Feb. 15, 1913. —George Tayloe Winston.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

By way of an observation. States may be looking around for good publicity subjects, but Tennessee Scopes them all. One touch of evolution makes monkeys of us all.

Swimming in pools and lakes is quite a fad now. Swimming in the head has been in vogue for some time when one looks at the crazy quilt designs of dress goods, and at many of the dresses themselves. Now just a timely little word to the bathers in waters anywhere. A stitch in time may keep you from remaining in the water until the sun goes down.

It is generally conceded that most every one is the possessor of the key of success, but they do not unlock their opportunities. The trouble is, there are so many who cannot find the keyhole.

A good deal has been written on the subject of a fellow being in love with his work; how much better he gets along; and how satisfactory the results of his work. True as gospel, I have been in love with my work for lo! these many years. It is a love that grows. I am like the boy who visited his rich relatives in the city who installed him in a gorgeous suite, including a fine marble bath. He wrote to his folks at home, describing the wonders of the place, including the bath room especially, and told them it was so beautiful that he could hardly wait till Saturday night to take his weekly bath. So it is with me. I can hardly wait from one Saturday to another to prepare mental pabulum to please philosophic people: the kind of stuff that will lighten a burden; dispell a care; dry a tear; plant a smile on the countenance; and help a fellow to forget himself and his troubles for a few moments. I am told by numerous ones that they enjoy my scribblings. That is my reward. That makes me happy. To know that I am giving some enjoyment to others. It is a reflex happiness. It makes me so eager to do more. Help yourselves folks to all that I am capable of giving. I am getting as much happiness out of it as you are.

The succulent watermelon is smiling red-hearted in all of the market places, dressed "to kill" in its emerald-hued rind-coat. Whenever I stick my teeth into a watermelon I am reminded of a celebrated incident in Napoleon's life, "Bonepart Crossing the Rhine." As little Jeff would say, "Tee-hee." The watermelon is the Southern negroe's summer poem. Uncle Gabe says, "de man dat pulls somebody else's watermillion ain't doin' much wus' dan do man dat he'ps lif' it aber de fence; an' de nigger dat goes fishin' on Sunday ain't doin' much wus' dan de white man dat set by him an' tell him when to juk."

I like to see happy people. It is a

joy unspeakable to mingle with them. They are to the world what the beauty of gorgeous sunsets are to the vision of those who love beauty; to humanity what the perfume is to the flower. Happiness is a state rather than a possession. Happiness often depends on physical well-being. A dyspeptic can't be happy even in King Midas' garden. I imagine that it would be hard to be happy in heaven with such a handicap. That's why we leave this old body behind when we go there. As a matter of fact, much depends on our attitude towards each other. One can't be happy if life is merely a matter of camparisons. It would be strange if no one ever surpassed us. Besides, there would be no thrill in contest and no joy in achieving. When life centers in self, happiness becomes illusive and, at best, tantalizingly temporary. Happiness is paramount when the thrills of pursuing and achieving quicken the blood and tint the cheek. The self-centered life measures everything in terms of inner desire. Such thinking alienates friends and sours self. There is a joy in just being. It's great to feel the throb of wholesome life. But even at that the eternal urge challenges to something beyond. The fullest life must reach beyond self for the fullest measure of contentment.

We have had all kinds of ages—the Dark ages; the Iron age; the Golden age; the world war the Bloody age—but the present is the Noise age. We eat, sleep, work, live, move and have our being in noise. The swish and movements of automobiles and auto trucks on our streets is verily like the roar of the ocean. The blowing of auto horns, at times, is like bedlam, and when a fellow goes through town blowing his horn at top notch I feel like I could lam him out of bed with good grace. People who makes these noises ought to go to Illinois to live. A person may do his best his patience to save, but it really looks like there's no peace this side of the grave.

Some people have a way of speaking lightly of the good old-fashioned ways of our near neighbor, Hillsboro. But Hillsboro is all right. It has as many new ideas as many places that are galloping along the highway of progress. They had a land sale in that vicinity some time ago, and on the sign, on the late, announcing the sale, were added this unique inducement: "We throw in 14 non-laying hens and one old rooster." Haven't heard who got the poultry.

I guess you would call them bubble girls for a better name—the girls who wear these peculiar fashioned dresses that begin with big spots at the bottom and graduate in lesser sizes upward, until at the top there are hundreds of little dots. If you will look hard enough it will make your eyes outrank a cross-word puzzle and makes your head so dizzy, you can't tell whether you have been hit by an idea, or been looking at the sun, and seen the spots after. One thing sure, you have been looking at spots on the daughter.

You know stars are very much like people. Some sin-till-late in the

morning. Some twinkle with gladness. Others are more sedate, and look steady. Some are so distant; some seem so near. They are now telling it that Somebody's comet is again coming to earth. Every few years there is talk of a celesial tramp visiting us. Sometimes he comes; somtimes he doesn't. This kind of talk is not treating the millions of other stars right; those that are on the job every night, rain, clouds or moonshine, and never get their names in the personals or in the front page headlines. But stars to get much publicity must be "shooters and "darters." I have seen several in my checkered—mostly bank checks —career. When I do see one I am like Andy Gump calling to his "Min." Fact of the business is, I once captured a "darter." If you want to you can translate this into daughter.

Thinner clothing, for the past several weeks, has been occupying the mind of sweltering humanity. At times it seemed as if it would be most delightfully comfortable to be just "clothed in thought," and like Cowper, wishing for "a lodge in some vast wildernes, some boundless contiguity of shade." Speaking of clothes reminds me of what Uncle Gabe says on the subject, which is: "New sto' clo'es is mighty nice things to hab' on; dey don't only make you look better, but dey he'p de sight o' your frien's. When you dress up dey kin see you way off yonder in a thick fog heap better dan dey kin see you on a cl'ar day right close up an' wid your corn-fiel' suit on. 'Sides dat, new sto' clo'es makes your jokes funnier an' he'p you 'long pow'ful."

July's the seashore month, as well as the mountain season. Fashionable Dress points to seashore fancies and wafts us breezes of the sounding sea, and what we may see beside the "bounding deep," and it is pointed out that the ocean is in its merriest mood, in this high noon of the year and it usually succeeds in outrivaling the erstwhile alluring fields and forests; for when the earth is simmering and parching beneath the sun's blaze, many love the cool, friendly sea, with its fanning breezes and its deliciously exhilarating spray; its gentle waves offering refuge from the torridity and langor of the city streets and sultry country roads. We love to dream upon the stretching sands, to feel the saline tingle of ocean in the moist air; to dabble our toes and fingers in the soft, oozing beach, where shells glimmer and sing so very softly that we must listen, breathlessly, to hear their fairy chansons. Of course we know the songs the wild waves sing—their are the legends of ships asailing, of adventures at Father Neptune's court, of Neptune's kingly fetes far under the water (which Greek story-tellers declare were held in July.) But the sea shells that gleam along the shining sands sing eerie songs of loveliness—the charms of the Nereids—fair nymphs who dwell in the vasty deep; radiant maidens of the sea, maidens with skin as lustrous, fine as pearls, with lips as red as coral, hair of seaweed and spun moonlight—the sea sprites, whose incomparable charms it is said men are powerless to resist! These

are the songs the sea shells sing to the summer girl on the misty shore. "Beauty! Beauty! Beauty!" chant the shells so mysteriously curled and sculptured by the never-ceasing waves —"tales of beauty bring we from the Isles of Happniess under the sea!" And, holding her breath, the summer girl cups the shell with her dainty hands, that she may not lose a single word of these romantic legends of sea nymphs' witchery. A witchery sea nymph she would also be—in July.

EVOLUTION.

I haven't read as much as some
Concernin' man, and where he's from.
So I ain't fixed, I calculate
My own belief to demonstrate
For and ag'inst and pro and con
On evolution, and so on.

My good old mother and my dad
Was all the scientists I had:
And, for books, they stuck to one
Regardin' how the world begun,
And, when I asked 'em that or this,
Referred me back to Genesis.

Well, maybe they was wrong about
The way creation started out;
But I don't recollect they spent
A lot of time in argument
Concernin' how the human race
First come to settle in the place.

To them what seemed to matter more
Was mostly where we're headed for.
Not what we was but what we'll be
In life and in eternity—
Not where we come from, me and you,
But rather where we're going to.

No matter where we started at,
If man or monkey, fish or bat,
We're here, it doesn't matter how.
The most important question now
Is how we read our title clear
And where we evolve from here.

—Douglas Malloch.

THE ADVANCE OF THE SOUTH.

(Asheville Citizen.)

In its report to the Southern Newspaper Publshers' Association, the Committee on the Group Advertising campaign incorporates a brief but comprehensive survey of Southern conditions of today in commerce and industry as compared with the days just before and just after the War of the states. The committee well says that "the emergence of this people from poverty to plenty, from weakness to power, has carried the demonstration both of reserve power and of material resources for which all history has no parallel. The following paragraph from the report admirably sums the main material facts about the advance of the Southern States:

> They stand today far richer than when the first gun was fired at Sumter. In 1860 the South had ten million population; today it is nearly forty million. Its property values were slightly in excess of $6,000,000,000; today they are $74,000,000,000. The farm products of the South in 1860 were about $650,000,00; today their annual value is nearly $7,000,000,000. In 1860 the South had only $175,000,000 invested in manufactures; a federal bulletin issued a few weeks since shows that it is now in excess of $9,000,000,000. In 1860 there were less than 10,000 miles of railroad in the sixteen States from the Atlantic to Mississippi and from the lakes to the Mexican border. Today there are 90,000 miles, and if the railroads of these Southern States were formed into trunk lines, there would be thirty-four stretching from Savannah to Los Angeles. In 1880 the whole United States spent for the cause of popular education $78,000,000; last year the people of the Southern States alone expended for this purpose $400,000,000. Fifty year ago the South annually spent $12,000,000 for public high ways and the whole United States $60,000,000; last year the states, cities and counties of the South spent over $300,000,000 for this purpose. In 1873 at the close of the period of reconstruction the individual deposits of all the banks of the South amounted to only $160,000,000; today they are in excess of $6,000,000,000, an amount which is three times as much as the deposits in all of the banks of the United States in 1880. The exports through Southern ports last year exceeded $1,600,000,000, a sum $233,000,000 in excess of all the exports of the United States in 1900. The exports from a single Southern point, Galveston, in 1924 exceeded by $135,000,000 the entire export trade from the Pacific coast.

The committee is persuaded that the Southern people do not yet grasp the full significance of what is taking place among them; "the South

has not yet measured its marvelous resources and opportunities.'' This is true. We need to inform ourselves more fully about the material progress of the South; that knowledge is essential not only for the writing of new records of material accomplishment but for gaining the inspiration to use material wealth for larger achievements in social and spiritual welfare.

RESPECT FOR APPEARANCE.

Appearance is the index to what we are, as most people estimate us. We cannot be clean and spritely and courteous and particular about clothing and conduct without being classed as superior. On the other hand the slouch, with unclean hands and soiled, neglected clothing, will not win the approval of people who have regard for what is best. There is something of real worth in having mirrors. They are helps to keep us respectable in appearence. We use them to discover what is right and what ma ybe wrong about our appearance. What is right we keep, what may be wrong dwe remedy. This we do out of respect for how we look, knowing that in the judgment of many people we stand or fall on the merits of our appearance. Appearance is not everything. Eternal things will not long conceal inner evils. Deception in the matter of how we appear will not long be successfully practiced. The observant eye detects the fraud and turns from us. But, appearances do count, and the boy and girl who takes enough pride in appearance to keep clean and respectable has a better chance to climb up in the world. We need not be foppish, or dudish, to have an attractive appearance. In fact for most thinking people it takes more than quality or manner of dress to win approval. The reality of character gets its reward even when its owner lives under plainest garb. But, even the commonest clothing must be kept clean and neat, if standing is to be maintained.—Exchange.

WHAT DADDY SAYS TO ME.

My daddy is the queerest man!
  Whatever plans I lay,
He's always sure to say to me,
  "Then, son, begin today."

I look ahead, to when I'm grown,
  And plan to make things hum.
No telling how much good I'll do,
  Nor what I may become.

I mean to join the official board
  And show folks how to do;
There won't be any deficits
  To make our pastor blue.

For I intend—when I get big—
  To use the tither's plan;
But daddy squints his eyes, and says,
  "Then start today, young man;

"Your Sunday school is needing funds—
  Why not help out a bit?"
And yet he knows I'm saving up
  To buy a catching mitt.

Sometimes I talk of college days
  And the honors I shall win;
But daddy thumps my spelling-book,
  And says, "All right, start in."

When I get old, I've planned to be
  Just like my Grandpa Howe;
But daddy only laughs and says,
  "You'd best begin right now."

I ask him why he talks that way?
  And daddy says to me,
"The kind of boy you are today,
  That kind of a man you'll be."

MOTHER LOVE.

(Asheville Citizen.)

One of the most forcible arguments made against slavery was that under its workings the child was sometimes torn from its mother and separated from her for life. To many people this appeal outweighed any other that was presented; it reached deep into the hearts of men.

Tenderest of all human sentiments in this love of the mother for her child—this God-implanted instinct which itself argues there is a God, a beneficent God. Vainly will materialists argue to the majority of the people that it is a mere law of the physical universe unrelated to any spirit; that it represents only the wish of a cold and calculating and unknowable Nature to perpetuate the race.

Psychology may explain, but only to itself, this mother love, and psychoanalysts argue to show that somehow it is grounded in love of self or on vanity or other cause demonstrating that no high motive impels it. People will not be convinced by such reasoning or, convinced against their will remain of the same opinion still, and cling to their belief that mother love is the most exalted of human emotions and that it comes as a Divine gift. If perchance science should seek to destroy this belief we may even imagine that people would abolish science rather than sacrifice this belief.

What will not a mother do in love for her child? Anything, everything; the eternal fires of a medieval hades will not prevail against this mother love. Herself she will give as a willing sacrifice for its good. She will even give up the child—Solomon knew this when he applied his famous test. And since his day mothers have given up their children, tearing out their hearts for the good of their little ones. And even now comes an instance of this.

A wealthy man advertised asking to adopt a girl to be the companion of his little daughter, promising to rear her in luxury and care for her even as he would for his own daughter. Promptly he was flooded with replies to the advertisement which even the matter of fact Associated Press described as "opening the gates of Paradise" for some poor child.

We may disregard the unnatural mothers who merely wished to be rid of unwanted children—fortunately the world has few of these—and consider only the true mothers. Some of these came weeping but imploring the place for one of their little daughters. Each mother wished her child to have the advantage in life which she herself could not provide—she thought only of her child's good. She herself with broken heart would trudge life's drear road if only the little daughter might ride in a fairy coach. What psychological explanation of mother love as an inherent self-love can stand against this demonstration of the mother's sacrifice? Nay, the mother love is a transcendent jewel which cometh from afar—the gift of the Divinity whose arms are stretched out to the little children.

JOHN WESLEY'S VIEWS.

By Rev. D. H. Tuttle.

In The News and Observer of last Sunday (July 5) Miss Nell Battle Lewis' Column was the following quotation taken by Dr. Edwin Mims, Professor of English in Vanderbilt University, from an essay written by John Wesley, entitled: "A General View of the Gradual Progression of Beings," in which the great dissenter said:

"By what degrees does Nature raise herself to man?—How will she rectify this head that is always inclined toward earth? How change these paws into flexible arms? What method will she make use of to transform these crooked feet into skillful and supple hands? Or will she widen and extend this contracted stomach? The ape is this rough draft of a man, this rough sketch, an imperfect representation which nevertheless bears a resemblance to him and is the last creature that serves to display the admirable progression of the works of God.—But mankind have their graduations as well as other productions of our globe. There is a prodigious number of links between the most perfect man and the ape."

Notice the number of question marks in this brief quotation. No conclusions announced—only questionings about the operations of nature. With others Wesley was perhaps wondering if there was a connecting link between man and the ape. The link was then missing and is yet. The nature fruit of Wesley's careful thinking, and reasoning with his conscientious conclusions is found in the four volumes, 126 sermons, which have brought down to our times an accurate record of his profound and deeply Scriptural teachings on many themes, which are intimately related to our every-day life of faith and practice.

If Dr. Mims had taken the pains to know all that Mr. Wesley believed and taught of man's relation to the lower animals he could have found it in his sermon on "The General Deliverance." Text; Rom.8:19 to 22, Vol. 2, Sermon No. 60, from which I quote as follows:

"What then is the barrier between men and brutes? the line which they cannot pass? It was not reason. Set aside that ambiguous term, exchange it for the plain word, understanding: and who can deny that brutes have this? We may as well deny that they have sight or hearing. But it is this: man is capable of God; the inferior creatures are not. We have no ground to believe that they are, in any degree, capable of knowing, loving, or obeying God. This is the specific difference between man and brute: the great gulf which they cannot pass over. And as a loving obedience to God was the perfection of man so a loving obedience to man was the perfection of brutes."

In this belief Wesley is supported by Dr. Scofield, of Scofield Bible fame, and by Huxley.

"Man was created, not evolved. This is expressly declared, and the declaration is confirmed by Christ. (Matt. 19-4; Mark 10-6"—Scofield.

''—'an enormous gulf, a divergence practically infinte' between the lowest man and the highest beast, confirms it; the highest beast has no trace of God-consciousness—the religious nature; science and discovery have done nothing to bridge that 'gulf.''—Huxley.

This is written to keep Wesley in the best company and on the side of Bible teaching.

MONKEYS AND MEN.

By Rev. J. R. Bridges, D. D.

We were surprised to note that a daughter of Charles Darwin was recently on a visit to the United States. She should have been given a seat of honor at the approaching trial at Dayton, Tenn. Her comment as she was bidding adieu to our country was of special interest. It was to the effect that many men were making monkeys of themselves over Professor Scopes and his teaching. This comment is altogether ad rem. Her theory is the reverse of her father's, and on the whole the more reasonable. However it may have been in prehistoric times, in these days it is much more evident that men are making monkeys of themselves than that monkeys are making men of themselves. The former process is frequently witnessed, while the latter has not been even once observed.

What could be more monkey-like than the noisy clatter over the Dayton matter. Perhaps there is no word in our language of more elastic meaning than "evolution." It stretches all the way from the evolution of an oak from an acorn to the evolution of all life from our primordial germ. Hardly any two persons who claim to be evolutionists mean the same thing. No one but an idiot would deny evolution in toto; and no one but a materialist would assert evolution in toto.

As we understand it, the Legislature of Tennessee has forbidden the teaching of any theory of evolution that contradicts the Bible account of man's origin. To the plain, unsophisticated man there does not seem to be anything so very medieval about that. If one state may forbid the teaching of the Bible in the public schools, why should it be thought a sin against light and knowledge for another state to forbid the teaching of that which contradicts the Bible? This is nominally a Christian country. The Bible is recognized as the Basis of Christion religion. If the state is to teach nothing about religion, then it should teach nothing about the Bible. It would hardly seem to be more unconstitutional to teach that the Bible is true than to teach that it is false.

It is pure monkey-doings to say that the Tennessee law interferes with personal liberty. One can believe anything he pleases, and teach anything he believes except in tax supported schools. In all our states, authority is given by law to exclude undesirable teaching. Let any teach-

er in South Carolina introduce United States History which teaches that the War Between the States was a wicked Rebellion, and that the leaders deserved to be hung as rebels, and he would soon reach the end of his job if nothing worse befell him. Yet the war was waged on the assumption that the seceding states were in rebellion; and probably there were more people in the North at the close of the war who believed that Davis and Lee and Jackson ought to be hung than there are people now who believe in Darwinian Evolution. If our memory is not at fault there were large and influential churches that openly advocated the hanging of the Southern leaders.

Until the Bible, with which all their dearest hopes are bound up, is clearly proven to be false, the people are not so very unreasonable in desiring that the faith of their children in its veracity should not be destroyed. Is it strange that they should be unwilling to pay teachers to prove to their children that the Bible is not true?

What we had in mind especially was the way in which the defenders of Scopes are ensuring the loss of their case. They have heaped all manner of ridicule and abuse on the law-makers of Tennesse They have held up the whole state to the scorn of the civilized world. If this does not totally prejudice their cause we are no judge of human nature. The writer is a Tennessean and proud of it, but he would be ashamed of his state if all those responsible for this law did not stiffen their backbones in the face of all this outside pressure. They cannot afford to stultify themselves by backing down at the bidding of these alien and scornful voices. If they have said the "horse is sixteen feet high," they must stick to it as long as this unfriendly pressure is brought to bear. This is not intimating that they did say the horse is sixteen feet high. What we mean is that if this trial should result in putting them in a bad light, they can not afford to retreat in the face of the enemy. It is not likely that they will do it.

Darrow, Malone & Co. can succeed only by carrying the case to a higher court and having the law declared unconstitutional. Preachers cannot tell what lawyers and courts may do. They can only tell what they ought to do. What the Supreme Court ougth to do, in case the matter is brought before it, is to say that the states have a right to decide for themselves what kind of teaching they will pay for, provided they do not pay to have anarchy taught. Surely the courts and lawyers cannot force tax-payers to have evolution taught to their children. In the last resort they could refuse to support the public schools. As yet there is no Federal law requiring the establishment and maintenance of public schools.

In the meantime, the lawyers and the liberals will relieve themselves of their opinion of William Jennings Bryan. They get much enjoyment out of this, and it does him no harm.

A practical summer costume is a bath tub full of water.

MISS MYRON'S ROMANCE.

(Atlanta Constitution.)

The death of Colonel W. R. Smith which took place in New York a few weeks since, has brought light to a very remarkable incident. Miss Rhet Myron, the principal figure in the drama, is a personal friend of your correspondent (Edgefield, S. C.) and from her the following facts have been obtained with permission for their publication.

Hayne Myron, the father of this young lady, was a planter in South Carolina. His home was a typical Southern home, spacious and hospitable, surrounded by broad acres and faithful slaves. His family consisted of his wife and Rhett, who was then a little child, and the idol of her father, as well as the pet of the plantation. At the breaking out of the war in the fall of 1861. Hayne Myron joined a volunteer South Carolina regiment.

Before leaving home he had a picture of his little girl painted and encased in a locket that he placed next to his heart, saying "My darling, this will be papa's shield when he is in danger, and his sunshine when he rests," and with his eyes filled with tears, he smothered the face and sunny head of his child with farewell kisses and hurried away from his peaceful home out to the world of danger. Six months later in a skirmish in Virginia, Haye Myron was killed, in close combat by a Federal officer. Only a few words were sent to the old home to tell the sad story.

During Sherman's invasion into South Carolina the Myron homestead was destroyed. The widow and daughter continued to live on the plantation in an out-building supported by rents from the lands. Two years ago Mrs. Myron died, and then through the influence of her friends, Miss Myron obtained a position as governess in the family of Colonel W. R. Smith of New York. She stated to me that her meeting with Colonel Smith was peculiar. That when his wife introduced her to him saying, "This is our new governess, Miss Rhett Myron," his face became deathly white, and he gave a sudden start. (He was absent from home when Mrs. Smith engaged her.) He mechanically shook hands with her and tried to speak, but his lips seemed sealed. But later his manner changed to kindness and cordiality, and she was treated more as an honored guest than as a salaried teacher. He inssited on paying four times the amount she charged for her teaching, and made her duties light. One evening she was sitting in the family circle, telling of her past life down in South Carolina, of the spacious house with its twenty colunms, of the dusky slaves who used to set her on their shoulders, calling her their "little queen," as they carried her through the cotton fields that looked like seas of snow from foam. For the first time she spoke of her father; how handsome and how sad he had looked as he went away on that dreadful last day; how he took her picture with him, and told all he said. She states that she was

forced to stop in the midst of her words for Colonel Smith turned ghastly pale and left the room. It all seemed strange to me then, she said, but the meaning is plain now. Miss Myron continued to live with Col. Smith's family for two years. "It was a heaven and home to me," she said, "I have long toiled and worked on our plantation, isolated from society and all advantages, it was like fairy life had opened up to me of ease and luxury, but my heart was almost breaking as I remembered all that I had lost in those sad, sweet days."

Six weeks ago Col. Smith was taken suddenly, and when he realized that death was inevitable, he expresed a desire to see Miss Myron alone. She states that as she neared the bed of the dying man she saw him holding convulsively in one hand as he extended the other to her and exclaimed, "Rhett Myron, forgive me before I die; without pardon I cannot die, come close and listen to what I have to tell you. It was I who made you an orphan; my hands are red with your father's blood. Take this," he said, handing me the package, "I found it on his dying breast. It is your face: Your name and his name are upon it. Take it—and forgive one who has tried to expatiate the wrongs done you. Oh! can you forgive a dying man?" and the voice became faint and low. "Oh! sir, you both were soldiers, I freely forgive," said the poor girl who could say no more, as she fell unconscious upon the floor. "Thank God!" he murmured, and all was over.

When Rhett Myron recovered, the man who had killed her father, and who was later the best friend she ever knew, was dead. In his will he bequeathed to her the generous sum of $15,000. He also left a letter giving all particulars of her father's death. Only a few days ago I saw the picture—a sweet child-face in an azure cloud, and on the little plush case were marks of blood. This is certainly the most remarkable incident it has ever been my privilege to record.

For the boy with industry and capacity no line of work is overcrowded. I believe the chances for such a boy are as good as they ever have been.—Archbold.

MAPPING UNCHARTED SEAS.

By Arthur A. Young.

Fog has spread her cat-like paw over the angry sea and the sturdy ship is fighting courageously amid the hiss and roar of the lashing waves. Far away is the dim boom of the water against perilous rocks. The night is as black as ink. The dim light of the pilot's shack is the only white ray. It is, in fact, also the only ray of hope.

Within it is a pilot bending alertly over a map with puzzling lines. His brow is furrowed, and his expression is one of intense calm. In his hands, he holds the life of the vessel. Every move in the stygian darkness is fraught with danger. Should the vessel be veered to the left or the right? A fraction of a wrong move may mean collision or death.

A strong voice is heard above the angry sea. The pilot strains to catch its last echo. He is hearing the voice of the leadsman who is chanting the depths. He pricks up his ears further, and catches the tolling of the bell buoy. He turns to his chart, gives it a masterful glance, orders the location to the helmsman, and once more the vessel plunges ahead in the dense blackness of the storm.

There is no danger then. Why? The pilot has consulted his chart, found the correct location, and knows he is on the right road. There is a thrill in that, but the greatest thrill lies in the trip of the men who have traversed that same spot before there was any chart to guide them.

The story of the men who travel uncharted seas is the story of the Coast Geodetic surveyors. Their job is to set the trail for all mariners; they have to find unexplored regions, risking their lives in foggy seas and wandering for days in treacherous waters. They encounter adventures as breath-taking as an African hunter. They are real heroes, for they are the folks who make the charts, brave the dangers that those who follow them may not fall into the pit of treacherous shoals and jutting peaks.

The Coast and Geodetic surveyors find real romance in sailing ahead, in chalking the ever-changing roads of the sea, in plumbing the ocean depths in marking out the underground hills and canyons for the safety of future mariners. They make navigable the ocean highways and blaze trails for commercial fleets.

Think for one moment for the job of the Coast and Geodetic surveyor! He dots maps with intricate lines and curves, every one of which represents countless risks and hardships. But think what these lines and figures mean to future mariners! Are any of them out of place? Does any of them veer a fraction of an inch out of alignment? If they do, it will mean the crash of ships, the splintering of vessels into a thousand fragments.

For one hundred and eight years these men have been sailing unknown seas. Yet, in all this time not one of their jottings has ever misled a mariner. They have been correct to the nth degree. They need to be, for a tiny mistake means hundreds

of lives.

Would you leave home and loved ones for long periods, penetrating unmapped seas,—facing privations, and depending solely on the uncanny sixth sense which is the birthbright of all pioneers? These men do.

Their work is the guide of all mariners who safely bring their ships to port every day. A shelf of charts, covering every bit of water around America and its possessions, is the proud monument of their work. Here are marine surveys of every inlet, every harbor on the Pacific and Atlantic coasts. Many have been surveyed several times. Recently completed is the inside route to Alaska which opens up the untouched territory for development.

There are surveys around Porto Rico and the newly acvquired Virgin Islands. The Hawaian Islands, with their dangerous reefs, are as carefully indexed and tabbed as a Webster dictionary. Routes to and from the Philippine Islands are constantly undergoing changes to suit the ever-moving contortions of the ocean bed. The marine pioneer is on the job every day. His work is never completed. For example, the Atlantic coast-line has been charted over a hundred years ago, but as the configuration is always changing, as new menaces always appear, as the ways of navigation progress, the need for unremitting charting is apparent.

What are some of the factors of the survey? What do these men do, anyway, when they get on board a skiff and play with the elements? Their service groups itself under three heads: hydrography, calculating the time and range of tides and the velocity of currents, and the determination of magnetic values.

Let us see what this is about! Every large body of water which empties into the ocean deposits an amount of sediment that has a filling influence on the ocean bed. Construction of new docks, additional dredging and new channels, various forces of nature conspire to work havoc on the ocean bed. The survey must take care of these constant changes.

The first thing that charters do when they set out for some unexplored region of the coast is to determine the position on the earth's surface of a selected point from which the survey will start. The surveyors must know where they are starting. After getting the point by means of observation of the heavenly bodies, they determine the direction and distance to a second point. Then follows the location of the shore-line, and the mapping of the terrain as they near the coast. This is important for the future mariner. How helpful it is, when one is jammed in a fog or imprisoned in a snowstorm, to glimpse a familiar bit of shore-line!

Charting the depth of the water and the contour of the ocean's bed comes next. Plumbing the ocean's depth is done by sounding, the vessel moving forward slowly while the depth is measured at short intervals. Where the sounding is made the depths at the particular points are then indicated on the map. Thus the mariner who has nothing to guide him but the depths may be able to feel or plumb his way in the water wilderness.

Sounding, however, is not all. It may fail. Steep projecting submarine rocks may be undetected by sounding, but missing them does not mean that they will fail to rip a vessel. So the drag is used to locate hidden peaks. The drag is a horizontal wire device, weighed down, with lines on the surface attached to buoys. Power boats pull the drag and when it is caught, it is not a difficult matter to locate the position, apply the sounding apparatus, and even determine the shape of the submerged mountain.

The bottom of the sea is as variable as the surface of the earth. A rugged coastline means a rugged sea bottom. Maine's shaggy sea coast parallels a rocky ocean bed. The boulder-like shores of Long Island Sound have their counterpart in the harbor.

Then comes the mapping of currents and tides, their speed and direction. Such facts are important. The mariner wants to know if he can speed in this water, if he must counteract the force of the current in the other. Small boats are anchored in the currents to get their speed and direction. The observer notes the direction in which the tiny boats go and the speed they travel. Currents vary in speed a great deal. Some are so powerful that they can land a mariner on the rocks if he is not on his guard.

One of the biggest jobs now in hand by the Coast and Geodetic surveyors is the charting of the Alaskan coast-line. Great credit is due to the hardy pioneers who penetrated Alaska and revealed its untapped sources to the world. But such resources will be difficult of access if the Alaskan coastline is not opened up for navigation.

Boats must ply its harbors. But before they can even venture with any degree of safety they must have charts, bristling with information, warning them of the dangerous reefs and rocks that abound in the vicinity. To give you an idea of the treacherous nature of the Alaskan coastline, let me say that the length of its tidal shore line is greater than that of both of the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of the continental United States, while the detailed shore line, if placed end on end, would be long enough to cirvle the globe at the equator.

Think of that! And then consider what great share of the development of Alaska lies in the hands of those sturdy marine pioneers. Less than ten per cent of the water areas of the territory has been surveyed. Their job is tremendous, risky, adventurous.

But, as with all their jobs, it will live. The work that the men of the Geodetic the Coast Survey perform lives long after they are gone. Their traditions of self-effacing service, deprivations and hardships, inspire those who go down to the sea in ships, who follow the sea for a livelihood.

Sprinkler systems are great inventions, but you can't take them with you.

TWO OF US.

In the Anderson Mail recently Gee McGee relates a story as press agents would say with a moral. McGee's relation in one of these "Between-you-and-me" affairs and wanders not from the point as it goes:

'Mr. Blank owned a house in Anderson in 1920. He owed only $2,600 on it. He was offered $5,500 for it in the fall of 1920, but did not sell it, but instead—he gave a second mortgage on it for $1,240.

"Mr. Blank also was the husband and daddy of a nice family, and like all families, they wanted to ride, so he bought a pretty blue, six-cylinder car, and they rode.

"Mr. Blank is a hard worker, and an honest man, but he had his hands full when he found himself burdened with an automobile and one wife and five children and two mortgages. He tried to win, but he failed.

"He paid his 1922 taxes without much trouble, but he needed a new car, and as a new car was necessary he bought it and gave the old car and $765 to boot; he also gave a mortgage on the new car. The family continued to ride. (Note: the mortgage was the "to boot" in this case.)

"A few weeks ago his home was "took over" by mutual consent at a consideration of $6,100 so the deed said. Back taxes on his home amounted to $325.26. His paving assessments were only $124.55. It cost his creditors only $18.00 for revenue stamps to be affixed to the deed. That last named tax is a brand-new-since-the-war burden. The State of South Carolina got $12 and the federal government got $6 of it.

"What I'm driving at is this: It takes a powerful good income to feed an automobile and a hungry family and a spendthrift form of government like we have ruling over us nowadays. But, listen: Mr. Blank not only lost his home and his automobile, but he lost his job. Very few firms are looking for employees who can't afford to live within their means.

"I know two fellows now who are spending too much money on automobiles for the good of their creditors. You are one of them and I am the other."

To save trouble and expense, seems like the first explorer to find the north pole would bring it to a wormer climate where it would be more accessible.

DR. JOYNER RESIGNS.

"I hereby tender to you as head of the department of field service of the Tobacco Growers Co-operative association my resignation as a salaried employee of that department. With my resignation, I tender to you and through you to the association, my services without compensation for all the time that I can possibly spare from the supervision of my farming interests. Command me in the future as freely as heretofore, for any service that I can render anywhere.

"I believe that I can render more effective service by resigning, and thereby freeing myself of the accusation of suspicion of any other motive in advocacy of co-operative marketing but an honest desire to promote a cause which I sincerely believe to be the only hope for the prosperity and economic emancipation of our farmers through organization for the protection of the prices of their products by orderly and intelligent marketing. Opponents of co-operative marketing whose low ideals and selfishness prevent them from appreciating or from ascribing to others higher ideals or motive than their own mercenary ones, have carried on a ceaseless campaign to discredit me and other paid employees of the association and to destroy our influence by impugning our motives and alleging that we were mere hirelings, paid exorbitant salaries to talk and work for the association.

"As president of the North Carolina Tobacco Growers Co-operative association and later as chairman of the organization committee, it was my pleasure and my privilege to give without reward or the hope of reward the bragest part of my time and service for two years or more to the work of organizing the Tobacco Growers Co-operative association, refusing to accept therefore an offered salary, it was as you and others with whom I talked know, a source of deep regret to me that, on account of the very conditions that I, as a farmer, was endeavoring to aid my fellow farmers to remedy through co-operative marketing, I was not financially able to continue to give my entire time and service without compensation to the work.

"In this fight for economic freedom and economic justice for our farmers, we are now standing at the Marne. Arrayed against us are powerful forces, strongly entrenched, perfectly organized, powerfully financed, determined in their own interest to destroy us this year if they can. Farmers of the Carolinas and Virginia, if ye be men, join me in whatever voluntary sacrifice and service may be found necessary in this crisis to win the victory. Let us recruit our ranks, increase our deliveries, and, standing in unbroken columns with locked shields, swear 'they shall not pass.'"

In receiving the letter Secretary Wilson recalls the "dark days of 1920 when the farmers of Virginia, North and South Carolina were thrown into a panic by the collapse of their tobacco crop." It has been agreed that the co-operatives never have had to face such dissatisfac-

tion as that. Mr. Wilson says that in all the crisis of the association, Dr. Joyner gave his all to make success possible. "I know of no man who has given more unselfishly of his strength, his ability and his experience than have you," Mr. Wilson writes. He urges Dr. Joyner to remain with the association until September 1 that the dates made for him may be filled.

GROWING COMMUNITIES.

(Reidsville Review.)

The rapid growth with which many progressive cities and towns have enjoyed has been one of the marvels of American life.

People who are ambitious to have their own communities get ahead in the procession often ask how it is that these advancing places obtain such quick gains.

Investigation would commonly reveal that such progress is not always the result of favorable locations. The citizens of such places have not sat down and waited for opportunities to come to them. They have have done some hustling on their own account.

The reputation that any community has for being a live place has a lot to do with its advancement. Nothing breeds success like success applies to communities equally as well as to individuals.

People like to buy real estate or engage in business in places that appear to be alert and growing as they feel that their investments will increase in value. They enjoy the feeling of life and activity that is apparent.

Chambers of Commerce, boards of trade and boosters clubs have much to do with the development of communities. Results that such organizations obtain are broader that the surface indications disclose.

It is commonly true that when men band themselves together in associations of this nature, they usually achieve some of the definite results they aim for, in the shape of public improvements, and new industries, in addition to a better community spirit.

But even if an organization of this type does go along for a time without much tangible achievement, the mere fact that the business men are working unitedly for new facilities and advantages, creates an atmospere of progress.

The activities of such an organization are reported in the newspapers and discussed by travelers and residents. The idea spreads that such a community is an active place where things are done. When Reidsville gets that sort of a reputation, it will grow of its own momentum.

Some Line.—Rastus—"Say, Mose, was you ebba on de firin'-line?"
Mose—"Yas, suh, Rastus! One day de boss stood us all in a line, an' I wuz de first one fired."

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By James Davis.

The work on the fifteenth cottage is nearing its completion.

The work sections hoed and thinned corn at the lower place last week.

Some of the smaller boys worked on the flower beds Monday morning.

Mr. Paul Owensby, for several months band director at the school, paid us a visit Sunday afternoon.

Mark Jolly has returned to the school after spending a short time with his parents in Greensboro.

Odell Ritchie, Smiley Morrow and Keith Hunt paid us a visit last week. All these boys were paroled recently.

James Bland, a member of the eighth cottage, was permitted to spend a few days with his parents in Winston-Salem.

Arnold Cecil, a member of the first cottage, has returned to the institution after a short visit with his parents.

Mr. Samuel B. Kennett, former officer here, spent the week end at the institution. Mr. Kennett is now living in Washington D. C.

Gordon Kimball, one of the old boys at the school, was also a visitor here Sunday. Kimball is now working in a bank in Winston-Salem.

Mr. T. L. Grier and a number of boys have been busy for the past week digging a ditch in front of the fourteenth cottage, in order that a water line may be laid.

Mr. J. H. Hobby has returned to the institution and has taken charge of the dairy barn. Mr. Richard Walker had charge of the dairy barn during his abscence.

Samuel Stevens and Benjamin Cameron, members of the first and sixth cottages, received their paroles during the past week. Both these boys were members of the barn force.

The following boys were visited by friends and relatives last Wednesday: James Bland, Russel Bowden, Alwyn Shinn, Mack Wentz, William Goss, Watson O'Quinn, Sylvester Huneycutt, Herbert Apple, Herbert Poteat, Fred Williams, Elwyn Green, Floyd and Delmas Stanley.

Rev. Mr. Jamison, of Kanapolis, conducted the religious services in the Auditorium Sunday afternoon. He took his text from Revelation 3:20: "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come

in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.''

The Training School team turned the tables on the Pennsylvania Rubber Co. by defeating them last Saturday afternoon by the score of 12 to 8, after being defeated by them on their former visit here July 4, 6 to 4. The visitors scored one in the second on several errors. But the locals came back strong in their half of the inning by crossing the plate five times on five hits and a walk in succession, driving Baker from the mound. Staklether held the locals in check until the ninth when the school boys cut loose with their heavy slugging scoring five more runs. Kennedy pitched a good game striking out fourteen batters and allowing seven hits but kept them well scattered throughout the contest. Rain delayed the game in the third inning but after a short while play was resumed. Howard, local catcher, made several good catches of foul flies.

PUT ON A BIG GRIN.

Keep your face a shining with a smile,
You are sure to win.
Laugh and stop repining
Put on a great big grin.
Of course things don't always come
Just like we want them to,
There are cloudy days and rainy days,
But there's no use getting blue.
Forget your share of sorrow,
There's sunshine and there's rain,
Live for a bright tomorrow,
It's bound to come again.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SCHEDULE

South Bound

No.	29	2:35 A. M.
"	31	6:07 A. M.
"	11	8:05 A. M.
"	33	8:25 A. M.
"	45	3:55 P. M.
"	135	8:35 P. M.
"	35	10:12 P. M.

North Bound

No.	30	2:00 A. M.
"	136	5:00 A. M.
"	36	10:25 A. M.
"	46	3:15 P. M.
"	34	4:43 P. M.
"	12	7:10 P. M.
"	32	8:36 P. M.
"	40	9:28 P. M.

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Concord, N. C.

THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XIII CONCORD, N. C., JULY 25, 1925 No. 35

HEAVEN.

"Heaven is a bed
With a light at the head,
And an uncut magazine;
Or a crust of bread
To the long unfed,
When hunger fangs are keen.

Heaven is a smile
From a soul worthwhile,
And a handclasp full of trust;
'Tis a friendly word
From a heart love-stirred,
When your spirits trail in dust.

Heaven is to feed
On your chiefest need
Be that need or work or rest.
And the God who knows
Why he barbed the rose
Plans your Heavens best."

—Strickland W. Gillilan.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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WHAT WE PLANT WHEN WE PLANT A TREE.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the ship which will cross the sea;
We plant the mast to carry the sails;
We plant the planks to withstand the gales—
The keel, the keelson, the beam, the knee—
We plant the ship when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the house for you and me;
We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floors;
We plant the studding, the lath, the doors,
The beams, and siding, all parts that be;
We plant the house when we plant the tree.

—Henry Abbey.

SAMARCAND.

A recent visit to Samarcand, the home for wayward girls, afforded the opportunity for a finer appreciation of the institution, its purposes and its system. Held up at Troy by a storm the evening before, we reached the institution early the following morning. To know what kind of house-keepers folks are just drop in early in the morning.

Samarcand early that bright morning was alive with activity. Every officer was at her place; the business office was alert; the superintendent was

on her rounds; the homes were clean and tidy; the grounds spick and span; and the girls all at their several posts, actively engaged in the duties of the day. We were impressed with the executive ability of Miss McNaughton, who is so alert that she has the details of the great work at her fingers' ends.

Her proposition, by its very nature and the toleration of the double standard that prevails the world over, is the hardest that confronts any institution in the state. A woman of less tact, judgment and, above all, a devotion to the job, would be an utter failure. We were impressed with the orderly system and schedules that obtain with her help—every one at her post and no assembling of them in groups during working hours to discuss irrelevent matters. It's a live place.

* * * * * * * * * *

YOU REAP WHAT YOU SOW.

"Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

The above lines come from the Holy Bible and it is sound. If a man slanders his neighbor or his fellow-workman, it will not be long until some one will slander him.

If a man allows himself to hate other people, he will soon find others hating him in return. If a man takes unfair advantage of others in his dealings with them, sooner or later he will run across some who is smarter at that game than he.

If a man does a faulty piece of work he will suffer for it as soon as it is found out, and if he makes a practice of doing faulty work he pays for his carelessness with his job.

There is a reward for every virtue and punishment for every sin a man commits. Both the reward and the punishment are often withheld for a time, but they finally get around.

Men sometimes escape the penalty of man-made laws and manage to stay out of jail when they ought to be there, but no man has ever been smart enough to escape the Law of Compensation through which we all reap that which we sow.

This law applies to every thought you think and every act you do. There is nothing more certain than the fact that you will get out of life whatever you put into it. When trouble, grief, and failure begin to pour down on you, take stock of yourself and you will probably find that you are reaping

the crop from seeds that you sowed, so long ago that you had almost forgotten about it.

* * * * * * * * * *

LONGER RAIL ADOPTED BY SOUTHERN.

Announcement is made by the Southern Railway System that 39-foot rail has been adopted as the standard for future use, replacing the 33-foot length which has been the standard for many years.

Advantages of the longer rail are said to include smoother and safer track as well as economies in laying rail and in maintenance. As is well known, the weak spot in all railway track is the joint. By substituting 39-foot for 33-foot rail, the number of joints in a mile of track is reduce dfrom 320 to 271, a net saving of 49 joints per mile.

The rails recently ordered by the Southern for delivery during the last half of 1925 will be cut in the longer dimension. Recent advances in mill practice and improved devices for laying rail have made the adoption of the longer standard possible.

* * * * * * * * *

"PRAYERS OF MY HEART."

The supreme prayer of my heart is not to be learned, rich, famous, or even "good," but simply to be radiant. I desire to radiate health, cheerfulness, calm courage and good will.

I wish to live without hate, whim, jealousy, envy, fear. I wish to be simple, honest, frank, natural, clean in mind and clean in body, unaffected—to say "I do not know" if it be so, and to meet all men on absolute equality—to face any obstacle and meet every difficulty unabashed and unafraid.

I wish others to live their lives, too—up to their highest, fullest and best. To that end I pray that I may never meddle, interfere, dictate, give advice that is not wanted, or assist when my services are not needed. If I can help people, I'll do it by giving them a chance to help themselves; and if I can uplift or inspire, let it be by example, inference, and suggestion, rather than by injunction and dictation. That is to say, I Desire to Be Radiant—to Radiate Life.—Elbert Hubbard.

* * * * * * * * * *

GEORGE McMANUS.

In another column we carry a story of George McManus, the best-known cartoonist the world ever knew. He is so popular that nearly every news-

paper reader has made his acquaintance and counts him a personal friend. Many stories have been circulated about this genius that are untrue, and, inasmuch as he comes to us daily throughout the reading world, it will prove of interest to know the truth about his birth, his struggles and his making of the home-plate, after much effort.

"Bringing Up Father," though an extravagant creation, affords a laugh for the millions daily. It is better to laugh than to cry.

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HAPPINESS.

Happiness is the true end and aim of life. It is the task of intelligence to ascertain the conditions of happiness, and when found, the truly wise will live in accordance with them. By happiness is meant not simply the joy of eating and drinking—the gratification of the appetite—but good, well-being in the highest and noblest forms. The joy that springs from obligations discharged, from duty done, from generous acts, from being true to the ideal, from a perception of the beautiful, art and conduct. The happiness that is born of and gives birth to poetry and music, that follows the gratification of the highest wants. Happiness is the result of all that is really right and sane.

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SCOPES.

Of course looks are not an infalliable index to capacity and ability, but were they, it would seem a crime against childhood to turn him loose on the subject, even though evolution had a standing among Christian people.

The jury convicted him—nothing else to do, for he violated a law that a great state had put upon the statutes. No good can come from any performance in which a blackguard like Darrow plays a prominent part.

Poor, foolish Scopes made an ideal goat.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

By the way, up to the hour of going to press, I have not observed that the States of Tennessee and Oklahoma, nor the legislature of any other state in this glorious Union, and home of the "brave and the free," have passed a law making the world flat. But the way some of them are acting they are flattening out some folks.

Notice when you will you will find that egotism always shoots over the mark. Fear most generally shoots under the mark. Application and ability hits the "bull's eye.". It is all right to think well of yourself; but there is no necessity in the world for overworking time and expending all your energy in broadcasting your good qualities. If you have any people will find them out much quicker than you think for. Most people have no one to fear but themselves; nothing to market except their own mental, moral and physical qualifications.

This is the "stepping on the gas' season of the year. It is a great pastime, and is in fact becoming like death, taking "all season's for its own." Stand on any of the highways for a brief time and you will see license tags from coast to coast. Everybody who has a car seems to be going somewhere—and in a hurry. Those who are kept close to home keep the family car in pretty constant action in the community. Operators of gas filling stations say that some customers are so hard pressed for means to keep going that they buy gasoline a gallon at the time. The idea is, they do keep going. Some sacrifice to do it. They make their grocer, their newspaper, or somebody else sacrifice, too, to do the thing they want to do; that is to GO. There are other things besides automobiles that have to be kept going. I've been thinking what an incentive would be given church and religious work, if there could be gotten behind them some of the determination and enthusiasm that mark the goings and comings of those who go down the roads in automobiles, and pass at all hours, day or night. A gasoline fellowship, as it were, with Christian endeavor, would wake up this old world as it has never been aroused before. If we would go in religious work as we go in our automobiles, what an impetus would be given the affairs of the Master's Kingdom. My! Think of it!

They are telling it, in the newspapers, that Mrs. Somebody or other —just can't recall the name now— from out in California, having announced her engagement to a certain man of her acquaintance, left the next day for Mexico to get a divorce from husband No. 1 who was then a more or less of an encumbrance. This leads me to observe that there are some husbands who certainly lead a thrilling life in these days of mad rushing. They do not know, when they come home at night, whether they will be met with a demand for

alimony, or find a note announcing that wifey had taken the pet canary and skipped out with the chauffeur.

Using radium as a measure, Professor Lane, of Tufts college, in Boston, has calculated that the approximated age of the earth's crust is one billion and six hundred million years old. His estimate is based on the age of the oldest radio-active rock he has found. This rock was obtained from the Belgian Congo in Africa. If Professor Lane is correct it would be as interesting as trying to work out a cross-word puzzle to figure out how many meals the people have eaten, three a day, since the world began. If any of my readers have any spare time, I would suggest that they figure this out and send me the answer.

There is such a great difference in people and in the letters they write. Those folks that have the greatest number of things, apparently, to make them happy are very often the ones who grumble most and tell their friends about their trials and tribulations. Their letters almost always give those who receive them mental dyspepsia, while missives from folks who seem to have little in the world for which to be thankful are often as good as a tonic.

July days are jolly, joyous, picnic days. Hot, fatiguing, dreamy days, when families, Sunday Schools, and various organizations, like the Arabs, "fold their tents and silently steal away," to some contiguity of shade to while away the fleeting hours, and eat basket and box dinners, of the best in the land, and calmly rest beneath the spreading oaks, until they are interviewed by the country ants and red-bugs, and made to do some scratching before they return home. The picnic is a great American institution. It is well to encourage it on all occasions. Picnics are always successes if you do not have to pick ticks as an aftermath.

"Yes, my friends," a theological professor said once, "some admire Moses, who instituted the old law; some Paul, who spread the new. But after all, which character in the Bible has had the largest following?" As he paused for an answer a voice from the back of the room shouted, "Ananias."

It certainly seems nice to see so many of the Durham boys and girls back home again for their vacations from universities, colleges and other schools. I hope their folks will take an interest in what they have been studying so as to encourage them and not be like the father I heard about, whose son had made a name for himself at college football. His experiences were being discussed one evening at dinner when the minister was a guest.

"You know, Jack," the pastor reminded him, "that athletics are all very good in their way, but your studies are more important."

"That's what father says, too," replied the boy. "But father never gets up and cheers when he hears me quoting Latin the way he does when

he sees me score a goal."

Quite recently there have been a number of cases in the Durham Recorder's court, wherein husbands were charged with not providing for their families; in fact, it looked like they had abandoned their families altogether. These cases remind me of the colored woman who had her husband up in court for not supporting her. When the judge asked her, "Is your husband a good provider?" she replied: "He jes ain't nothing else but. He's gwine ter git some new furniture providin' he gits some money; and he's gwine ter get some money providin' he goes to work; an' he's gwine ter work providin' de job suits him. Ah nevah see such a providin' niggah in all mah born days."

Several of the recent brides and grooms have returned from their honeymoon trips. They are all looking pretty, and happy as turtle doves on limbs amid peach and pear blossoms. I've heard lots of fellows say that Mr. So-and-So was a lucky man to get Miss So-and-So. But on the other hand I have heard a lot of girls say, how lucky she was to get him; so I guess it is about fifty-fifty with each one of the couples. I hope they won't try to furnish their homes the way one young couple I heard of did. They saw an advertisement that said they could furnish their whole house by soap premiums. Every time they bought a piece of soap they got a furniture certificate. And by the time they were ready to be married, they didn't have to furnish but one room, because the other five rooms were all filled up with soap.

YOU'LL HEAR FROM WILLIAM.

Walking through the great tailoring works of the A. Nash Company in Cincinnati the othed day, Mr. Nash, founder and president of the organization, pointed to a long line of pressing machines. He said, "William Rosenwald worked on one of those machines for three months last summer. That was the way he spent his summer vacation and he stuck to his job pust like one of our regular workers. He said that he expects to enter business when he finishes college and he thought he needed a working man's experience and a worwing man's view point to enable him to deal intelligently with working people when he enters business for himself.

William Rosenwald is a son of Julius Rosenwald, the multi-millionaire head of Sears, Roebuck Company. Not all rich men's sons fritter away their vacations in frivolous living and spending the old man's money.—Elizabeth Independent.

EXPLAINING THE CAUSE OF EARTHQUAKES.

By Julia W. Wolfe.

For years scientists have been trying to solve nature's guarded secret —the cause of earthquakes. And at last, Captain T. J. See, a well-known astronomer, claims he has discovered the secret.

Captain See claims that he has virtually proven that the ocean leaks in many places. While he has not gone far enough in his theory to ascertain the time and location of earthquakes, he thinks the time is not far distant when predictions on this can be accurately made.

He first advanced this theory after the San Francisco earthquake in 1906. That theory, in brief, is that a seepage of water through the ocean bed into faults of softer portions of the earth's crust, coming into contact with the heated interior of the earth, is converted into steam or causes the molten lava to expand, with the result that readjustments occur beneath the crust, the effect being a trembling of the earth on the surface. The same process, says this astronomer, has formed the great mountain chains, and the high plateaus about the ocean border, as in the famous World Ridge, which surrounds the Pacific and Indian Oceans.

At the time of the great California disaster in 1906, earthquakes were improperly divided into classes, "volcanic" and "tectonic," without any recognized connection between the two classes of phenomena, the volcanic activity being associated with the explosive power of steam and the tectonic erroneously assigned to the shrinkage of the earth.

The only difference between tectonic and volcanic earthquakes, astronomers assert, is that in the volcanic a vent already exists for the escape of vapor into the atmosphere, while in the tectonic the forces are relieved by adjustment of the blocks of the earth's crust, without a visible eruption. While this makes a difference in the appearances of the two classes of earthquakes, the cause is said to be everywhere the same, namely, ocean leakage.

The theory impressed itself on Captain See in his observations of the Andes range of mountains. He noticed, in 1906, that the Andes resembled a mighty wall along the ocean border, while exactly parallel was a great depth in the ocean along the west coast of South America, as if they had been lifted by some giant excavator from the depths of the sea and placed on the edge of the land. It was natural to ask whether that was not the very thing that had occurred, and to seek the methods employed, by the excavator, Nature.

Captain See quotes the remark of Humboldt of long ago that "the Andes form the grandest mountain system in the world; 4,400 miles long, everywhere high and impressive and exactly parallel to the seashores, as if laid down by a mapmaker." Accordingly, if any mountain system of the world could be expected to

disclose by its location the process of formation Captain See assumed that it would be the Andes.

He remarks that while the Himalaya Mountains are higher, they are shorter, not more than 1,500 miles long, less simple in themselves and in their location in respect to the sea. He assumes that though the sea is now more distant and not parallel to the Himalayas, it was once closer and parallel, "when deep sea trenches occupied the present valleys of the Ganges and Burmaparta Rivers, and likewise the valley of the Indus to the west."

In seeking to explain the origin of the Andes, Captain See made a study of the seismic sea waves frequently observed along the west coast of South America as a possible indication of the movement of lava beneath the crust of the globe. This proof of the movement of lava he judged to be necessary for getting at the real cause of earthquakes and definitely referring it to ocean leakages.

The great earthquakes and seismic sea waves in the disasters at Arica in 1868, and Iquique, 1877, are cited. In both instances the cities were shaken down by terrible commotions lasting four or five minutes, and some twenty minutes after the earthquake the sea was observed to be draining away, withdrawing slowly from the land, so that ships anchored in six or seven fathoms of water rested on the bottom, helpless to move. Half an hour later the sea returned as a mighty wave, fifty or sixty feet high, sweeping everything before it.

From these observations Captain See drew his conclusions. He says along the coast of Chili during the great earthquakes the sea was uplifted for 100 miles. The sinking of the sea bottom causes the water to rush in on all sides, to fill up the surface depression. He says, "Under the deep sea, however, the movement of the blocks of the crust often is down-ward, for the support is undermined when the lava surges toward the land, and thus a section of the sea bottom as large as a county or a small State may sink several hundred feet, and thereby depress the sea level over the sunken area."

The theory is verified by the very deep holes in the sea bottom west of Africa, and by the deep trench in the sea bottom just south of the Aleutian Islands and east of Japan, in which places the earthquakes and the sea waves are very terrible.

In the Aleutian Islands, there is obviously a mountain chain in formation, with the islands as peaks, projecting their heads above water. The trench south of the Aleautians is more than 4,000 fathoms deep; it is sinking into a beautiful valley, and after long geological ages the south side of the trench will be folded up to give another range of mountains parallel to the Aleutian chain. Accordingly, in time, the North Pacific Ocean will have two mighty mountain chains folded parallel, near the shore, and with a deep valley between them.

Geologists tell us that other mighty processes are operating on our globe. Great mountain ranges are in the formation and many systems now unknown will yet rise to the surface.

The dinosaurs and other reptiles of similar type once existed in Wyoming, Colorado and Utah, in great

numbers. It is recognized that they lived in lagoons and swamps, in fresh or brackish water, and thus along the edge of the sea, not in plateaus, where their fossils are now found.

The American Museum of Natural History, New York, under expeditions conducted by Dr. Roy Chapman Andrews, in the plateau of Mongolia, in the Desert of Gobi, found about two dozen fossil dinosaur eggs. They were at a distance of 1,500 or 2,000 miles from the sea, and this shows that the sea has receded since the age of the dinosaurs.

Thus, as North America has been broadened westward and been uplifted into mountains and plateaus by the Pacific Ocean, so also the continent of Asia has been broadened eastward and uplifted into the present mountains of the Himalayas and the plateaus of Tibet and Mongolia by the Pacific and Indian Oceans. The continent has been uplifted and the oceans narrowed with the lapse of the centuries.

All active volcanoes are within about 100 miles of the sea. If further inland volcanoes gradually die out, evidently for lack of sufficient water to keep the active eruptions going.

THE DANIELS.

The sleeping-car Sirocco will be known as the Daniels in the future. Coming out of a wreck the car went to the repair shops and when it comes out it will be relabeled the Daniels. The new name is in honor of the porter, who was on the company pay roll as Oscar J. Daniels. He was black and answered to any name, "Porter" or "George" mostly. The coach was wrecked and heroicly the porter sought to and succeeded in saving the lives of more than one of his passengers, and was himself carried to the hospital and died soon after his experience with a burning car. It is said to be the first time that a Pullman car has ever been named for an employee. The Daniels will always give testimony to the bravery of a simple black man who did his duty though it delivered him into the hands of death.—Salisbury Post.

THE CURE FOR TROUBLE.

By Dr. J. W. Holland.

A man and his wife had a disagreement. That is not unusual. Their quarrel ended in blows. That was unusual. A policeman was called in, and the unhappy couple were haled into court to air their trouble in public.

During the trial the father of the woman was called to the witness stand. An old man he was, with silver hair.

Asked to tesitfy, he drew from his pocket a small copy of the Bible, and said, "Your honor, the only trouble with this family is that they have thrown the teaching of this Book out of their home. I have tried to get them to do otherwise, but could not."

At this, the Judge took off his spectacles and said, "That is the chief trouble with America today. We are trying to live without the Book."

Some wit said, "The American people are a people of two books—the spelling book, and the pocket-book."

If it had not been for the Book of Books our Government would not have been founded as it was.

Is the Bible a neglected book in your house. It is the foundation of the virtues that make monogamy possible and beautiful. It is the best guarantee of the kind of life that makes for a happy and contented old age.

Four hundred years ago this very year a man by the name of Tyndale was strangled and then burned at the stake for the crime of translating the Bible from the Latin into the English language.

The Book is today the world's best seller, there being a copy put into circulation for every minute of time.

The Bible is a picture gallery where each one of us can see the likenss of his own weaknesses, and the possibilities of his virtue. It is the safest guidepost, the best compass, the surest light, the most abiding source of comfort.

When I was a boy, a hired man on our farm tried to get me to lift myself by the boot-straps. Of course my feet stayed on the ground where God put them.

Spiritually and morally we are foolish enough to attempt the same thing. No one has in himself the power to lift himself above himself. All he can do is to lop off a vice here and there.

A group of 100 Salvation Army folk met yesterday in my Church. They sang a song that I cannot forget. "By the pathway of duty flows the river of God's grace."

You and I need the strength that comes from outside of us if we are to live above the dictates of our bodies.

Take the Bible off the center table in the back parlor, dust it off, and read it, and teach its precepts to your children, if you are interested in their future and the future of America.

I have a Bible that my grandmother carried 1,000 miles in 1842 from Delaware to Iowa. It is thumbed and

discolored by use. Its pages gave her the power to endure the hardships of pioneer farming in a new state. Oftentimes, now, her grandson finds help from those old yellowed pages.

The Salvation Army song is right.

It is related that a lady who had made much study of the appropriateness of dress, color schemes and the like, on an occasion was expatiating on man's apparel. She said: "A man with black hair to be becomingly attired should wear a black suit; brown hair, brown suit; gray hair, grey suit."

"But, lady, have a heart," protested one man, "remember I'm baldheaded."—Eugene Ashcraft.

PAUL REVERE.

By Maude Gardner.

At 19 North Square, in the city of Boston, Mass., stands the quaint old house in which Paul Revere lived for thirty years—from 1770 to 1800. This house is the oldest building in the city, and stands on the original site of the Increase Mather parsonage, which was burned in the great fire of 1676.

In 1908 the Paul Revere Memorial Association took over the old home of the famous Revolutionary hero, and restored it to its original condition. North Square, on which the home is located, is now the center of the Italian quarter, and this quaint colonial house makes a charming spot in the midst of the babel of the foreign-speaking section. Every day throughout the year visitors from all parts of the country wend their way to the strange little home, with its quaint "entry," its big, open fireplaces, the old, old wall paper, and many other features of the colonial period.

Paul Revere was born in the city of Boston on New Year's Day in the year 1735. His father was a gold and silver smith by trade, and, following the usual custom of those days, the son learned his father's business and became very skillful in engraving. In the city there are yet to be found many pieces of silver on which the versatile mechanic and ardent patriot engraved the owners initials.

In 1764, after years of dissatisfaction among the colonists who were beginning to chaff at the tyranny of British rule, the Stamp Act was passed, providing that all legal papers should be worthless unless they were written on stamped paper, the revenue from the sale of said paper to be used for supporting the British army in America! And there was landed in Boston a party of English troops to see that this act was enforced. The irate colonists, who looked upon "taxation without representation" as wholly unjust, openly denounced the passing of this act, and determined that they would not adhere to it.

A society called "The Sons of Liberty" was formed, of which Paul

Revere was an enthusiastic member. The purpose of this society was to watch the movements of the arrogant English officers, and report to the patriot leaders, Samuel Adams and John Hancock, at Lexington. And Paul Revere, eager to be of help to the cause he knew was right, spent innumerable nights walking the dark streets of Boston, trying to determine the intentions of the Redcoats.

In some way it was discovered that the British were planning a march on Lexington to capture Hancock and Adams, and to take the guns and ammunition which the colonists had stored at Concord. A consultation followed, and "The Sons of Liberty" conceived a plan to foil the attempts of the enemy.

Some one must warn the patriots that the British were coming, so that they might be prepared to defend their stores at Concord; a message must be taken to Hancock and Adams to put them on their guard, and Paul Revere, the young silversmith, was the one chosen to be in readiness for this ride. The understanding was that if the enemy started their march by crossing the bridge over the Charles River, one lantern was to be hung in the tower of the Old North Church, or, if they rowed directly across from the barracks to Charleston, two lanterns were to shine forth from the tower.

On the eventful night of April 18, 1775, Paul Revere was ready with his faithful horse. That the enemy would start that night was now felt to be a certainty, and Revere, his eyes always on the tower of the church, waited in the stillness of the night for the signal. At last he was rewarded by seeing a light shine from the darkened aerie, and a second later a second light. They were preparing to cross the river and march in the direction of Lexington and Concord, and, swinging into his saddle, Paul Revere galloped out into the midnight darkness to awaken the sleeping farmers all along the road.

In the famous old Hancock-Clarke house, a treasured landmark in Lexington today, John Hancock and Samuel Adams, who were soundly seleeping, were aroused by Revere's lusty voice. And so on through the night went the brave hero, the noise and clatter of horse's hoofs ringing out strangely in the stillness of the night.

At daybreak on the morning of April 19th, the British troops reached Lexington and ordered the few minute men who had gathered on the village green to scatter. This, the patriots promptly refused to do, and, in the skirmish that followed, the first blood of the American Revolution was shed. At Concord there had been gathering, since the early dawn, the irate farmers whom Paul Revere had aroused from their sleeping-beds, and in the gray chill of that April morning the minute men "fired the shot heard round the world," and thus was the great struggle for freedom begun.

And Paul Revere, who had grasped an opportunity to do an incalculable good to mankind, was captured near the close of his journey, but was released the next day,and later became a lieutenant-colonel in the American army. In order to furnish the colonists with powder, Revere founded a powder-mill, and ran it very successfully for several years.

He also aided the Contintental Congress very materially by making the copper plates from which the paper money used was printed. When the Revolution was over, he started an iron-foundry, making cannon and church bells, and when the United States frigate, "Old Ironsides," was built in Boston, it was Paul Revere who made all the iron parts, such as nails, spikes, bolts, etc., to be used in the famous vessel.

Paul Revere's name is immortal, and, since that long-ago April night, his fame has been securely enshrined in the hearts of all patriotic Americans. Poets have found inspiration in praising him, and historians have honored themselves in honoring him.

—Selected.

MOST BOYS HAVE DISCOVERED.

That it pays to be friendly.

That it takes something more than clothes to make a good chum.

That good habits and a good time have never yet been divorced.

That the sun invariably rises on time the day after his defeat; yes, and that it seems to smile, and say: "Another opportunity."

That work gives spice to play, and that play gives flavor to work.

That there is an abundance of good thoughts ready to be poured into the hopper of one's mind mill ; one grinds and takes the toll.

That fairness says: "If you expect John to be a helpful chum, why don't you get there first?"

That the lions of difficulty that one sees in his path are often fast chained.

That a bit of encouragement will often brace up a discouraged comrade, and help him to tackle a hard proposition with a new zeal.

That lack of real friends usually means lack of friendliness.

That manners are an index of the heart, and must be sincere to be effective.

That ill temper is always a desirable possession—to get rid of.

That high ideals keep his feet out of the mire.—Boy Life.

GEO. MCMANUS—MAGGIE AND JIGGS.

By Mary Stewart Cutting, Jr.

The first thing that impresses you about George McManus, the famous cartoonist, is that his eyes are brown and that he has a personality characteristic of those who are endowed with these big, human qualities. He is sure and definite, with no consciousness of himself, and he has a quiet, friendly way of meeting you with a smile that gives instant recognition of the kindly wit of the man.

Through many corridors with strange turnings and unexpected doors leading to more corridors, I reached his office and found him at work "Bringing Up Father."

This comic strip, as it is technically called, published daily, including Sunday in a full page, and in upward of seven hundred newspapers througout the entire world, has made a name unequalled in the history of American humor. I was bent on discovering from Mr. McManus, the creator of it, how his like ha dbrought him to his present great success.

At once we fell into conversation —there was no getting into it, we just began—in a little room, glass on two sides, West and North, looking across Columbus Circle to Central Park, where he does much of his work.

"I was born in St. Louis," he began, "and I'd like to have people know it, and that I've only been married once and to the same wife for fourteen years, because I've been born, according to report, in every city of the United States and Canada, and married in every one, especially those cities I've never been in. I am forty-two and my father and mother were Irish. My wife was a St. Louis girl. Funny thing—never knew her in St. Louis, I met her in New York and about a year and half after that we were married." He pointed to the photograph of a very pretty young woman upon his desk, and smiled—he always smiles when he speaks of Mrs. McManus. Later, he told me that she is an accomplished musician.

"I never took a drawing lesson in my life," he said in answer to a question, "except at school. We had drawing lessons, and I always got 100. My book was full in an hour, and I could sit and loaf, while the others took the whole term to fill theirs. But I was really put out of school for drawing pictures. The teacher caught me in the class room decorating one of the books, and showed it to my father as a punishment. He showed it to the editor of the St. Louis Republican, then he asked me how I would like to give up school? The editor had offered me a job, and I went right to work. I was sixteen at the time.

"There was a peculiar comeback to that," he went on with much amusement. "Some time later, after I had been in New York several years, my wife and I returned on a visit to St. Louis. We went to call on the teacher, who was still at the

school. I thought all St. Louis must know abut me, but the teacher didn't say anything until just as we were leaving, then she looked at me and said, "What do you do for a living?" My wife has never let me forget it!

"I had never thought of pen and ink until I got on the Republican," Mr. McManus continued with the story of his early years. "At first, they gave me different things to do, and of course I fell down on some of them. I was on trial, but they figured I'd develop. They did everything in the newspaper field in those days, and after awhile I had charge of the fashion page. I created fashions." He laughed. "They'd ask me to create something, so I'd copy from pictures of all kinds of different dresses, put them together and add to them. When I got through, it looked like a crazy quilt—but it was a fashion dress just the same."

I asked what he was paid for all this.

"When I first went to the Republican I drew six dollars a week. When I left, at the end of five years, I was manager of the art department at thirty-five dollars a week, and drawing seventy-five from the advertising department. There was a great deal of night work, and I was tired of it, so I accepted an offer from the Post Dispatch. But I stayed with them only two weeks; I wanted to come to New York. I went, and celebrated my twenty-first brithday there."

"Why did you want to come to New York?" I asked.

"I had practically reached the limit of my salary in the newspaper field at home," he replied, "syndicates had not started, and I wanted specially to get into the comic game. Everybody was talking 'New York,' and I was at the age when I was so smart that St. Louis wasn't big enough for me."

"Had you any idea what you would do when you got here?"

"No, I hadn't, but I had a little money, about twenty-four hundred dollars, and I didn't do any work until I had spent every nickel of it. I even got rid of my overcoat."

"How long did it take?"

He looked reflective, "Let's see," he answered. "I think about two months. I know that that amount was worth more than double what it is today, but I was determined to see New York, if I never saw anything elese."

When the last nickel was gone, on Christmas Eve, he slept the night in Bryant Park. He seemed to regard it as one of the funniest things that had happened in his life. He could have sent home for money and gotten it easily, for his father was one of the big theatrical producers of the West, but his pride had kept him from writing.

This pride ha darisen at the time he asked for his first raise, after two years on the Republican, and had been given an advance of two dollars a week. He had complained to his father, who had replied, "If it had not been for me you would not be getting that." From that day he had made up his mind never to be dependent on anybody, and this was his severest test. Also, there had been prophecy when he departed St. Louis to the effect that he would,

inevitably, be forced to return.

I said that Bryant Park must have been somewhat less cozy twenty-one years ago than perhaps it was at present.

"It isn't cozy at any time under those circumstances," he replied with humorous emphasis.

The next morning, Christmas, with a strong feeling that he would rather starve to death than be licked, he decided to go to the old Gilsey House, because it was run by a St. Louis man, and take a room, for which he would not have to pay at once. The following morning, he started downtown to the World office to see about some sketches that he had submitted. He had no carfare.

"I walked over to the Third Avenue 'L'," he said, "and told the man at the ticket window that I'd left my wallet in my suite of rooms at the Gilsey House, and that I had to get downtown on important business. I offered him the key to my room, it was marked with the name of th ehotel, and I said I would be back in the afternoon with the nickel. He took it and I got to the World, but I didn't sell anything. I couldn't get anything to eat and I had to walk uptown. Then I had to think of a way to pay the man who had my key, so I drew a picture of the clerk at the Gilsey House handing me five dollars. This was my I. O. U. It worked. He liked the picture of himself and lent me the five. Later on when I returned it I gave him a better drawing.

"Things broke for me the next day. A syndicate 'phoned and made me an offer, and I got a wire from the World the same day. Syndicates were just beginning. The only idea there had been of that kind was when two newspapers under the same ownership used the same features. The World and the Post Dispatch were both Pulitzer papers, and much of the New York stuff was printed in St. Louis. I knew mine would be, and though the World offered me fifty dollars less a week than the syndicate, I took the cheaper job to let them know at home in this fashion that I was working. As it turned out it was the best thing I could have done.

"Then, because I was fixed, I went to call on some of my father's friends in the theatrical profession. They wanted to know where I had been and what I was doing, because my Dad had been wiring to them, but I wouldn't tell them anything —I just said the town looked pretty easy to me."

After six or seven years with the World, Mr. McManus went to the newspaper syndicate where he has been for fifteen years. He told me tha the had created two comics with the World, "Let George Do It" and "The Newlyweds." For the latter he took his wife as model.

When he joined his present organization, he wanted something new, and originated "Bringing Up Father." He said that "Father" was his favorite character, the type he knew most about, and that he was really a living person to him.

"Where do you get your ideas?" I asked.

"Everywhere," he answered, "but

it's difficult because there are so many things you can't use. For instance, I can't have too much New York stuff—nothing that includes a New York apartment or a janitor. They're not understood outside of this city. I must find general ideas that will have a universal appeal, because, "Bringing Up Father" is circulated through the whole world. I can't use any local material of any particular town, for if I drew one town I'd have to draw them all. And then no seasons are allowed, for it's summer in some places and winter in others. The comics come out simultaneously, and have to be made eight or nine weeks in advance. You can't use anything that's timely. Of course you get tired of it, like everything you do for a living, but when you get an idea you like—one that you want to put over—your pen will be ahead of you. Other days it's just labor—you can't get anywhere.

Mr. McManus went on to say that his endeavor was to make his drawings clear and attractive to the eye and to get a laugh. Wilton Lackaye once said to me," he remarked, "You have to make 365 laughs a year—one every day. Even if you get them every other day, that's 182 1-2 laughs. There isn't a show on Broadway, that has that many,—sometimes, not more than 50."

He said that producing the comic was a good deal like writing a story, illustrating it, and then turning it into a play. He pays particular attention to the detail of his work, and has been known to tear up a whole strip of pictures showing "Jiggs" and his pal "Dinty Moore," in the Hawaiian Islands. He was dissatisfied with the way he had done the native costumes or the foliage of the palm trees. He has books full of sketches of places he has visited.

"What do you do when you are not working?" I asked.

"Think about it," he laughed. "One of the terrible things about this business is that you never get through with it. When I can't sleep, I feel that I must not waste the time, so I get up and work. And there are days when I just sit and think without getting anything done. I go home with it still on my mind. Then somebody drops in whose day finishes at five, and he looks at me and says, 'Pretty easy!' Apparently you're not supposed to think, but I'm doing the hardest work when I appear to be enjoying myself. Ideas are as insubstantial as thin air, but they are the core and soul of cartooning."

I wanted to know whether he had any unusual habits of work, for the place was in immaculate order, uncluttered——the drawing board, the tray full of pens, pencils and bottles of ink, and the desk at one side. A few of Mr. McManus' cover designs, framed, hung on the wall.

"No." he replied, "everything is so commercialized now that you don't have time to be eccentric or work in any weird way."

I asked if he received many letters, and he replied that the people who wrote in were usually out of Work. He had had only one knock. An Irishman took umbrage at a car-

toon showing "Dinty Moore" behind bars in the penitentiary, saying, "Hello, Jiggs." This iriate individual wrote at length, calling Mr. McManus down, and reciting all the great Moores of Ireland, and ended by saying that there were more McManuses in the penitentiary than there were Moores.

"Have you any aspirations?"

"No," he answered at once. "My wife says I should have, but I think if I had it would be to loaf, and my idea would be to demonstrate how comfortable a lounge in a show window could be. If they would pay me enough, I think I could enjoy it."

"What are your recreations?" I asked next.

"I like salt bathing," he said, "but I never take any exercise, if I know about it first. In the ocean the waves toss me about, and I get it in spite of myself. I like traveling better than anything. I've been all through Europe and this country. My wife has been around the world; she does a great deal of observing for me. Abroad, I prefer the little villages. Why, in London, standing in front of the Savoy and the Cecil, and in Paris in front of the Grand Hotel, you meet everyone you thought was dead. Even the shop girls seem to have been imported from New York."

"What do you think about your work, do you feel that you are successful?

"Not according to my wife," he replied. "She would like to see me doing bigger things. She says you can't stand still—you've either got to go forward or go backward."

He went on to give his idea of success—that is depends on the individual—is something within himself. He said, "If a man has made a million in one business and wishes he'd make it in another, he isn't a success to himself. I figure that an artist who may not have any money, but whom people call the most wonderful artist in the world—if he can live on that remark—is a success. Take every actor, even our greatest and most successful comedians, they never consider themselves great actors until they've played a Shakesepearean part. It's the same why in the comic field. The comic man never considers himself a great artist until he studies the art of painting. I don't care about my name living after me, I'd rather eat now!"

I spoke of the success of "Bringing Up Father." He said the public decided and told me some of its latest developments.

The comic has appeared within the last few months in book form in China and Japan, but when it first ran in the newspapers of those countries there was much anxiety over "Jiggs" hunger for corn beef and cabbage. That dish was unknown to them. After deliberation they substituted ricve for it in the translated captions. However, since the earthquake, large consignments of the American delicacy, in cans, have found their way to the Far East, and "Bringing Up Father" is now unchanged in the book.

Four theatrical companies for fourteen years have produced a stage version of the comic in the United states, but last year a Japanese adopter, seeing its enormouns popularity in Japan, wrote it into a

play on his own initiative, and found his judgment fully justified in the enthusiasms of the audiences.

"Jiggs" has also been welcomed heartily by his own in Dublin, on two counts—his own personality, and for the reason that he is the work of a McManus.

Mr. McManus laughed and said he thought the strip had been published in every language, except, perhaps, Eskimo! Then he told the story of the Persian rug.

Six years ago, a fugitive copy of the China Press of Shanghai which has printed "Bringing Up Father" for a number of years, reached Teheran, Persia, and fell into the hands of Ahmad Khan, a Persian with an Oxford education. He was interested enough to write immediately to Mr. McManus praising the wit and art of the cartoon, and expressing the hope that they might meet. This was beginning of a correspondence that ripened into warm friendship. In 1922, they met in Parii, and Mr. McManus gave Ahmad Khan several if his original drawings, among them a cover design in colors. This depicts "Maggie" in court dress ascending a flight of steps leading to the garden of the palace. Two girl pages hold her long, crimson train while "Jiggs" in an old flannel shirt and trousers stands aside in awed amazement.

Two years later, a reproduction of the cover arrived in the shape of a silk rug, six feet long and five wide, as a gift to Mr. McManus. It is hand women, 990 knots to the square inch, and is a beautiful specimen from looms celebrated for years in weaving the Kazanshaw rugs, famed among collectors. Not the least part of Mr. McManus' appreciation of the gift was the complete surprise of its arrival. Though the two men had been in constant correspondence during the many months of its making, the giver had never mentioned the rug.

These are a few of Mr. McManus' contacts away from home. But it is in the United States that he first won the wide reputation that makes his tremendous audience turn to his comic strip in order that the day shall begin with a smile.

Mr. McManus was brought up in the atmosphere of the theatre. His father was one of the great managers in the West of his day, and Mr. McManus's voice changes to pride and respect when he speaks of him. It brings him keen pleasure now, to drop into one of the actors' club and meet for the first time people who say, "Why, I knew your father well."

The elder McManus put on plays including the well-known actors, Gus Thomas, Digby Bell, Kyrle Bellew, James O'Neil, Henry Dixie, Julia Marlow, Sothern, Reid and Collie, Adeline Patti (in concert in St. Louis,) Sir Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, Della Fox, Lillian Russell, De Wolfe Hopper, and many others.

Mr. MsManus took from his pocket a gold match-case which he has carried for years. On one side of it is an inscription to his father from Henry E. Abbey and Maurice Grau, who built the Metropolitan Opera House, and on the other are four twinkling blue diamonds. The story that goes with it is that those two men presented to the Western producer a gift of value, of which this was a part, for his spirit of good

fellowship in taking on tour of the country the French and Italian Opera Company, composed of the two De Reszkes, Emma Eames, Nordica, Sembrich, Melba, and Campanini, and refusing to be reimbursed. He did this as a favor, as his son put it, to demonstrate how the "show should be put on."

George McManus talked frankly about himself, but quite as if it were another person's list of achievements he were discussing rather than his own. It is seldom that you meet any one of so tremendous vogue and so little vanity. He takes his work with a fine seriousness, for all his humorous way in speaking of it. And it is a serious job, to be taken with the kind of thought that does away with things that will leave a bad taste. In his characters "Jiggs" and "Maggie" he delineatres widely human impulses —"Jiggs," the victim of his own desires, getting caught by "Maggie," who is a perfect example of outraged sincerity, in her eagerness for their joint advancement.

Mr. McManus believes that a man must give to comic art, whether he feels like it or not, everything he has all the time. He outlined a formula for successful cartooning some time ago. It is work—be humble—observe—learn and—apply.

There is no greater proof of art, in addition to its presentation, than that it shall reach the world in terms that are universal. George McManus has done this with a spirit of a good fellowship that has encircled the globe.

GUMP'S TRIBUTE TO BIRDS.

Observation 1.

Go on and chirp—if I was up there in that tree I'd chirp myself—what a cinch a bird has—his clothes are always in style—one suit lasts him a life time—he gets all his meals free and the whole world is his dining room and you don't see him Tipping the waiter after every meal.

Observation II.

You don't see them paying $5.00 down and a dollar a month on their home—there are no second mortgages clouding their young lives—when they see a nice site for a home they say, "That's mine," and it is! And they're never sick—who ever heard of a robin with rheumatism.

Observation III.

Loaf around the finest place they can find all summer and then go down to Palm Beach for the winter—and they never see a fellow come around with bills the first of the month either—No Wonder They Sing.

—Sidney Smith.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT EELS?

Rather a slippery subject, you will certainly agree. Perhaps, when you happen to catch one of the wriggling creatures on your fish hook, you don't want to know anything but how to get rid of him.

Do you know that a number of scientists have been sent recently to Bermuda from Copenhagen, Denmark, to try to find out more about eels? They have been on the job for several months, and one of these learned men has made a special study of eels—yes, the common, clinging, slippery eel—for fifteen years. Now it has been found that eels breed near the Bermuda and the Leeward Islands where the water is more than a mile deep.

There are two kinds of eels, American and European, and they are not at all friendly. The European species lay its eggs to the south and east of the Bermudas andthe American eels breeds to the south and west of the islands.

The first named variety makes a three-year migration to the shores of Europe from the North Sea to Italy, while the second journey to the American coast from New England to the south coast, taking only a few months or a year.

Eels can live for long periods out of water, as is well known among fishermen, and they sometimes travel overland from stream to stream or up the faces of dams and along the sides of rocks in search of sufficient water.

While not so highly prized in this country, in Europe they are especially regarded from the North Sea to Italy, and the Danish and Holland industries are of especial importance to those countries. The fish are caught in traps similar to lobster pots or rat traps, entering a narrow funnel mouth after the bait and then being unable to find the outlet.

It is estimated by the Bureau of Fisheries, that the eel catch in this country is more than 3,500,00 pounds annually, valued at more than a quarter million dollars. Most American commercial eel fishing is along the Atlantic from New England to the Chesapeake.

The scales of an eel show its age, as the rings of a tree do. Some eels recently caught were thus shown to be from twelve to twenty or even thirtyyears old.—Target.

"Would you like some nice waffles this morning, John?"
"No, thank you. They look too much like fried cross-word puzzles, and I'm fed up on those."—Boston Transcript.

GLORIOUS DAYS.

(Selected.)

There are certain days which we as citizens of this Republic love to celebrate. We have just passed one of them, and there are others, and we call them national holidays. They usually mean the closing up of shop and general cessation of labor wherever it is possible. These days are commemorative of men who have rendered this country distinguished service, and of events that proved to be turning points in the progress of our national life. It is intensely interesting to see flags unfurled, banners waving, vehicles decorated in patriotic fashion, parades moving along the streets of our cities like the waves of the sea, and groups assembled in halls and parks to listen to the recital of deeds of valor and the enumeration of those principles that have made our nation great, and the general out-of-door festivities which indicate that we may sit under our own vine and fig-tree in peace.

So far so good. But the trouble is that there are so many of us who think that this is the sum and substance of patriotism, and that when we celebrate we have done about all that is required of us. This subject has been called to my mind through the reading of a state primary election which was held yesterday. In some counties only fifty per cent of the voting population went to the trouble to register, while in other counties the percentage fell as low as fifteen and twenty. These are other evidences just as unwelcome which go to show that we are far from understanding the central meaning of patriotism. Patriotism is not falling into a parade, waving a banner, or indulging in some colorful display, but it consists rather in that loyal service which we may render our country every day. That means there are certain movements we ought to oppose, certain slogans we ought to cry down, and certain practices we ought to antagonize. It also means that we ought to wish our country well, to exercise the right of franchise, to support every measure that contributes to the establishment of righteousness, and to be willing to make personal sacrifice for the common good. To love our country is God's will for us, and it is hard to see how it can long endure unless that love is distributed throughout the mass of our people. Some one will have to carry on an educational process before we are all good Americans.

First Student.—I wonder how old Mrs. Jones is?

Second Student.—Quite old, I imagine. They say she used to teach Caesar.—Washington Dirge.

A SHAME ON A GREAT STATE.

Catawba News-Herald.

We were again forcibly reminded of a condition in North Carolina that is no credit to the men who have been making our laws for the last twenty-five years.

Judge Shaw was forced to send a boy seventeen years of age to the State penitentiary because there was nothing else for him to do or turn the boy loose on society and thus make a farce of our laws.

There is absolutely no provision in our State laws to provide for wayward boys between the age of 16 and 21 years of age—that is boys of this age who have violated laws are sent to the State prison along with murderers, burglars, robbers and hardened criminals.

Until we had a man like J. P. Cook to arise and devote years of his life to the cause, we had no provision for boys at all in the State until the Jackson Training School was established.

Until Dorothy Dix from outside the State came and awakened the public conscience we had no provision to take care of our unfortunate insane people. The Dix hospital at Raleigh bears her name and this woman will live in the annals of our State.

We have spent millions for hard surface roads—and this paper is a pioneer in the advocacy of good roads—but in the name of humanity, in the name of the boys from 16 to 21 years of age, let us not allow another State Legislature to meet and adjourn until some provision has been made for the wayward boys between the age of 16 and 21 years of age.

The money that it costs to build a few miles of road would purchase and equip a large farm to give these boys useful training and make citizens of them—instead of hardened criminals as is now being done by a great so called Christian State.

THE DIARY OF A FLY.

April 21st—Have found a dandy boarding place. Mrs. Jones sure sets a fine table. Had chicken for dinner yesterady. Afterwards, took a bath in the milk and dried off in the sugar.

April 23rd.—Living like a king. Went skating on a slab of butter today. Played with the baby for a while. Took a nap in the cooky jar.

April 25th——Had a narrow escape. Woke Mr. Jones by taking my daily exercise on the tip of his nose. Chased me all over the house with a swatter, but I got away.

April 29th—Out of luck! Mrs. Jones bought new screen doors and windows. I'm starving to death! I HATE ALL SCREENED WINDOWS AND DOORS!

PROGRESS IN CAROLINA.

Natural Resources.

Had the Southern exposition been held in New York in 1900 instead of 1925, the visitor who might have been attracted to North Carolina would have been of necessity a pioneer spirit capable of seeing in a few significant facts the index of a progress whose miracle has been its cumulative character.

He would have noted that in the twenty years 1800-1900, the true value of the state's property had risen from $461,000,000 to $682,000,000, but he could not have pictured its increase sixfold to $4,500,000,000 in 1924.

He would have noted that manufactures had risen in twenty years from a value of $20,000,000 to $85,000,000, but could not have foreseen that the census of 1920 would rate them at $665,000,000.

He would have seen a healthy increase in farm products from $52,000,000 in 1880 to $89,000,000 in 1900, but could never have imagined that in 1923 this value would increase to $513,000,000, while farm crops would rise in value from $69,000,000 in 1900 to $436,000,000 in 1923.

Who could have thought that in less than 25 years bank resources would have risen from $15,362,182 to a total of $471,854,564? Foreseen that a state expending $624,381 on roads would in 1923 be spending $36,148,000, and in 1925 have in improved highways a total investment of over a hundred million dollars? That a state which was with great effort expending something less than a million dollars on public schools would in less than a generation be spending for the education of its youth 23 times as much?

These are figures which point a capital constantly augmented as created by an energy increasing with success and expended not only in industry and education, but on impulse for the graces and luxuries of life seemly to a people of an ancient amalgam of racial strains that in its white population comes near to producing in fact the "American" of theory.

In its textile empire of five hundred mills to which there is contributed 540,000 developed water-power; in its waterways; its fabulously fertile coastal plain; its seaside, piedmont, mountain playgrounds and resorts; in its wealth of minerals and of forests, and in the new urge for the uniform development of its resources, North Carolina presents for the Southern exposition those facts of self-achievement which best prove opportunity.

Teacher.—Johnny, name a collective noun.
Johnny.—A vaccum cleaner.—Life.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By James Davis.

John Keenan, member of the first cottage, has been replaced in the shoe shop.

The barn boys have been hauling coal from the railroad siding for the cottages.

The boys have been getting cantaloupes and corn for several days this week.

Mr. Paul Owensby, former band director, directed the rehearsal Thursday afternoon.

Mr. R. C. Shaw, former printing director, paid the institution a visit last Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Edmund Poole has charge of one of the primary grades during the absence of Mr. Peninger.

Irvin Moore and Paul Oldham, members of the sixth and second cottages, were paroled by Supt. Boger last Wednesday afternoon.

Patrick Templeton and Douty Everhart, former boys at the institution, were recent visitors at the school.

James Bland, member of the eighth cottage, has returned to the institution after spending a few days with his people in Winston-Salem.

A few of the boys who were made happy last Wednesday by a visit from relatives and friends were: Buford Carter, Lester Morris, Paul Oldham, Irvin Moore and Washington Pickett.

Vernon Lauder, former boy at the institution, paid the school a visit last Saturday afternoon. During his stay here, he played for the officers team in a game of ball against the boys.

Rev. J. C. Rowan, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, of Concord, conducted the services in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. His text was taken from the one hundred and forty-first Psalm.

The boys and officers had another ball game last Saturday afternoon the boys winning by a one-sided score 34 to 19. It was really not a game at all owing to the large number of errors made by both sides The way it started it looked to be a good game neither side scored in the first inning but the boys started the merry-go-round by crossing the plate in the second frame. Nine more were added in the fourth and the boys continued scoring in nearly every other inning of the game. The officers scored enough runs to win any ordinary ball game but the breaks were against them.

Tuesday night was the night select-

ed for the quarterly contest to be held. This contest was a story telling contest for the primary grades and a reading contest for the higher grades. James Davis won the prize in the first room; Willie Nichols, for the second; Raymond Ritchie, for the third; Clarence Rogers won the story telling contest for the fourth and Allen Cabe for the fifth. Mr. J. J. Barnhardt, one of the good friends of the school offered a five dollar prize quarterly, for any subject that would help the boys in their school work. Among the contests that have been held, are: speeches, spelling and writing contests, and these proved a great success. Mr. Barnhardt awarded the prizes. Music was furnished for the evening by the school band which played several good selections. Mr. Paul Owensby directed the band.

Preachers should learn to parse. There was once an excuse for the ignorance of the ministry, but there is none now. To hear a preacher, as we did recently, say a half dozen times within three minutes "the thing for you and I to do" makes "I" at once doubt whether the preacher is capable of telling what is the thing "for I to do," since he is necessarily either ignorant and exegesis, and can only exhort, or pass of worth-while interpretation and exegesis, and can only exhort, or pass along the traditional interpretations of the earlier ignorant ministry. On the other hand, if he is careless with his mother tongue, the fact would suggest a habit of mind that would naturally make him careless in more vital matters than his language, particularly in his thinking. Let preachers learn to parse. Men want meat when they go to church, but a fly in the gravy at once raises a doubt as to the competency of the cook.—Chatham Record.

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South Bound

No.	29	2:35 A. M.
"	31	6:07 A. M.
"	11	8:05 A. M.
"	33	8:25 A. M.
"	45	3:55 P. M.
"	135	8:35 P. M.
"	35	10:12 P. M.

North Bound

No.	30	2:00 A. M.
"	136	5:00 A. M.
"	36	10:25 A. M.
"	46	3:15 P. M.
"	34	4:43 P. M.
"	12	7:10 P. M.
"	32	8:36 P. M.
"	40	9:28 P. M.

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Carolina Rec.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIII CONCORD, N. C. AUGUST 1 1925 No. 36

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WHERE TO BEGIN.

We've met a great many builders, and we've never had one yet to tell us that the first one he built was a ten story building. He began his career by erecting smaller structures. Neither can a man attain greatness, and acomplish big things until he starts at the bottom and works his way up by doing things well.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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Just whistle a bit if the day is dark
And the sky be overcast;
And if mute the voice of the piping lark—
Why, pipe your own small blast!

—Paul L. Dunbar.

WHEN WE SEE CLEARLY.

E. D. Latta, one of the most potent agencies that ever entered into the material life of Charlotte, died a few days ago at his lately adopted home in Asheville. He left Charlotte, as he had a right to do, after a conspicuous record of city building, whereupon some hard things were said by some of his former neighbors, who seemed peeved over certain outcomes, or were envious or jealous of the success of the great builder.

When men have done their might, have given to a cause the best that is in them; when they have made a success of a proposition, and cannot longer be a particular use, or a call beckons to a new field, then the wagging tongues, unmindful of a service unique and greatly beneficial to the community, wag their naughty stories—they just didn't know well their subject.

Touching upon the death of Mr. Latta in a most splendid talk made

by Judge Morrison Caldwell, of the Concord Police Court, and an invited guest of the Kiwanis Club on Friday, the speaker quoted a statement of a writer as follows: "You cannot tell the success or failure of a man until you read his will." The speaker made it clear to his interested hearers that the will of Mr. Latta gave a true measurement of the man, in that when he came to die he wrote in undying language the fact that his life was a success. All agreed.

Men adopt different measures to build a well-spent life. Many of them do their bits all through life while yet in the flesh, lifting their fellows up; putting fit subjects into positions to make good; setting worthy characters on their business feet, and in many ways making their contributions to the public good while the lamp holds out—and others, wrapped securely in a program that to the world seems purely selfish and grasping leave, when they come to pass on, a true insight into their hearts and minds. Latta was one of these.

Rising as he did; building as he did; and dying as he did, with his true nature written into his last will and testament, everybody now knows and are willing and glad to bless his memory. E. D. Latta's will declared him to have been a great heart.

* * * * * * * * * *

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

The whole nation was shocked Monday morning to hear of the death of William Jennings Bryan, which occurred on Sunday afternoon at Dayton, Tennessee. A wonderful man was the great Commoner. He never reached the goal of his political ambition, but accomplished a greater thing—he wormed his way into the heart of more individual friendship than any man living in a modern age. Even his political enemies and those that opposed everything that he suggested, because it came from him, recognized the exalted character of the man; gave him credit for sincerity; and never doubted that he deeply sympathized with a true spirit of democracy among men.

Of course there is no certainty about it, but there are people today who believe that had Bryan been president, or had succeeded in influencing President Wilson, whom he undoubtedly made president in 1912, there would today be no war debt hanging around the people's necks, no shell-shocked Americans, no unmarked graves on foreign soil, nor broken family ties.

Bryan has contributed so much for the good of his nation; has waged so many battles for truth and righteousness that his name will survive all

time—written into history more indelibly than that of even many of the presidents.

The high lights in his public career are chronologically summed up as follows:

March 19, 1860—Born at Salem, Ill.

1870—Entered public schools.

1875—Entered Whipple Academy.

1881—Was graduated from Illinois College, Jackson, Ill., as valedictorian of his class.

1883—Graduated from Union College of Law, Chicago, and began practice in Jacksonville.

1884—Married to Miss Mary E. Bair, at Perry, Ill. Removed to Lincoln, Neb.

1888—Elected delegate to state convention.

1890—Elected to Congress in nominally Republican district and started fight for tariff reform.

1893—Attracted attention by his tariff speech.

1893—Opposed the repeal of Sherman silver purchasing act.

1895—Choice of Nebraska Democrats for United States Senator.

1896.—Editor of Omaha World-Herald.

1896—Nominated for president at Chicago after famous "Cross of Gold" speech.

1898—Colonel of Nebraska volunteers in Spanish-American war.

1900—Nominated for president at Kansas City convention.

1901—Established "The Commoner."

1905-06—Made tour of world with family.

1908—Nominated for president third time.

1913—Retired from Wilson cabinet.

1820—Pleaded for prohibition enforcement before Democratic convention at San Franscisco.

1925—Became chief figure in prosecution of Scopes evolution case and made passionate defense of religious faith at Dayton, Tenn.

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DOING THE RIGHT THING.

It is announced that a movement is on foot to beautify the ground along the hard-surfaced road that leads from Durham to Chapel Hill. This is pleasing news. Where the state has lacked all the while is any concerted ac-

tion in appealing to land-owners to beautify their grounds along the fine roads that the state has constructed. Nothing sets off a country better and appeals to the frequent passer-by than beautified grounds along the highways.

To do this requires no great outlay of money or labor. It can be done in units, according to well-developed plans—taking a small section at a time. The woods are full of fine shrubs and trees that await a systematic transplanting at no considerable cost. The outcome of this exercise of the love of the orderly and beautiful enchances living and contributes to the joy and benefit of the owners and gives strangers a just estimate of the character of the people, who live in our rural districts.

A young lady, a member of the Masonic excursion to California in June, remarked that the West has outstripped the East and the South in beautifying the landscapes through the West—giving more attention to the grounds than to the houses they live in. Many people embellish the inside of their houses and give but little attention to the surroundings. It is a fact that even a plain home-like house looks all the more inviting when the surroundings have been given some artistic touches.

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TAKING A PRACTICAL VIEW.

It is announced from the governor's office that it is the purpose of Gov. McLean to personally visit all the state institutions and get a close-in understanding of the methods that prevail at each and secure an intimate knowledge of the problem that confronts each. This is good news.

This institution has suffered because of an apparent lack of interest on the part of high-up officials, though repeated invitations have been in the past pressed upon them. Though the law required an annual visit to the institution, it was found inconvenient for such visits to be made by several administrations in the past. We are delighted to know that we are to be honored by a visit by Gov. McLean, who, by the way, has favored us already with a look-over. The effect of visits by distinguished visitors is most pleasing in dealing with the proposition that is ours. The boys, as well as the officers, count it a pronounced pleasure and an honor to have visits from men and women of the state, who are interested in the cause.

When Gov. McLean makes his official visit to the Jackson Training School he will receive a hearty and glad welcome, and we will permit him not only the privilege of an intimate insight into everything in connection with the

institution but shall permit him to leave at his pleasure without the formality of parole papers or any other red-tape.

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Had a committee been appointed to select the very ugliest and most unsightly license tag for automobiles in North Carolina, it could not have outstripped the ugly thing that North Carolinians have to use in the year 1925-26. It is safe in saying that a good-looking tag, with colors that do not slap you in the face, would not cost any more than the yellow and loud things afflicting us this year.

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In the death of Mr. Bryan, the evolutionists have lost their keenest thorn. For a time, at least, the North Carolina educator, who seems proud of the blot that he has brought on a wonderfully useful and influential record among the young, and the columnistess, who has gone literally made in her fury over fundamentalism, will have a gay time in asserting their brutal doubts over the question of the creation.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

Durham has a youthful diplomat, that some day is likely to become a great editor. His father is addicted to his cups and too frequently appears on the streets, being escorted to a place of safety, for those not able to take care of thesmselves under bibulous conditions. This boy was asked one day if his father was a policeman. He replied: "No, my father is not a policeman, but he goes with them a good deal."

Good recreational and school facilities are conducive to good citizenship, and the importance of these facilities to the wholesomeness of community life are giving a fresh definition this summer in the life of Durham, in the many recreational activities now going on. Our city of tomorrow must be managed and dirsected by the boys and girls of today. Their life purposes, their character and their capacities for achievement are being formed today. No city can be great without upstanding, clean-cut men and women of conscience and character to give form and direction to its life.

The son of an international banker and the son of a former railroad president went to work not long ago as clerks in a northern department store. The newspaper reported: Neither has any idea what he will do in his new work or how much he will receive." That ought not to be true, but whether it was true or not, it is a bad business doctrine to spread before young people. Not even the humblest child ought to be hired without knowing what his job is going to be and what he is going to get in his first pay envelope. Starting at the bottom is all very well. But there's no sense in getting off on the wrong foot.

I saw three or four fellows the other evening havinb on "jimswingers," these long-tailed, what they call dress coats. I shall never forget the first time I wore one. I was quite a youth on my first society legs. You know there's a sort of poetical droop to the tails of a dress-coat—a sort of weeping willowly witching wad of worldly wretchedness about the slender appendages, that did not seem to fit the style of my diamond cut limbs. I did not know where to put or carry my hands. They seemed to be in the way everywhere I put them, and especially when I put them by my side I felt as if I hadn't on a coat. There was a decided goneness about the side pants pockets, and my thumbs would instinctively creep in and hide themselves, leaving my fingers to wiggle in unprotected territory. The tails of that "jimswinger" would dangle down into the spaec left unprotected by the curves of my limbs, giving my lower extremeties the appearance of a hoisted window with some Barbaric Witchey waving a black flag through the lower sash. The first "jimswinger" and the first "stovepipe" hat are experiences a fellow never forgets.

There are two occasions, that fre-

quently occur, when two people all unmindful of what they are doing can make themselves feel very foolish in their own mind, and right before their own eyes. One is to be walking along the street and have some fellow, who is coming towards you, but is looking backward talking to some one else; you think he is go-to turn in time to pass you, but he doesn't, and instead of you getting out of his way, you two bump right into each other. The other is to meet a person, and you step to the right or left to let him or her pass, and he or she makes the same steps, and they you both are, see-sawing before each other, and each one endeavoring to pass the other, but you are bobbing before each other like, a woman trying to shoo a cow out of the lot. Either situation gives you that genuine idiotic feeling experienced under no other circumstances.

The watermelon season is on in all of its benign beauty and captivating charms, its luscious loveliness and saccharine sweetness. I am taking no stock in the controversy as to whether it is a bean or a berry. Sufficient unto me is that it is a watermelon. There is some argument as to how to eat watermelons properly. I don't know about properly, but the way to enjoy a watermelon is to eat it the plantation "nigger" way—just bury your face in a big, red, juicy slice and eat your way out; let the ends of the rind tickle your ears. It seems to me that the proper thing to do, if you are going to a watermelon party, is to wear a bathing suit. You are then prepared for any eventuality. The bathing suit is made to get wet i nand it has a certain elasticity which makes it admirably adapted for use on such important occasions. I am not very fond of watermelon myself. I have never been able to eat more than one or two at a sitting, or slicing. But I have a friend who can eat three sittings and then stand up and eat three more.

A man got off a train the other day with a dreadful looking black eye. Some one asked him if he had been in a fight. He said no that it was a berthmark. Then he explained that the evening before he had climbed into the wrong berth in the sleeper. Lots of people do get into the wrong berths in this world, anyway! Did you ever notice how many perfectly good prize fighters you see on social dance floors swing dainty little girls around in a fashion that clearly reveals how much more accustomed they are to handling barrels of nails and things like that? And have you ever seen girls banging away on the piano with fingers that were most evidently intended to handle hammers or hoes or washboards or the like? First-class carpenters trying to fill pulpits acceptably; A No 1., blacksmith attempting to paint pictunres. Won't it be fine when psycho-analysis comes to be such a perfect science that all children can be lined as soon as they graduate from school and be examined and tagged with the name of the vocation for which they are really fitted.

By the way, did you ever notice how some people are never happy un-

til they have something to kick about? A woman who used to be always complaining that her heavy hair mdae her head ache, now goes around moaning with neuralgia because her bobbed hair leaves her neck unprotected.

Lots of people are having their birth days this month. Everybody born in July has one. I shall never forget, as long as I live, one that came in this month. I know of one birthday that was celebrated with a picnic, and the birthday cake was a chocolate one. That reminds me of the lady who said she always took chocolate cakes to picnics because they didn't show the dirt.

Have you ever thought about the human condition of the world? Haven't you noticed that all the progress made on this mundane sphere has been made because somebody got hold of something that he believed to be true and was willing to defend it, even though held in ridicule and contempt, until he got a minority at his side, and then the minority became a majority and his discovery was accepted. Our democracy does not need the contented mind nearly so much as the intelligently discontented mind. We call always for the inquiring mind. The thing is to get the other fellow's point of view. Find out what is going on in the great world around us; and of examining and studying those conditions that lead to the tragedies of life as well as those which are promoting the happiness of life the world over. These are the things that are going to turn the attention of our youth outside of themselves and enable them to go forward.

Every employer in these hustling days of activity seeks to hire brains. Brains are more in demand now than ever. Brawn is required in many jobs but that alone is not the basis of good work, big results, permanent operation. Every employer expects his workers to be careful, sincere and loyal. That means, they must work intelligently, with an understanding of their jobs and with the right attitude toward their associates and superiors. The great majority of workers come to their job with the idea of a "daily grind," without vision or hope beyond so much money for so many hours of work. They don't suggest improvements in methods; they don't try to better their own best. Too often they think the firm is their enemy, instead of considering themselves a part of the firm. Wrong ideas cost money, because they breed a thousand forms of waste.

The riches of a commonwealth
Are free, strong minds and hearts of health.
And more to her than gold or grain,
The cunning hand and cultured brain.

—Whittier.

SEVEN MONTHS OF MCLEAN.

(Asheville Citizen.)

In the seven months of his Administration Governor McLean has abundantly justified all the promises made by his friends and supporters of his sanity, his devotion to sound progress and his purpose to save the people's money in every reasonable way.

When the Governor in January announced his conviction that there should not be authorized at that time another big bond issue for highway construction, many North Carolinians feared that the McLean road policy was to be reactionary. Subsequent events have proved the fears groundless; there is apparently as much money for the building of roads as can be used economically and with proper care for the quality of the work to be done.

When the recommendations of appropriations for schools and other institutions fell below popular expectations, the people once more became apprehensive of a going backward in North Carolina. The Legislature found it necessary to reduce appropriations unless taxes of certain classes were to be tremendously increased. And, when Governor McLean, as head of the new Budget system announced that there would be some cuts in the appropriations made for institutions, in order to make the budget balance, those who believe in advancement again expressed the fear that the Governor was going to be known as a parsimonious executive.

Gradually, however, it is drawing on the minds of many people that Governor McLean, known all his previous life as an exponent of progress for towns, cities, the State, has not deserted his creed since he was inaugurated. Loose systems of bookkeeping, careless systems of balancing revenue to appropriations, have for years existed in North Carolina's State Government. Governor McLean inherited the task of effecting for a while retrenchment, in order that the forward movement in the State may in the long run proceed in orderly fashion and supported by those sound business principles which are followed in private enterprise, although government, of course, is not to be operated for monetary profit. Governor McLean's Administration will not be remembered as reactionary; necessary economy when conditions demand it do not mean retrogression. The Governor is not a spell-binder; the task he told the people in his campaign that he wanted to perform does not often lend itself to oratory of the kind that rouses enthusiastic applause. People do not like to hear from their officials that they must learn economy as well as speed in their building of a commonwealth, unless they would have the financial structure of government topple to the ground. Governor McLean, under the conditions imposed upon him by inexorable facts by the Budget law, is going forward surely. The day will come, before his term expires, when all the people wil be made to understand that he is practically qualified for the work he was called to do.

NOT NEW—AN EXTENSION.

By R. R. Clark.

It has always been expected, if not actually required, that school teachers so conduct themselves as not to set a bad example before their charges. There may be at times difference of opinion as to what constitutes improper example. But teachers who have a real interest in their work, who want to make good, understand that they must conform to the community standards in which they work; that while they may not personally consider certain things under ban in a particular community bad of themselves, if community sentiment, especially the parents whose children they are to instruct, disapprove they must conform. Teachers, therefore, are not entirely free to do as they please. Neither are employees of any character. They must try to satisfy their employers, and those who have a proper conception of their duty usually do that so long as the requirements are within the bounds of reason.

Therefore the ruling of the Moore county school heads that all teachers in that county must be members of some church; and the requirement of the school management in an unnamed city that teachers must take an active part in church and Sunday school work and in civic uplift, must refrain from visiting "bad" picture shows; also refrain from undue activity in social diversions, etc.,—all that isn't exactly a new proposition. It is simply evidence of inability to keep an even keel. While the requirement of church membership may not have been openly prescribed as a rule hitherto, there is a little doubt that it has figured in the selection of teachers in most cases. Non-membership in the church should not bar a teacher. But obviously the requirement of high moral character is necessary, and church membership is usually accepted as a certificate of morals, even if it doesn't always prove to be that. The regulations mentioned are a trifle overdone in some respects, so raw as to incite resentment as against undue severity. For instance it seems to be crowding the limit to compel teachers to teach on Sunday, unless they volunteer their services. But the restraint on social activities has been found necessary and is justified under the circumstances. No employee of any business would grow in favor with the management if he spent his nights in dissipation, even of a harmless character, to such extent that he was incapable of giving good service during work hours. Limitations on the social diversions of the teacher are fully warranted within the bounds of reason.

While the regulations under discussion have exceeded the limit in some respects, it will be admitted that there is cause for further restrictions, even if they are carried too far. Freedom of action was never quite so free with us. Some of the sisters have taken on bad habits of the brothers, such as imbibing, smoking and swearing. Personal

habits may be a matter for the individual, but they are also a matter for the employer. People who are not so correct themselves don't want their children under the instuction of those who are careless of their conduct and speech. The teacher frequently has more influence in moulding the child's character than the parent. Knowing that the parent is not unreasonably more concerned about the teacher's morals than he is about his own example. They don't want their children to see the teacher doing things that are not accepted as good form in the community, because they know the children are more likely to follow the teacher's example. Moreover if teachers are successful they must win the confidence and respect of the children, and children are very exacting as to moral standards in those set over them.

LOYALTY TO HOME.

Nothing will make a man fight quicker than to tell him that he is not loyal to his country, or that his country is not worthy of his loyalty.

What is true of one's country should be equally true of the place we call home. It is hard to imagine anything more inconsistent than a man or woman living in a community to which they do not prove their undivided fealty by their daily practices.

Most everyone can think of a town or city that has grown and developed into a prosperous community because every inhabitant pulled together and worked together of its upbuilding.

Every such city is a lesson that each one may appropriate and think over as an example that might well be emulated. The lesson of pulling together can always be studied to the benefit of the individual as well as a collection of individuals making up a community. When divided, we weaken and tear down our own interests, making the business of building up the most logical one, even from a purely selfish standpoint.

This community is most happily situated, and people who call this home need only to look about them and count the advantages that are to be found here. With such a setting, there is no reason why the community should not be prosperous.

And it will be prosperous and contentment will abound just in proportion as we as individuals make it such by pulling together; by standing for home institutions; by supporting those enterprises that enlarge community life by enlarging wholesome activities. This is loyalty to home —loyalty to our merchants, to our schools, our churches, our industries and our farms. These are the things that make life in every community worth while. Loyal people will support them.—Reidsville Review.

FOLKS GET MAD.

Albemarle Press.

Why is it that some folks get mad when they see something in a paper which they can not endorse, or they hear from a pulpit something a preacher has to say that riles them the wrong way, and when things do not go to their own way of thinking? In such cases they stop the paper, withdraw from the church or party, and do all sorts of foolish things without first helping to improve matters in a right way.

The Press has its own way of thinking and expressing itself. But it never tries to cram its opinion down the throat of another.

In this very cause of education—uniform schools—special tax districts—some folks get mad at us for daring to stand for these things so that the rural children of Stanly county may have their God-given rights.

Years back, there were plenty of our rural folk who would not send their children to school three months out of twelve. A majority perhaps thought that three months represented the maximum need of education.

But this age is a thinking age. It is a highly competitive age. The rural child that does not keep abreast with the times is waging an unfair contest with his equal in intellect and ordinary physical assets who lives in a school community where the larger advantages are given.

Three months schools would today meet the needs of none. Six months of school are inadequate to prepare the child for higher demands. And where some schools run six and others run eight, the six-month school child is gradually being driven to an embarrassing class of its own. The child sees it—feels it. Some parents are seeing it—feeling it, and these are rising to do their very utmost.

Taxes—taxes—taxes! Necessary evils, perhaps, but yet necessary. The returns for one's money spent for taxes determine the weight of glory, and taxes spent on development of a worthy child's life towards the intellectual is worth while. Best investment of all.

Here and there a mother needs her child; a father finds it hard to do without the work at home of his boy or girl, and to find money for books, clothing, and necessaries of life; worse yet is the grandfather who must educate a family of unfortunate ones when he has so little for himself. These are some of the hardships. But counties, fraternal orders, the state itself are fast rising to meet extreme cases. The Press wants to see every boy and girl in Stanly county given the biggest and best opportunity to be placed before them. We are prepared to let some folks get mad at us for daring to strive for over these things.

True courage is not the brutal force of vulgar heroes, but the firm resolve of virtue and reason.—Whitehead.

GIVE AND GET.

By James Hay, Jr.

This great American Republic of meddling minorities swarms with young men who engage their dreams of success in life with visions of an ancient world working hard and hurriedly to hand them contributions of cash and acclaim.

Their idea of Bigness is a mountainous mixture of cash registers, tills bill collectors, saving acounts, burglar-proof vaults, stocks, bonds, compound interest and gilt-edged tips of the market, all laboring in their characteristic ways with feverish activity in order to push into their protruding pockets unheard of sums of lucre, money and mazooma.

Success is, with them, a centripetal and not at all a centrifugal process—everything coming in, nothing going out—and above the tumult of their scrambling for all the loot the weird, wild cry of the buccaneer: "Give it to me or I'll take it anyhow!"

Such young gentlemen, well educated and nicely tailored as they are, have an enlightening lot to learn. Lurking somewhere back of a convenient corner is that trusty old performer, Experience, ready to convince them that they have the game of life figured out backwards.

Some day they will be vastly surprised, albeit greatly benefited, by the discovery that, in order to get, a man has to give, and that, if he is to get in large quanities things of great value, he must give gladly, with an air, a grand gesture, and a smile carrying the conviction that in the giving he finds real pleasure.

"Uncle Joe" Cannon, speaking at a dinner given some years ago in celebration of his birthday, had this to say:

"Whatever I've succeeded in doing, whatever friends I've made, whatever happiness I've had—and I've had my share — I owe to the teaching of my mother that other people could do more for me than I could for myself if I gave them reason for doing it. 'Be kind,' she told me, 'and you'll do everything else right.'' That advice paid: It was sound."

That is, if want to climb high and succeed, you have got to give, spend and bestow.

Not the accumulating of money, but the use a man makes of it, is the measure of his bigness and the determinant of what he will amount to. This is so because his use of money is invariably the illustration of the use he makes of his emotions. And upon the use of his feelings depends his true stature in life.

For instance, no "stingy" man has a rich imagination, or joviality, or geniality, or popularity. Why? Because the fixed habit of taking in, of getting, of grabbing and never giving any money, congeals the very well-springs of his feelings. A man can no more be stingy with money and generous with his personality than he can go forward by walking backward. There never lived a miser who had friends.

Acquisitiveness, when allowed to run wild, dams the flow of the sweet-

ness and obligingness in the human being. No man can devote himself to the material and have anything left to contribute to the ideal.

To want nothing but money is to be selfish. And the selfish man never makes a great leader. The fact that one desires to lead others is prima facie evidence that he gives his interest, solicitude and good wishes to them. He is concerned with their and the world's welfare, and, while gratifying his own ambition, he also longs to balance the account with the knowledge that, because he is living, his fellows are living better.

Having that desire, he is not primarily concerned with money, or with getting things for himself. What he does get is the happiness which comes from making others happy. To accomplish that, he gives freely of his money and himself.

But even in mere business, the business of barter, the law holds that only through kindness is real success won. There as elsewhere, men give in order to get, and get only by giving.

The successful merchant is a success because he sees to it that his values are fair, that politeness is the rule in his establishment, and that the desire to oblige and to help is made manifest behind every counter.

It is so everywhere. To succeed in anything, a man has to be able to understand human nature. He does this through his capacity for putting himself in the other person's place, realizing what the other's burdens and difficulties are, understanding the other's problems. And he can do this only when kindness is his motive.

Start out with the sole idea of making money, and you are doomed. The cash registers ring and the acclaimers acclaim when, combined with the desire for money, is the wish to be of service, to better life in some definite way.

While you get, give. Spend your best self, your capacity for kindness, thoughtfulness and sympathy. You get your reward in self-respect, without which no man is truly efficient; in friends, without whom happiness is impossible; in the good will of your associates, without which no distinction can be attained. The sure way to fail in life is to believe that you can serve yourself without serving others more.

WHAT GOD GIVES A BOY.

A body to keep clean and healthy, as a dwelling for his mind and a temple for his soul.

A pair of hands to use for himself and others, but never against others for himself.

A pair of feet to do errands of love, kindness, charity and business; but not to loiter in places of mischief or temptation or sin.

A pair of lips to speak true, kind, brave words.

A pair of ears to hear music of bird, tree and human voice; but not to give heed to what the serpent says or to what dishonors God.

TRANSPORTING CHILDREN.

North Carolina school children numbering 69,391 are transported 40,765 miles each day by 2,006 school buses in 95 of the 100 counties of the State, according to estimates by the State Department of Education.

The figures are based on actual reports from the 68 counties participating in the equalization fund and estimates on the remaining counties using sechool buses for the transportation of children. Actual reports show that in the school year 1922-23, a total of 31,544 children were carried daily by 858 buses; and in 1923-24, a total of 48,251 children were carried 26,354 miles daily by 1,318 buses.

In 1923-24, the most recent period for which figures on bus transportation in other states are available, only Indiana hauled more children than North Carolina, and the per pupil per year cost of $13.57 in North Carolina was the lowest in the Union. The year cost per truck in North Carolina is only $496.

The average daily mileage of the school trucks is 20 miles. The usefulness of the trucks is shown by the fact that there are in the State 842 rural schools with four or more teachers.

School buses were first used in the State in 1915 by Edgecombe and Pamlico counties, both of which claim the honor of being first. The five counties which provide no buses are Alleghany, Cabarrus, Macon, Perquimans, and Cherokee.—News and Observer.

AFTER A RAIN.

By Rebecca Helman.

Don't you like the snappy odor
Of the earth after a rain?
Don't you like to see the sparkle
Of the drops upon the grain?

Don't you like the way the flowers
Let the raindrops cling to them,
As they bend their heads and smiling—
Smiling sway on every stem.

Don't you like the fragrance wafted
Up the rain-soaked grassy lane?
Don't you like the snappy odor
Of the earth after a rain?

THE "SAMARITAN" FARMERS.

By Dr. J. W. Holland.

Sickness had laid Farmer B— on his back. His corn needed plowing and his early hay must be cut.

One morning 20 neighbors, with enough of their wives attend to the cooking, arrived upon the scene.

Before the second evening the work was done. As they took their leave, Farmer B— said, "I thank God that I live among Good Samaritans."

It recalls the story which Jesus told to describe the human side of His Gospel.

Four men were out on the road from Jerusalem to Jericho. One was a traveler unknown.

A robber was hiden by the way. He had a religion. It was this, "What's mine is mine. What's the other man's is mine if I get it." When the chance came he cracked the unknown traveler over the head and took his property.

A priest passed along. He was an educated selfish man. His religion was this, "What's mine is mine. What's yours is yours. Everybody tend to his own affairs."

Thousands of Christian professors are of the priest's faith. They look out for themselves first, last, and always. Their religion is pure selfishness.

A man from Samaria came down the road. He saw the poor fellow, and was touched with sympathy for him. The Samaritan had a religion. It was this: "What's mine is mine, and also yours."

What did he do? He acted upon his religion. He bound the bruised head, put the poor fellow upon his own donkey, walked alongside and steadied him, and took him to an inn. Then he put up some money to help him out, and did not take a note for it at 10 per cent.

If there were more Good Samaritans in the world, there would be fewer scoffers at religion.

I believe in faith and prayer, and books of devotion, but whoever is a Christian simply and solely to save his own soul does not do the world much good as he passes through it.

Thank God for the people who interpret their faith to mean kindness, and service, and spend their energy to help bind up the cracked heads and broken hearts along the highway of life.

Not every one can speak out in meeting, but all can lift and help.

A boy of 10 years was carrying a child of two years along a road. A stranger said, "Son, that child's pretty heavy for you isn't he?" "No," said the lad, 'He isn't heavy, he's my brother.'

The Good Samaritan had the best time of any one who walked the Jericho road that day, for he had done something to help his fellow men.

Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

A writer says that America has always been keenly interested in early settlers. Financially speaking?—London Humorist.

WOMEN IN INDUSTRY.

By Frederic J. Haskin.

The words of an old song say that "men must work, and women must weep," but modern statistics indicate quite clearly that women have either stopped weeping and have gone to work or have added toil to their tears. The Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor has been looking into the matter in a thorough manner and has discovered a wealth of interesting facts about the extent to which women are working and the kind of work they do.

During the war nearly everyone who was at all capable worked. Both men and women who never had had jobs before found them. They worked in vast numbers for the Government and for business organizations employed on Government contracts. The war years are not fairly comparable with other periods but excepting for them the figures show that each year there has been an increasing number and percentage of the women of the United States employed in gainful occupations.

In 1880, 14.7 per cent of the women of the country worked. In 1890 this figure had risen to 17.4. There is no figure for the war years as the war fell in an intercensal period, but in all probability the figure went up to 30 per cent. In 1920 it was down to 21.1 per cent.

While this is below the 1910 percentage, it is thought to represent but and ephemeral dip and the expectation is that the next census will see a further rise, probably showing a higher percentage of working women than 1910.

The percentages of working men are, of course, much higher. The old song holds true absolutely in the male department. In 1880 78.7 per cen of the men of the country were engaged in gainful occupations and in 1920, the last census year, 78.2 per cent were so engaged—merely a fractional decline. In the intervening years, however, this figure had been higher, reaching a peak of 81.3 per cent in 1910. When it is re called that these figures include, as to both men and women, all persons over ten years of age it will be realized how industrious the American population is.

There seems to be something of a trend away from domestic service on the part of women. In 1910, 31.5 per cent of the women gainfully employed were in domestic service. In 1920 this had dwindled to 25.6 per cent. In 1910, 22.5 per cent of the women were engaged in manufacturing and mechanical industries and by 1920, this figure had risen to 22.6 per cent. While the percentage change is slight it represents a gain of some 110,000 women who went into industry as compared to domestic service. The others lost to domestic service went into farming, transportation, trade, public service, professional service and clerical occupations. Every one of these classifications showed an increase, the clerical occupations more than doubling. While domestic service still retains more women than in any other class—2,186,000— all other occupations combined have more than

twice as many as their ranks.

South Carolina Leads

The State having the largest number of its women employed in gainful occupations is South Carolina. Thirty-three and four-tenths per cent of the women of that State are employed. This figure is represented probably by two large classes. South Carolina has many cotton mills employing many women and we must not forget the traditional Southern Mammy, engaged in domestic service, who, undoubtedly makes up a good proportion. Second comes Rhode Island, and third Massachusetts percentages of 32.7 and 31.6 respectively. This means that Puritan New England has sent a third of its Priscillas into the textile Mills. Probably a very low percentage of these working women of New England are engaged in domestic service.

The State in which the smallest percentage of the women population is engaged in gainful occupations is West Virginia with a figure of only 11.2 while Idaho comes second with but 12 per cent.

While in number there are more native born white women at work than any other class, the percentage of negro women working is higher. The white women at work number 3,733,000 while the negro women number but 1,571,000. Yet in proportion to the total number of each race it is found that the negresses are more fully employed. Seventeen and two-tenths per cent of the white women work while thirty-eight and nine-thenths per cent of the negro women do. The Indian squaw seems to be the most fortunately situated for she holds the lowest percentage of all women in the United States. Only 11.5 per cent of Indian women work. Even the Chinese women show a percentage of 14.1.

Second to the native born white women in number, and second to the negresses in percentage, come the daughters of mixed American and foreign parentage. Working women of this class—the good Swede girls and the Irish colleens — number 2,110,000 and reach a percentage of 24.8. Wholly foreign born women are below the negro mammys in both numbers and percentage—1,118,000 or 18.4 per cent.

Negro Women Quit Work

A very interesting fact is that while the native born white women are working to within a fraction of a per cent just as numerously as they did at the time of the 1910 census and while the same is true of the mixed foreign and native, the wholly foreign born and the negro women have found conditions of life easier and have quit work. The foreign born white working women have dropped from 21.7 in 1910 to 18.4 in 1920, and the negro women have dropped from 54.7 in 1910 to 38.9 in 1920.

The above percentages are stated in relation to the total number of persons in each class. That is when it is stated that 17.2 per cent of the white native women work it means they are regarded separately. Using the figures in relation to the total working population, it is found that the bulk of the nation's work, open to women, is being done by the native born white. Forty-three and seven-tenths per cent of the whole number of working women in the

country are native born whites—not far short of half of the whole. The negro women's percentage falls to 18.4 per cent when compared with the total number of all working women.

Statistics are notoriously hard hearted. That perhaps is the reason why the hardest work of all that women do is left out of these compilations, to-wit: the housework in the woman's own home. She does not get paid in cash for this so it is not listed as a gainful occupation. There is an old thyme which runs: "Man's work is from sun to sun, but woman's work is never done." Probably most women will subscribe heartily to this.

The statistics show that the highest percentage of working women will be found among the native born whites and the lowest among the Indian Squaws. While it may not prove a general rule it must be remembered that among those listed in the former class is the bejewelled actress whose name is blazoned on Broadway electric signs, and who drives home in a limousine, while among the latter is classed the squaw who toils in her corn patch all day, carrying a papoose on her back, as well as the wife of the prairie farmer, rising before dawn to bake the biscuits for the threshing hands and not getting the dishes washed until after dark.

THE TWO WAYS.

From the same cradle side,
From the same mother's knee,
One to long darkness and the frozen tide,
One to the crystal sea.

Thus may be described the different paths of those who have enjoyed much the same opportunity and might have been expected to grow up to be very much alike. But he who has seen the sun kill the grass here and make the grass grow and become beautiful there is prepared for a partial understanding of the diverse ways in which boys and girls respond to privileges and opportunities as nearly identical as they can be made. In the same home may be found children as different as Cain and Abel, Esau and Jacob, or the prodigval son and his elder brother. They were rocked in the same cradle, taught the same lesson, guided by the same parental hands, both alike the subjects of affection and sacrifice; the one grows up to be the joy and pride of his parents, while the other breaks their hearts. We may theorize about it all we will and distribute the blame as we care to, the facts remain just the same, and they are very stubborn facts too. Possibly we have taken it for granted that all children are alike and are to be handled alike and trained alike. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Here is one who is easy to handle, growing up about as he should, giving nobody any concern; and by his side stands another who has in him a peculiar streak of perversity.—Selected.

THE STORY OF ENOS MILLS.

By Maude Wood Henry.

"An eternal boy-out-of-doors" is the name given to Enos A. Mills, the Colorado naturalist, with whose career every American boy who is ambitious to make a place for himself and be of service to his fellow-men, should be acquainted. For, with the worst of handicaps—poverty, ill health and lack of early education, Enos Mills rose to the ranks of scientist, author, traveler, public speaker and successful lobbyist and when he died in 1922 as a result of an accident in the New York subway, he had accomplished more wonderful things for his state than any other citizen. He "made the Rocky Mountains famous" and the whole country owes him a debt of gratitude for the creation of the Rocky Mountain National Park which is visited by more people than any other national playground. Back in 1885 when Enos Mills—then a boy of fifteen—took up a homestead there and built with his own hands a small log cabin on the slope of Long's Peak, 9,000 feet above the sea, what is now Rocky Mountain Park and a region of rare loveliness and grandeur, dotted with great hotels and summer villas, boasted of but three settlers who "kept boarders."

Long before this Enos Mills was "on his own" as a tool boy and miner in Montana, but always with the vision of the Rocky Mountains before him. They held for him a fascination which he could not resist. He had listened to stories of their wonders at his mother's knee—stories that made such a deep impression on him that he lost no time in making his way to these "delectable mountains" as soon as he was able to earn sufficient money to take him there.

In his snug little cabin, with a job on a ranch to pay for his sustenance, he commanded the gseat outdoors and his intesest in it was not long in developing. His ideas, however, were unformed until one day, in 1889, when he happened to meet the great scientist, John Muir, on a strip of beach near San Francisco. Enos, then nineteen years old was almost totally ignorant of the simplest fact of nature; he had know nothing but the hardest kind of toil but somehow he had managed to save enough money to make yearly trips to the Pacific coast and the great national forest reserves. He was interested in everything he saw and was examining a strange weed when he noticed an old gentleman approaching. He looked so kindly that Enos ventured to ask him if he knew anything about the weed. His reply was so fascinating and eloquent that Enos discovered he had met a master. The two walked back to San Francisco together. After questioning Enos, John Muir advised him to study nature; to learn to express himself in good English and to write of what he observed. That was the beginning of a long friendship between them. Muir himself knew what a terrible handicap meant; he was nearly blinded in his youth and set out to see as much of the world as possible before he totally lost his sight. For twenty-five years he

wandered from the Gulf of Mexico to the glaciers of Alaska, discovering the famous glacier which bears his name.

For a boy with practically no education, this advice seemed almost absurd to Enos; to make himself a naturalist an impossible undertaking. But from that time on the little cabin sheltered a determined student of books. For ten years Enos wrestled with them—a long and painful period. In 1898 his first timid writings crept into print. At the time of his death there were a dozen wonderful books to his credit, put out by the greatest publishing houses of the country—books about the Rocky Mountains which he knew as no man had ever known them. For twenty years he spent his time in getting acquainted with them. He thoroughly explored, alone, afoot and unarmed, their every nook and cranny; he scaled the highest peaks, often in mid-winter and many of them by moonlight; he lived alone in the open for weeks at a time at all seasons of the year, his collie "Scotch" as occasional companion in the solitudes; he had the most thrilling adventures in storms above the timberline. And one day, in descending the great east precipice of Long's Peak (a feat accomplished but once before) he got caught on a tiny ledge halfway down the great wall and saved himself by leaping thrity feet to the bank of a flying avalanche, riding it wildly down the mountainside for a thousand feet and nearly perishing at the end in the overwhelming snow. He had all the instincts of the born mountaineer and could find his way about unerringly. Also he possessed that other requisite of a mountain climber—perfect nerve and poise.

In this way Enos Mills came to know the forests. Nature, approached without fear, unrolled her scrolls and gave to him her choicest secrets. He never carried a gun, although the mountains were full of grizzlies and other predatory animals. These he photographed and made friends with, taming the bear cubs at his home and often welcoming the mountain sheep that came to call on him at his cabin. These and beaver, wild chipmunks, ground-hogs, squirrels, rabbits and birds he protected and closely studied, trailing them about or watching them for hours at a time to observe their habits. Every animal, bird, tree and flower—all the fauna and flora of the Rocky Mountains became to Enos Mills friendly and familiar things. He imbued them all with spirit and no one has ever written more exquisitely, sympatheticaly or knowingly about them. There were voices for him in the aspen trees, in the winds, the cataracts, the brooks, the clouds and the stars. Not for all the money in the universe would he consent to kill a living wild creature—not even a caterpillar suffered at his hands. His homestead became a veritable paradise for wild life, where every small beast was welcome and its life safeguarded. He placarded the rocks of his mountainside with notices that wild flowers must not be picked, or any living thing harmed. This was after the region had become better known to tourists and after he had built an immense, rambling, picturesque log inn on Long's Peak within sight of his little cabin. This inn became a favorite stopping place for the people who had read of the glories of

the section which he had embalmed in his books. People of not from all over the country came to see Enos Mills—Enoh Mills, the celebrated naturalist and writer, who had made Rocky Mountains famous! Here he established his "Trail School" and as nature guide conducted his guests on memorable pilgrimages through the mountains stopping often to deliver a little talk on trees or glaciers or to exhibit some rare specimen of columbine or other rainbow hued mountain flower. These trail talks eventually developed into lectures—given at first in the inn on an evening after a day's journeyings; later to people in the outside world, even to the far East. And Enos Mills became a public speaker on forestry, mountain climbing and wild life conservation.

At one time he occupied the unique position at State Snow Observer which furnished him with many thrilling adventures with snowslides and wild animals. He would make these trips alone, without any sort of outfit, carrying a pocketful of raisins for food. In this way he wandered all over the highest ranges, floundering about the almost inaccessible, snow-laden peaks, camping without a fire in blizzards, sleeping near the lairs of wild animals such as men have always shunned in fear. And he never changed his opinion that the wild was friendly and that a gun was a serious drawback to nature study.

From the very first the national park idea had taken strong hold of Enos Mills. He foresaw, even as he lived alone in his little log cabin as a boy, that the time would come when the beauties and glories and wonders of the Rocky Mountains would be better known and that inasmuch as these belonged to all the people to enjoy, steps should be taken to prevent private interests from acquiring them. He was one of the first to urge the creation of national parks and not only "fathered" the Rocky Mountain National Park, which included a part of his own domain, but helped to create the Glacier National Park and the park in the Mesa Grande region of Colorado—home of the cliff dwellers. He introduced the bill creating the National Park Service and it is to him that the American public owes its rights to the scenic loveliness of these great national playgrounds. He fought for seven years for his beloved Rocky Mountain National Park project, making many trips to Washington at his own expense to arouse legislalors and preaching Colorado scenery and the national park whenever he could get an audience.

Not content with knowing the Rockies better than any living man Enos Mills explored other sections and countries. He climbed the Alps and tramped the great Northwest. He knew British Columbia, Canada, Alaska and Mexico and camped alone in every state in the Union. And always without a gun. Is it any wonder that the birds and beasts came to his door and knew him for a friend? If ever a man lived who was in complete harmony with nature Enos Mills is that man, for he spent most of his life in her companionship and thereby earned the sobriquet of "An eternal boy-out-of-doors."

BIRD DESTRUCTION ALARMING IN EXTENT.

By J. M. Merrill.

Remember the birds.

It is conceded that were all the feathered inhabitants of our earth destroyed the human race would die out and the earth become a barren waste.

Is not that worth thinking about when we got out for sport with dog and gun? Some of our states have outlawed what they are pleased to call the English sparrow, although today there is not a more thoroughly American bird in existence.

Originally this bird was imported from England to destroy the worms that were denuding the shade trees of New York and Brooklyn. It proved a bad investment if we accept the statement of many of our public educators.

There is nothing too severe to characterize the many sins of this little Britisher, and yet all are not agreed on the question of the utility or destructiveness of the English sparrow.

The writer was a farmer for sixteen years. He went upon new land, cleared and made a fruit farm, and in the making he had the aid of the birds, God's birds, whose presence and cheerful songs serve to wile away many an otherwise unpleasant hour on the farm.

What a dreary place this world would be without the birds. And yet there is a mistaken idea abroad that certain classes of birds are detrimental to home and farm. This idea has been hastily formed and should be carefully studied before rendering a verdict for or against our feathered population.

Fifty years ago, on the new lands of the northwest, birds there were in abundance. New apple orchards grew and flourished without the aid of the numerous poison sprays which now are a part of every fruit grower's equipment.

War on the sparrow, the crow and other birds has had a bad effect on fruit growing conditions. Where once there were a dozen birds there is now but one. This fact has given rise to an army of insects of various kinds which prey upon the trees and vines of the fruit grower to an alarming extent.

The quality of fruit and even vegetables has deteriorated within the memory of our middle-aged people, all of this because of the dying out of our bird population. Left to nature birds would increase in numbers, but under the mistaken ideas of legislators we are today facing a very serious crisis in the affairs of production.

Birds are not only pleasant to the eye and ear, but they are absolutely necessary to the happiness and good health of our people. How many have given a second thought to the ravages of insects and the immense quantities of deadly poisons that have become necessary to counteract the despoiling insect pests.

It is a question of vital importance, and yet the ordinary citizen

seems to think it is nothing in his life but a matter for those in official authority to look after. But is it? Is not the health and well being of our dear ones worth considering?

There are those who have branded our English (fully American now) sparrows as a pest which should be destroyed.

It was a sad day for American horticulture when the legislatures of various states went into the market place with a price set upon the head of God's sparrows. From that time on down the bird population of the United States has been decreasing at an alorming pace. Insect pests, rodents, vegetables parasites have increased until nothing that grows on trees, vines or in the gardens can be raised without the aid of poison dope that in many cases have proven a menace to the national health.

Consider these things before condemning even the least of the birds to extermination.

A raid of grasshoppers last year alarmed western farmers, the consequence being that states furnished tons of poison with which to exterminе this terrible pest. This poison was mixed with bran and grains, distributed along fence rows and in places where the grasshoppers were said to swarm.

The hoppers perished, the right, and so did millions of birds that partook of the spread meant for another party.

Can we afford to continue increasing this amount of poison sprays and let the birds die off the face of mother earth? In some Michigan counties last year thousands of sparrows heads were listed at county seats, the slayers being paid two cents for the dead.

That was a sight that ought to cause a blush of shame to mantle the cheek of any citizen. Even were the sparrows the bad, bad bird he is pictured by his detractors this placing a price upon his head has served to not only lay low the sparrow but myriads of other birds, the songsters of the fields and woods, till the depletion of one time flocks has made our open spaces great aching voids of silence.

A boy with a gun is certainly an unsafe exhibit to turn loose in search of sparrows, since his discretion is not always of the best, and the temptation to shoot any bird regardless is too overpowering to resist. A small boy, a neighbor of the writer, was the recipient of a brand new rifle from the hand of his father.

The one time wild game of the forests have long since vanished leaving only birds and squirrels for the gunbearer to practice upon. Kill none but English sparrows had been the father's admonition, yet when that boy, and he will average well in character with ordinary boys, returned from a hunt he smilingly told me that he had bagged one sparrow and three chickadees.

And there we are. Give and inch and the public will take an ell. I have not space in this article to plead the cause of the sparrow, but will say in closing that not a bird should be given over to slaughter no matter what its name.

SYLVIA MAKES A MISTAKE.

By Lillian Velie Dunham.

"You'll just love the new teacher, Jean! She's the best one we ever had. I'm so sorry you weren't there last Sunday to meet her, but now that you are over that trouble with your throat, you won't need to miss a single lesson."

Jean's face beamed. "We'll, she must be all right if you feel that way about her. I wonder who that odd looking girl is across the street? Maybe she's going to Sunday school, too."

Sylvia glanced hastily toward the blue clad figure hurrying along opposite them.

"See how queer she looks! Such a wrinkled dress to wear on Sunday," scoffed Sylvia not concealing her disgust.

"But she's a stranger," continued Jean gravely.

"She seems about our age. Maybe she will be in our class. Let's go ask her."

Sylvia clutched Jean's arm tightly.

"Don't you dare to go over and invite her. Why, what would Miss Brooks think if we came in with a girl like that? She certainly would have a poor opinion of us, too."

"Well, I don't care," insisted Jean firmly. "That girl looks lonely. I know how I should feel if I were going to a strange Sunday school all alone. I'll run over and get acquainted with her."

Sylvia's eyes clouded with anger. "Then you can go without me, Jean Andrews!" she burst out rudely. "I'll go on by myself." With a jerk Sylvia drew her arm from Jean's elbow and with quick steps was soon in advance of her friend. Jean looked hurt, but crossed the street and called to the new girl in a friendly tone. Sylvia hurried on angrily. As she seated herself among sthe group of girls in her class, her cheeks burned hotly.

Miss Brooks nodded pleasantly to her.

"Where is your friend Jean who was absent last Sunday?" she inquired kindly.

"She is coming with some one else," answered Sylvia in a low confused voice.

A little later, in the midst of the lesson, Jean entered, arm in arm, with the shy, strange girl, in the rumpled dress. Miss Brooks smiled kindly at them. The new girl seemed happy at once and the lesson went on.

Sylvia was so glad Jean had not chosen to seat the new girl near her. Miss Brooks would not wonder then why she had such an odd companion. At the close of the study period, the girls looked up expectantly. Now they would know the name of this new person. Suddenly Sylvia's eyes filled with astonishment. Miss Brooks was beckoning to Jean's queer companion.

"Come here dear." Then with her arm around the timid figure, she turned to her class. "I want all of you to meet Doris Brooks, my niece. Her father, who is my brother, is the new cashier at the Mercantile Bank. Doris and her mother arrived

yesterday. I insisted that she come to Sunday school even if she must wear her wrinkled traveling dress. Their trunks have not arrived. I hope you will all love Doris, for I certainly do.'' Miss Brooks then gave the girl an affectionate squeeze.

Sylvia gasped in surprise. Miss Brooks' niece! Then the next thing she knew her cheeks were burning with shame. To think that she had judged this girl by her clothes and all the time she was so sweet and Miss Brooks' niece, too! She looked shyly at Jean. She saw her honest chum was bringing Doris to her corner. Then Sylvia's natural sweetness came to the front. She eagerly made room for Doris beside her Somehow she must make amends for her cold welcome. An idea came to her.

''Won't you come over this afternoon?'' she asked eagerly. ''Jean will be there, too.''

Doris looked down at her wrinkled dress. ''But I am not ready to make calls,'' she protested with a faint smile.

Sylvia gave her arm a little hug. ''I don't care how you look. You are nice enough in anything.'' And Sylvia meant it. She resolved that she would never gaain be snobbish about a girl's clothes. And never again would she think a girl queer because her dress was odd.

That afternoon when the htree girls were enjoying themselves on Sylvia's wide porch, even Jean could find no fault with Sylvia's manner toward the new girl. As for Doris, she was not aware that Sylvia had ever made a mistake about her. All she knew was the happy fact that she had made two new friends and she was at a loss to decide which one she liked the better, they were both of them lovely.

MONEY FOR MOTOR CARS.

Over ten million dollars was the toll paid into state coffers for highway construction and maintenance by the automobile industry during the past tax year, according to an article prepared by Commissioner of Revenue R. A. Doughton, for the July issue of the Carolina Motorist. The exact figure, $10,117,589.51, is divided into several production items; $4,710,234.87 comes from the license plates sold; $5,277,113.41 is derived from the gas tax; $35,000.000 is paid by the automobile manufacturers, while the title fee, receipts for which go to the theft fund, amounts to $130,239.23.

''The size of the automobile industry in North Carolina can be more appreciated when I tell you that for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1925, a total of 350,000 automobile license plates were sold, bringing in to the state a revenue of $4,710,247.87,'' declares 'governor' Doughton. ''Then there is a gas tax of 4 cents per gallon since March 26th—3 cents prior thereto. This tax netted the State a revenue of $5,277,113,41 for the same fiscal year. The automobile manufacturers' tax amounts to $35,000.00, theft fund $130,239.23. This gives us a total income of $10,117,587.51 from the automo-

tive industry, all of which is put back into the building and maintenance of the State Highway System, and retiring the State Highway Bonds and the payment of interest thereon.

"For this same period there was expended by the State of North Carolina Highway Commission a sum of $25,000,000.00 in the construction of 1185 miles of highway, and the maintenance of 6,000 miles of highway.

"North Carolina is growing rapidly, and I predict that by June 30, 1927, there will be more than a half million motor vehicles registered in this State. Business is good in North Carolina if we are to judge from the new car sales. It will be interesting to know that the new cars sold from July, 1924, to June, 1925, inclusive, total 76,317. Used car sales are estimated at about 75 per cent of the new car sales.

"With this tremendous growth, it can be expected that North Carolina will be able to continue its progressive road building program, pay the interest and promptly retire its bonds, giving to the people a greater and more permanent system of highways."—The Carolina Motor Club, Inc.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By James Davis.

The carpenter shop boys turned out two new benches for the Cannon Memorial building last week.

Olive Davis, a member of the tenth cottage, was paroled during the past week.

James Gillespie, former Training School boy, spent the week end at the school. While a boy here he was a member of the sixth cottage.

Clint Wright, Russell Capps, Aubrey Weaver and Miss Vernie Goodman attended the community meeting held at Rocky River last Friday evening.

The foundations are being laid for the erection of the three new gates at each entrance to the school. These gates were donated to the school by the family of the late John A. Barnhardt.

We are very grateful to Mr. B. L. Umberger, of Kannapolis, for the twenty boxes of chewing gum which he gave to the school last Thursday morning. Each boy received a pack of gum and was very glad to get it.

Carl Teague, Howard Keller, John Kemp and Everett Goodrich were paroled during the past week. The first two were members of the farm force. John Kemp was a member of the laundry force and Everett Goodrich of the band.

Through the courtesy of the Concord Theatre we were able to see "Quo Vadis," a great historical pic

ture Tuesday morning. Again Wednesday morning Mr Means, manager of the Star Theatre brought out the "Ten Commandments." The boys enjoyed seeing these pictures very much.

The following boys were made happy by visits from their parents last Wednesday: Zeb Trexler, Judge Brooks, Ralph Martin, Sylvester Honeycutt, Robert Hartline, Gordon Ellis, Arnold Teague, Hunter Cline, Howard Riggs, Lester Staley, Winton Matthews, Joe Carroll and George opher.

Several plumbers, from Concord, have been busy during the past week installing water faucets in the grand stand. This saves the boys a lot of trouble because they used to have to bring water in pitchers from the cottages, but as it is now the boys can just take a step or two into the grand stand and drink all they want.

The Harrisburg Team visited the school last Saturday afternoon and was defeated by the score of 6 to2. Russell pitching for the locals was in fine form allowing only five scattered hits and striking out ten batters, and not giving any bases on balls. With the score tied at two all in the eighth, with two me n on, Charley Kiser, acting as pinch hitter, drove the ball down the right field embankment for a home run. The locals had a fine chace to score in the first inning when the first two batters hit safely, but Furr, tightened up and disposed of the next three batters in order. The school boys collected a total of twelve hits off Furr, several of them going for extra bases. Mr. Russel received excellent support, the infield showed some classy fielding, only two balls were knocked to the outfield.

A large number of fans were on hand to root for the visitors.

FIT TO LIVE.

It is not so much where you live
As how, and why, and when you live,
That answers in the affirmative,
Or maybe in the negative,
The question, Are you fit to live?

It is not so much where you live
As whether while yiu live you live,
And to the world your highest give,
And so make answer positive
That you are truly fit to live.

—John Oxenham.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SCHEDULE

South Bound

No.	29	2:35 A. M.
"	31	6:07 A. M.
"	11	8:05 A. M.
"	33	8:25 A. M.
"	45	3:55 P. M.
"	135	8:35 P. M.
"	35	10:12 P. M.

North Bound

No.	30	2:00 A. M.
"	136	5:00 A. M.
"	36	10:25 A. M.
"	46	3:15 P. M.
"	34	4:43 P. M.
"	12	7:10 P. M.
"	32	8:36 P. M.
"	40	9:28 P. M.

For further information apply to

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Concord, N. C

Carolina

THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XIII CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 8, 1925 No. 37

NOR TO AN EVOLUTIONIST

No President or former President has been given greater space in the newspapers or has been honored more by multitudes than Private Citizen Bryan. A marvelous tribute has been paid this remarkable man, a voluntary tribute the like of which has been paid to few if any private citizen in the history of the world. Those who scoffed at Bryan while he was in the land of the living will find it hard to explain that away. The world has never paid, and will never pay, such a tribute to an agnostic or an infidel. Great is the power of simple faith and consecrated service.—The Romesonian.

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THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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"Little Mr. By-and-By
Always has a friend fretful 'Why?'
When he's asked to come or go,
Like his sister—Susan Slow.
Hope we'll never—you nor I—
Be like Mr. By-and-By."

THAT SALISBURY MEETING.

Word was sent out for a gathering of the committeemen, so appointed from Charlotte, Concord, Salisbury, Lexington and Winston-Salem, to assemble themselves in Salisbury on last Thursday for the purpose of making an organization to go about securing the Piedmont & Northern extension from Charlotte north to Winston-Salem.

Every one of these places, except Charlotte, had large delegations. They were in earnest about the proposed extension. It was a business meeting by business men, who came together to do what was necessary to bring about the desired end. State Senator Woodson presided; Ex-Gov. Morrison was elected permanent chairman of this working committee, and Clarence Kuester, of Charlotte, was made permanent secretary. A committee of five, headed by Senator Woodson, was authorized to wait upon Mr. J. B. Duke, seeking an appointment for the full committee to present their side of the movement for the extension of the said railroad.

Mr. Morrison, when called upon, explained in a practical and enlightening

manner the real object of the meeting. He gave the gathering to understand that his part in the matter was not as attorney for anybody but as a citizen hoping to be of a service to the great Piedmont section and, eventually, to the whole state. He made clear that the extension of the Piedmont & Northern railway, which now ends at Charlotte, to Winston-Salem, via Concord, Kannapolis, Salisbury, Lexington, would connect the several towns with several great railroad systems—the Seaboard, the Atlantic Coast Line and the Norfolk & Western, which is practically the Pennsylvania railroad.

The meeting was not loud but genuinely a business one. Before the great crowd assembled in the Rowan court house, it had its picture taken. This in the future, when this proud section is enjoying the spledid benefits of the extension which everybody believes that Mr. Duke will make sure, will play a distinct part in preserving the history of the first movement in this proposed great development.

It is generally believed that when the great industrial captain sees the hearty reception of the suggested extension of the Piedmont & Northern, by all the people along the suggested line, that Mr. Duke, a man of vision and action and power, will not hesitate to continue his mighty contribution to the upbuilding of the state. So mote it be.

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WHITE FACE OF THE DEAD A FLAG OF TRUCE.

Throughout the country last week there were held many memorial services to the memory of the Great Commoner. Communities, societies, Clubs and others assembled themselves during the time of the funeral of William Jennings Bryan to do honor to the truly great man.

In many respects his life at times was stormy—he never surrendered in the face of opposition, contempt or ridicule. Many mean things were said about him—his splendid courage and fine spirit offered no resentment. Now when the great Tribune of the plain and common people lay in death, the whole country seemed to mourn Bryan's passing. The critics and the blackguards assumed an attitude of hush.

Just a few of the newspapers, which made it a business to criticise everything Mr. Bryan said or did in life, had the nerve or the brass or impudence to wit[illegible] a faint praise for those qualities about which none ever had doubts [illegible] the other hand, it is a fact not to be successfully denied that no man ev[illegible]ed so openly and in full view of public gaze and took a position on ever[illegible]estion that concerned the country or the welfare of the people, and

died with so many friends and admirers and without a spot or blemish on his personal character. Bryan was clean!

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HERE'S EVIDENCE.

It is only a few years ago when there were only 84 car loads of peaches shipped yearly from the Sandhills country. This year the number will be 2,000 and something like $2,000,000 will go to the growers. That's one reason for North Carolina's prosperity.—News & Observer.

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GRANDOLDMAN TELLS US.

An effort has been made to discredit the conduct of the automobile license business, as conducted under the department of revenue. "Grandoldman" Doughton gives a good report of the conduct of his office. Criticism seem to have a source of grouch. The accomplishment of the Revenue Department which inherited the automobile business, by legislative act, has made a record that surpassed any former administration, and seems to show wisdom on the part of the Legislature.

While reducing the cost, incident to the business of licensing cars and issuing certificates of ownership, the Commissioner of Revenue, Mr. Doughton, makes this statement: There has been no delay since June 16, and that the bureau is only two days behind, besides the bureau has issued 33,156 more licenses and 22,000 more title certificates to date than were issued to the same date last year. The income from license tags to date is $5,613,153.96, as compared with $4,069,443,60 for the same months in 1924. Gasoline collections in July of this year reaches $439,996.00 as compared with $383,139.78 for July of 1924.

Mighty hard to make a mountain out of a molehill, when facts and figures stare one in the face. Grandoldman Rufe Doughton makes an interesting exhibit, that puts the screws on the few grouchers.

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The News & Observer has been running a history of the accomplishments of the several superintendents of the State Penitentiary, under the several governors, begining with Gov. Russell's administration and coming down to and including that of Gov. Morrison. The News & Observer, unable to endorse the administration of Mr. George Ross Pou, from the records makes it appear that the state prison has since the Russell administration been self-

supporting and a money-maker until it reached the administration of Mr. Pou. This question is receiving in the press no little notice and varied comments.

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It has happened—rain, following immediately after a change of the moon, if it occurs in the morning. More than a week ago several local weather prophets in different parts of the state announced that we were due a rain on the 4th, because on that date the moon changed in the morning. It is declared that nineteen times out of every twenty that when a change of the moon occurs in the morning a rain follows. Some of these days the scientists, especially those having to do with weather forecasts, will consult the moon. It or she—anyway, the moon,—beats any government agency in forecasting the weather, if you familiarize yourself with the signs.

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The Public Laws of the 1925 General Assembly have not yet been issued by the public printer. Mr. Jas. H. Pou, a prominent lawyer of Raleigh, has made a loud complaint. The News & Observer quotes Mr. W. N. Everett as assuming the blame that the officer in his department, charged with the indexing and sidenoting of said laws, has been sick. Mr. Pou, while making his criticisms, did not attempt to place the blame for this slowness in issuing the printed copy of said laws.

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In Salisbury, on last Thursday, the assembled hosts, seated on the Rowan court-house steps, awaited the arrival of Senator Overman. The popular senator finally came and at once seated himself by the side of Gov. Morrison. Their greetings, of course, were very cordial. Cleverly and pleasantly Mr. Morrison commented, "Why, Senator, you look distressingly healthy." Mr. Overman, along with the crowd, understood and enjoyed the clever remark.

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Fatal railroad accidents used to excite considerable attention and be big head-liners in the public print, but now since death rides about in automobiles, day after day, railroad accidents make tame news items.

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Commissioner of Labor and Printing, in the exchange of telegrams with certain citizens of Charlotte, relative to who was to serve in the local office

as emplayment agent, left no doubt as to who was in the saddle.

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WHEREIN LIEES FOOLISHNESS.

You hear every day greater numbers of foolish people speaking about liberty, as if it were such an honorable thing: so far from being that, it is, on the whole, and in the broadest sense, dishonourable, and an attribute of the lower creature.

No human being, however great, or powerful, was ever so free as a fish. There is always something that he must or must not do; while the fish may do whatever he likes.—The Two Paths.

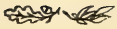
THE FOUR OXEN AND THE LION.

Four oxen fed in a field together in great friendship. A lion used to prowl around this field and often tried to attack them, but whenever he came near, they turned their tails to one another and were able to face the lion from all directions. The lion was thus met by horns whichever way he came near them.

Seeing that there was little chance for him as long as they kept together, he began secretly to spread evil and slanderous reports of one against the other till he had bred jealousy and distrust among them. They quarreled among themselves and each went off to pasture alone in a separate corner of the field.

The quarrels of friends are the opportunities of foes. The lion attacked them one by one and soon made an end of all four.

United We Stand, Divided We Fall.



RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

If there is anything more confusing, and gets a fellow into more trouble than in crossing a street to have automobiles coming in every direction, and all blowing their horns, it is to have two salesmen, or agents, pushing some kind of a propaganda, and one gets on either side of the prospect, and both talking at the same time—going like a triphammer—to impress him with the advantages of buying. A man is liable to be balled up in either case; and when he is he is a goner.

The yucca is a beautiful and majestic bloom. There are a few of the blooms in Durham. Possibly the most beautiful and luxuriant of them all is the one at "The Myrtles," the attractive home of Mrs. Minnie L. Yearby, on Liberty street. It is a very large and bunchy plant and has bloomed twice this year. The yucca is a genus of American lilicerous arborescent plant, having long pointed fibrous-margined leaves on a woody caudex, with a large panicle of white blossoms. It resembles a large, stately plume, formed of minute bells, of alabaster whiteness. It stands out among the blossoms like a queen in a royal court gathering.

I have not been minding the excessive heat for the past several weeks very much until I heard someone say it was 100 degrees in the shade on his porch. Then someone else said it was 117 degrees on theirs, and the next one I met said it was 120 degrees. I stopped asking people, for I decided in my own mind they were kidding me. I am safe in saying that the weather was most unusual for Durham. I much prefer the usual. It's a mighty hot wind that blows nobody any good, though, for the ice people, and the cold drink stands reaped a harvest from the thirsty and icecream hungry that hot wave breezes blew into their places of refreshment.

I have noticed that in hot weather it is the folks who have nothing to do but keep cool that seem to suffer the most from heat. I remember a dear old aunt of mine, who, on hot days, used to do nothing at all but just sit around in the coolest spot she could find, with a flimsy gown or something for clothes, a big turkeywing fan—they used to make fans out of turkeywings in those days—waving in one hand and a glass of ice water in the other; and she nearly died she minded the heat so; while I, with so many things to do, I couldn't take time to even think of the weather, got along far more comfortably. There are surely lots of reasons why it's fine to have a job. If I could absolutely choose what my job should be in the "good old summer time," I think I'd say life guard at a swimming pool, or at the seashore.

Capt. Sam F. Mordecai, dean of law at Duke university, and a friend were some distance out coming to town, and above the foliage of the

landscape from their viewpoint, loomed up above it all the towering stories of the new Washington Duke hotel, like a granite monument above the emerald horizon. The friend remarked to Capt. Sam that that was a beautiful hotel. and then asked, "What is the little house on the top?" referring to the top of the elevators machinery which projects some ten or twelve feet above the roof. "That," replied Mr. Mordecai, "that is the mortage."

William Jennings Bryan is no more. A memory now. How deeply or how lightly every heart is touched by his passing, there is respect and solace in the fact that every heart was touched. His career was one of the most remarkable in American history. He spoke to more American audiences than any other man ever has, and his audiences were larger than ever assembled to hear any other man. It was a strange contrast to the life which he led the last two weeks in fighting the battle of Christianity as he saw it against the onslaughts of modernists; and in strange contrast to the great crowds that for the past forty years had gathered around him, with no one at his side, only the stars keeping watch, and lighting his pathway to glory; and in that calm of peace for whose coming to the troubled children of the world he so often pleaded, his soul went away.

Older citizens of Durham remember his visits here on two occasions. One in particular. It was in 1896. Great crowds gathered at the station, and blocked the streets for blocks away. He made a great speech here. It was on this occasion that my good brother, Rev. J. W. Wellons, then pastor of the Christian church here, was touched by a nimble-fingered pick-pocket and relieved of his watch and chain. Dr. Wellons took it good-naturedly, saying, when he emerged from the jam, "Time is no more for me; my watch is gone." But Dr. Wellons, whose life is sweetened by the riches of the gospel, like the great commoner, is doing his part to brighten life, is still on this side of the great divide, in the ripeness of wisdom and the beauty of holiness.

A man was knocked down on the highway the other day and had a narrow escape. They said the car was just going from one side of the pavement to the other. That the car looked like it was as drunk as the driver. What chance does anyone have when they let such drivers keep their licenses and go right on running folks down? He hadn't even the excuse of one driver I heard of to whom a friend said: "Your driving is atrocious; Why don't you stay in the road?" He explained: "I've just had the car washed and I can't do a thing with it."

You fellows of the 50's remember when you were youngsters in the old-time schools, that after the marble season was over, then came unorganized baseball. It was this way: Two of the most aggresive boys in school elected themselves captains. Every other boy wanted to be captain, but there was always two who dominated the bunch. Chosing sides. One would pitch a bat to the other and from where the latter grabbed

have a big stock of grouch on hand. Another man had serious business it they would put hand over fist until the boy who could last hold the bat had the first choice, and the selection of players went on until the nine on either side were chosen. Those left made a noisy crowd of "rooters" and—Oh, shucks, you have the picture in your mind. Then late home; sometimes a scolding; sometimes the shingle, but just the same, if it were possible, you would like to jump back there again, just for at least one game back of the old school house. Well, we are still playing at our little games, you and I. Some are captains and do the choosing; some of us sit on the line and eat peanuts; but we have to play the game in some capacity until it is called on account of the dark. ness.

In Rambling Around I meet a good many people of all sorts of opinions, and in all kinds of condition, and all moods of human flesh is there to. I met one man who is doing well, with a prosperous business. He found a good deal of fault with things in general. He couldn't find a good word for many of his fellows he spoke of . He seemed to troubles. But he could not be cheered. He said his boy was in the hospital, serioulsy ill, and he was worried to death. "If he comes through all right, nothing else counts." When we are forced to swim rivers, creeks look small to us. Met another man who was calling himself names because friends had induced him to invest in a losing enterprise. I thought I could find a man reasonably happy, and was about to lose hope, when I came across Uncle Josh, sweeping the street. It was a hot day. He was leaning on his broom handle, mopping his brow. I said to myself, here is a man who works hard, and has nothing in particular to be thankful for so I'll see what he thinks about it.

"How are things going with you, Uncle Josh?" I inquired. The old negro's face lighted up as he replied. "Fine, mister, fine! Say, you know my boy, Charlie?" Well, he got himself a fine job in Phillmadelphia; he's doing well, sir; yes, sir; doing well. You know I'se got a little grandson, too, sir. By golly , old Josh has got a lot to be thankful for, Sir." I went back to my work, thankful that Uncle Josh was the last man I had interviewed instead of the first.

Here is a meekness—a spirit of resignation—that makes peace of heart independent of circumstances. One who understands the superior value of the "consciousness of God's presence in the life" and of the "love of Christ in the heart" can endure prosperity without undue exaltation and adversity without despair.—W. J. Bryan.

O. MAX GARDNER SPEAKS TO FARMERS.

The advent of life bringing a transformation to the farm life of North Carolina, the replacement of the old colored slave by the "White Slave" was the theme of President Gardner's address of inspiration to the farmers assembled in convention at Raleigh. A vision of the developing North Carolina agriculturally through a process that is now culminating in electricity on the farm and turning the eyes of the world to the farm life of the Old North State portrayed by a man himself a farmer from the county—Cleveland—that started America's first rural lighting program.

The address in part follows:

My address to this splendid group of thoughtful men and women will not deal with panegyric or laudation of the farmer. Neither will it portray the ills and grievance of agriculture with which the farmer is so often regaled by political doctors. If I was speaking as a politician, I might unconsciously lapse into a discussion of the economic and social complaints, real and imaginary affecting the farmer. This is not the place or the time for me to invade this territory.

My purpose today is to tell you of a peaceful revolution taking place in my own county, a revolution that I believe is of vital interest to the agricultural life of the state and which happily affects the intimate social, economic and political needs of our entire commonwealth.

I shall speak to you of the electrification of rural Cleveland county with the hope that the experiences of one geographical unit of this state may be of interest and value to the whole people.

His Own County.

Four years ago we organized a county board of Agriculture in Cleveland county. This was a first revolutionary movement. The purposes of this board are:

1. The promotion of scientific farming by active co-operation with the farm agent.
2. Development of community social welfare.
3. Betterment of farm life and the removal of the isolation and remoteness of the countryside.
4. Diversification and marketing.

We planned in Cleveland County to launch a campaign that would bring to the farmer and his family many of the practical conveniences and comforts enjoyed by the citizens of the town of Shelby. We realized that too much thought and attention was being devoted to the building of Shelby and too little attention to the creation of a finer and better country in Cleveland County. We concluded that the vigorous life of any city or town is dependent on the prosperity and contentment of the rural population surrounding it. We organized our county board of agriculture with a progressive farmer from each township in the county as an original member, and met once a week in the offices of the county agent. A program was prepared aft-

er careful study and investigation.

The first thing we undertook was a paint campaign. The rural schools were organized in cooperation with the county superintendent and the school children took a census of every unpainted home and building in the county. In less than five months more than 850 farm premises were freshly painted. This paint program was so well received that we prepared to try something new and therefore different. It was decided that country life can never be completely attractive as long as the farm home is dependent upon the old oil lamp and its inadequate, strained and lonesome life.

Electricity.

"Electric lights for every country home in Cleveland county" became our slogan. Working with the state college and the department of agriculture, we secured the passage of a state-wide act by the General Assembly of North Carolina giving rural comunities authority to create light and power companies at a small cost to wit, $10. We formed groups of from 25 to 75 farmers as incorporators of a non profit organization, each farmer subscribing for one share of the capital stock of the value of $100. The poles and wiring were erected by the cooperative effort of the farmers. We made arrangements with the town of Shelby and the cotton mills and with the hydro-electric power company to furnish the power for our line at a reasonable cost. The movement was spontaneous and county-wide. In less then six months after organization there are more than 485 country homes in Cleveland county supplied with electric power and the demand is constantly increasing. We know that it will be years before we accomplish our full program or solve the problems, economic and social of country life. We know too that it will take time and trial to move from darkness into light, but we believe that there is nothing more important to the future of our state and the building of the citizenship than the devotion of our time and attention to the improvement of every condition surrounding the life of every North Carolina farm.

Let us here visualize what the electrification of our rural communities would mean. The lot of the average housewife on the farm may be a happy one, but it is certainly not an easy one because she has an active part in the producing of the food supply for the family; whereas her sister housewife in the town purchases all, or practically all, of the food consumed by the family. Rural electric service, therefore, will mean more to the housewife in the country than it does to the city housewife, and in neither case am I considering the wealthy housewife, but particularly the one who does all her own work. Let it be understood that a vast majority of the housewives of both urban and rural communities fall into this class.

Picture what it would mean to the country housewife to put her wash in an electric washing machine, press the button and let electricity do the work. Think what it would mean to her to have an electric range and her kitchen will be as comfortable as any room in the house. The drudgery of

"toting" stove wood and "toting" out ashes will be banished forever. The food of the entire family can not only be prepared without discomfort and with less effort, but it will be more palatable and wholesome. The electric sweeper will banish the old broom, and housecleaning will be only play instead of the back-breaking ordeal it has been. With an electrically driven sewing machine, the making of the clothes for the family will not only be accomplished more quickly and better but with far less physical ecort! The electric iron will save many steps between the ironing board and the sizzling hot stove and fireplace, and the ironing will be accomplished with less bother, exertion and discomfort. The cream-separator and the churn will be driven by an electric motor in the house, with an electric water system with running water in the kitchen, bath room and toilet will be another Godsend. This sounds somewhat utopian, but it is the dream being daily accomplished in Cleveland County. Do not tell me that it is a burden too heavy for the average farmer to bear. Most of these advantages can be supplied with the money that it takes to buy the Universal car.

On first blush one might think that electric service will mean more to the country women that to the farmer, and yet the intelligent farmer will be able to multiply his labor by the use of electricity. Electric milking machines are in common use in many sections of the country, and quite a considerable proportion of the cows of some of our North Carolina communities are today being milked by milking machines. Silage cutters, feed grinders, wood saws and other stationary machines can be more efficiently driven by electricity than by any other form of power, and no attendant is necessary to keep the motor running. Of course the operation of the cream separator and churn would mean as much, if not more, to the farmer than to the housewife. The electrically driven water system, providing ample water at all times for the live stock as well as for the home, will save the farmer much time and effort. And then, in addition to all this, a well lighted home, clean and comfortable, where children can study at night on equal terms with their city cousins; the companionship of a wife not worn to a frazzle by physical labor, must contribute infinitely to the real happiness of every normal right-thinking and well dispositioned man.

Another feature of rural electrification which is beginning to attract considerable attention is the lighting of the highway through densely settled rural communities, particularly where the roads are paved and traffic comparatively heavy. Our paved roads are stimulating the building of homes on these through highways and it is inevitable that before very long our county authorities are going to have to give consideration to the lighting of some sections of our more thickly settled and more important highways. And naturally this is going to help and hasten the coming of the electrification of our homes and farmsteads.

As great as are the blessings and benefits that are to come through the electrification of our countryside,

however, we must realize that only a start has been made, and that there are many obstalces and difficulties to be overcome before any realization upon a large scale of this dream of better times and changed conditions for country people can be brought about. Needless to say, if the business that could be secured in our rural communities would return a fair profit at present upon the investment that would be required to render the service, the lines would be built promptly and all of our country homes would be connected up. It isn't so simple as that. Electric transmission and distribution lines cost a lot of money. In cities and towns there are scores of customers on each mile of line. From a few to sometimes more than a score of customers are served through one of the transformers that are required to "step down" the voltage of the electric current from the higher voltage at which it must be transmitted to the lower voltage at which it can be utilized. Not only are these transformers expensive but an even greater obstacle is found in the heavy and constant loss of current which occurs through the transformer not only when the current is actually passing through the transformer but all the time the current is on. This loss is little greater through a transformer serving 20 customers in a city or community than it is through one serving a single family on a rural line. It may be readily seen, therefore, that the cost of serving an isolated customer in the country may be many, many times the cost of rendering the same service to one of a group of customers in a thickly settled community. It is quite often found that the amount of current lost on a rural line is greater than the amount of current used on the line.

Another difficulty in the electrification of rural communities is found in the hesitancy of a considerable proportion of farmers to use electricity to the extent that they might use it to advantage. Of course, everyone would like to have electric light, but this is just one feature of electrical service. Practically everyone would use an electric iron. But here many stop the returns to a company for the amount of current that would be needed for these purposes at anything like the rates that prevail in our cities and towns would not begin to pay interest on the investment required to render this service, to say nothing of paying for the actual current consumed. If the people of any community which has electric service available really want it, they must want it bad enough to use it to the fullest extent possible so that the aggregate amount of current used, paid for at reasonable prices, will make it worth while to the distributing company that makes the investment necessary to render the service. We must realize that electricity will more than pay its way if it is used to as great an extent as it can be used to advantage.

Rural electrification is coming in North Carolina. How rapidly or to what extent it is impossible to say, This depends upon how badly our rural people want electric service, to what extent they will use it, and the circumstances, such as location, etc., which will determine the cost of making such service available. Those ru-

ral communities located between towns and cities where electricity is distributed by one big public service organization will naturally get service first. Rural communities adjacent to such cities and towns but not lying between two or more such communities will come nxet. The outlook is for rather rapid development in rural electrification in these two classes of communities. The development in other communities will slower, but experience in the communities that do get a service in the near future will tend to simplify the problem and make possible the electrification of other communiies for which at the present time electric service would be considered entirely impracticable.

The interest and cooperation of the various branches of the electric industry, however, and the desire and determination that is resulting from the dawning appreciation upon farmers of what electrification will mean to them must result in a gradual working out of the problem, so that a very large proportion of our rural people will soon be enjoying the comforts, the joy and the greater prosperity and happiness that come with electrical service.

We must be doing something to be happy. Action is no less necessary to us than thought.—Hazlitt.

POISON IN THE BLOOD.

Lexington Dispatch.

William Jennings Bryan in the great speech he had prepared for delivery in the Scopes case had it not been ended so quickly, which speech was published in full this week since his death, said:

"When there is poison in the blood no one knows on what part of the body it will break out, but we can be sure that it will continue to break out until the blood is purified. One of the leading universities of the South(I love the State too well to mention its name) publishes a monthly magazine entitled 'Journal of Social Forces.' "

Then Mr. Bryan quotes from an article contributed to that journal in its January issue which argued that restrictions should be removed from sex relations. This journal is published at the University of North Carolina, as most of the readers of this paper probably know, and the publication of the article raised a storm of protest. Does one wonder that Mr. Bryan in his last great prepared utterance should have spoken of this "poison in the blood." It should not be wondered at if people of North Carolina shall demand some of these days that these sources of infection be removed from places where they would contaminate the moral life of the State.

LUDICROUS CASE.

(Smithfield Herald.)

Ben Parker, Hubert Norris, Parlia Raynor and Joe Dunn, all white men of the town of Benson, faced the Recorder's Court here Tuesday under a charge of assualt upon A. G. Manning, also of the town of Benson, the case furnished quite a bit of amusement for those who heard it. A. G. Manning is well known here and in other parts of the State. Twenty years ago he was a beardless youth riding a bicycle about the southern sections of the county selling pills and plasters. He was then known as Dr. Manning. Manhood brought to him a growth of whiskers and an ambition to preach. About eighteen months ago he turned out the whiskers and his hair to grow, and himself to preach. The whiskers and hair made fine progress and being justly proud of them, he frequented the defendants' barber shops and made free use of their combs and brushes in grooming his luxuriant beard and hair. The defendants, disliking to operate a free beauty parlor for the preacher, warned him that unless he should desist from making such free use of their implements that they would certainly shear his hair and shave his beard. He seemingly forgot their warnings and on last April 25, the defendants in broad daylight and unmasked went to the field where Manning was plowing and asked him to take a little ride with them. Riding about a mile out town they found a forest near a spring. Displaying their implements they informed Manning that the promised shave and haircut were now at hand, and they proceeded with the operation. Maning stated on trial that the boys forced him on and off a car thereby injuring his arm and side. He also stated that by depriving him of his locks and beard that they had rendered him less attractive to the public and he could not, therefore, preach with the same far-reaching power as he could before the assault. He alleged no other harm. The State was represented by L. L. Levinson and the defendants were represented by James Raynor. While the court sharply censured the defendants for their action in forcibly taking Manning into their own hands, the court also had a word or two to speak to Manning. The court expressed the fact that Manning was at liberty to wear a beard in any style he may choose but unless he should keep it in a more sanitary condition than he had formerly done that he was liable for action for maintaining a public muisance about his face. The defendants were taxed with the costs and discharged.

Manning is well known in Smithfield. For the past year or two he has been in Smithfield during court weeks preaching on the court house green and selling cabbage plants. If he has been missed here since April, the probability is that he has been here but those who knew him as the street preacher and plant salesman have failed to recognize him since he has been shorn of hsi magic locks. He has been inoffensive here. He

has sold thousands of his cabbage plants here and no complaint has ever been made against his reliability.

AS TIME FLIES.

Up in Nebraska they enticed an old hermit, who for thirty years had lived in a cave out in the wilds, to visit Omaha. It was his first sight of an automobile, an elevator or a motion picture. All of what we term the wonders of the present age have been developed since he went into retirement. It must have looked to him like a different world. The bad men of the old West, with the law on their hips, have gone. A new species known as the flapper has made her appearance on the streets. Sometimes she even makes brave to take a six shooter and pull a first-class hold-up.

The saloon has gone from the corner. Where the old fellow used to stand with his foot on the rail there is now a modern drug emporium. There isn't any free lunch counter there, but something to eat is provided. In fact, he can get almost anything there except a room and bath, and he might not care for the latter luxury anyway. When bronchos bucked out of town, flivvers fly madly by with glad disregard for the life and limb of pedestrians.

And it has all happened in thirty short years. Yes, and even more. Possibly he saw an airplane circling overhead, a tiny speck against the sky, but a harbinger of what he would see should he go back to his cave and stay thirty years longer. Surely somebody invited him to listen in on the radio. Where will it have reached in three more decades? And, of course, they told him about evolution and the rumpus it has stirred up. It has made rapid strides, too, since he withrew from the world, at least as far as publicity is concerned.

We who have lived and grown up with all these wonders think little of them. They are common, every-day life to us. An old hermit out of the past amuses us. But, if he has not lost the sense of humor that characterizes most plansmen thirty years ago, the world as it is is even more amusing to him. The dispatch didn't indicate, but one imagines the old fellow called it a day and went back into his shell for another quarter-century.—Elizabeth City Independent.

TRAVELERS.

By James Hay, Jr., In Asheville Citizen.

On this smiling Sabbath morn of fair Asheville weather I invite your consideration of the pathetic fact that a distressingly large number of people who call themselves travelers are merely hermits on wheels.

To travel, in the best sense of the word, is to go from place to place with that leisureliness which enables one to drink in the beauty and majesty of the scenery. To travel is to learn the legends that ennoble historic spots. It is to converse and make friends with the people of each community, discovering and appreciating their viewpoint. It is to acquaint oneself with the resources, achievements and possibilities of the various States and sections.

In brief, to travel is to acquire that information, adaptability and wide experience of places and people which enrich the mind, quicken the sense and polish the manner.

No such results are possible to the man who slaps on a pair of goggles, leaps into his high-powered car, slaps his foot on the accelerator, says: "If we don't blow a tire, we can beat the record for the next hundred miles!" does beat it, roars into the scheduled stop, rushes to the post-office for mail from home and to a quick-lunch counter for a sandwich, and, having laid in a fresh supply of gas and oil, again jumps to the steering wheel for another de Paolo run to the next town.

That man is not traveling; he is merely moving. His highest ambition is speed, and his greatest achievement the covering of ground.

He is no more a traveler than the family who tune up the old Ford, load it down with provisions and a tent, spend every night on the roadside or in a tourists' camp, cook their own supper and think they have "seen the town" when Pa has strolled up Main Street to lay in a fresh supply of tobacco, and Ma has bought a box of Uneeda Biscuits at the grocery store, and the kids have mailed five picture post cards to their school mates.

The de Paolo mover and the family in the Ford all are hermits on wheels.

They keep to themselves. Though they get over a distance of three thousand miles, they are at the end what they were when they started. They have thought, talked and acted exactly as they would have done if they had stayed at home. They have accumulated not one new opinion, not one real human experience.

Six months afterwards, when asked what they saw on their trip, the best they can summon up is a grinding, bumping nightmare of telephone posts hurtling past the field of vision, blurred trees, odors of oil and gasoline, and endless miles of road slipping away beneath the wheels.

But the real traveler?

Here is another story. He and his companions make their route a road of enchantment, starred with stops to see the silver thread of a river unwind down a valley or to watch the changing colors hung upon a mountain side by the setting sun.

Their imaginations are stirred by stories of the heroes and heroines of twenty neighborhoods. They meet such delightful people in one village that they prolong their stay there for a week. They make explorations of factories, art galleries and remote places of interest. They become acquainted with a whole section of their country, its traditions, riches, ambitions and habits of living.

They throw themselves open to a life they have not known. They are hospitable to the ideas and opinions of others. They sit at the feet of the one great teacher, Experience.

This, then, is the difference: the hermit on wheels stays at home while he moves about; the real traveler becomes a part of the homes of others.

The hermit on wheels is the victim of the deadliest spiritual disease that visits man: self-satisfaction. He is in a rut and glad to stay there. He considers his home, his way of living, his habit of thought, his small circle of interest and his tastes as perfect and ideal. He gets no improvement from others because he wants none.

And yet, the one hope of making one's life beautiful and a help to others lies in change, in stimulation of mind and spirit, in renewal of the soul through contact with others, in getting all those helpful thoughts and facts which can invariably be had from others.

So it is that the traveler, the man whose mind and heart visits and foregathers with the minds and hearts of other, is the ideal companion. He is a stranger to narrowness. He is strengthened by constant contact with the wit of others. He knows things and people. He has learned the desirability of a smiling tolerance, the evils of fanaticism.

It is the real traveler on the road who is successful in his work at home. He is successful because of his open mind and his capacity for enthusiasm. The wheeled hermit is, both abroad and at home, the deadwood of life. The man who thinks he has nothing to learn is always deadwood.

THE MAYOR'S MAN.

Quakers are well known to be cautious and restrained of speech. There is a story long current in New Bedford, writes Mrs. Phoebe S. Howland, of an old Quaker resident who once had occasion to doubt some statements made by a cousin of his who was not one of the Society of Friends.

"William," he said, "thee knows I never call anybody names; but, William, if the mayor of the city were to come to me and say, "Philip, I want thee to find me the biggest liar in New Bedford," I should come to thee and put my hand on thy shoulder and say to thee, "William, the mayor wants to see thee."'"

WHAT A WOMAN CAN LIFT.

By Frederic J. Haskin.

How many pounds can a woman lift? This is not a question as to the maximum lifting feat that has been accomplished by the "strong woman" in a circus or on the vaudeville stage, but has to do with the weights which working women may handle without jeopardizing their health.

Five States have undertaken to regulate by laws or codes the weights which women may lift, but industrial experts declare that no fair and satisfactory standards have been established either in this country or abroad.

California has a law which forbids women to life receptacles weighing 75 pounds or more. Ohio prohibits the employment of women in any capacity which necessitates their lifting weights of 25 pounds or over. Pennsylvania decrees that women shall not handle cores in core rooms which weigh more than 15 pounds. These are parts of molds used in iron and steel casting. New York in its Industrial Code, Rule 585, provides that women shall not handle cores which weigh more than 25 pounds.

It is recognized, however, that the problem can not be solved by writing into a law or code the maximum number of pounds which a woman may lift. A great deal depends upon the way in which anything is lifted, and the distance, reach and stretch which it entails. To lift 25 punds from one table to another of the same height does not require as much energy and strain as to lift 15 pounds from the floor to a shelf over one's head.

In order to ascertain the seriousness of the problem the Bureau of Women in industry in New York State had the figures compiled for a given year of all the women in the State who received compensation as a result of strain from lifting. The year ending July 30, 1924, the tenth year for compensation cases, was selected for the survey, and the report shows that 100 women received compensation of the character indicated during that period. These 100 women averaged 13 weeks disability and the amount of their compensation averaged $109. All of the disabilities were temporary except two. One woman who suffered from a permanent partial disability was employed in an hotel and the other in an office building.

Most Injured In Factories.

Almost one-half of the women incurring disabilities from lifting weights too heavy for the to handle—46, to be exact—were employed in manufacturing establishments. Thirty-one were engaged in clerical and personal service, 20 were employed in trade, two by public utilities and one in building construction.

In the manufacturing group there was one case of strain from lifting in each of the following: Foundries, hardware, sheet metal ware, wire, beds, construction machinery, wood turning, confectionery, tobacco, clothing, furnishing goods, needle trades, shoddy, cotton goods, woolen goods,

ink, soap and paper.

In the clerical and personal service classification the largest number of cases, fourteen, occurred in hotels and clubs, while there were thirteen cases in apartment and office building.

In the trade group the largest number of accidents took place in food, department and five-and-ten-cent stores—thirteen in all.

The New York State Department of Labor says that the analysis of these figures, contrary to expectation, shows that the problem of lifting heavy weights does not lie wholly in the manufacturing group, but rather it lies with women who are doing the cleaning, those acting as waitresses and carrying heavy trays, janitresses who set out ashes, and women employed in stores who lift heavy boxes from shelves and replace them.

"It is doubtful," says the report, "whether laws or codes could ever be made which could regulate with any degree of justice the question of lifting. It becomes practically a matter of personal equation and a matter of knowing how to do it. The fact that many of the strains from lifting accidents fall into industries where weights are not heavy is an indication that perhaps distance, reach, stretch, etc., have more to do with the accident than the actual weight. It becomes, therefore, a matter of teaching women how to lift with the least possible exertion."

War Time Standards

During the World War when thousands of women went into munition plants or undertook other work ordinarily performed by men the problem of conserving their health was regarded as of as much importance as the matter of their compensation. In the proclamation creating the National War Labor, Board, as one of the basic principles upon which industrial controversies were to be settled or adjusted, it was stipulated that women must not be allotted tasks disproportionate to their strength.

The reconstruction program of the American Federation of Labor included a declaration that "women workers must not be permitted to perform tasks disproportionate to their physical strength, or which tend to impair their potential motherhood and prevent the continuation of a nation of strong, healthy, sturdy and intelligent men and women." Substantially the same provision was incorporated in the program submitted by the labor group in the first National Industrial Conference, called by President Wilson in October, 1919, and the second conference adopted the following recommendation:

"Women can not enter industry without safeguards additional to those provided for men, if they are to be equally protected. The danger of exploiting their physical and nervous strength with cumulative ill effects upon the next generation is more serious and the results are more harmful to the community. Special provision is needed to keep their hours within reason, to prohibit night employment in factories and workshops, and to exclude them from those trades offering particular dangers to women."

The war experience proved that

under the stress of national necessity women could do almost any kind of work that men can do. Handicaps theretofore accepted as insurmountable were overcome quickly and easily. Hampering skirts and petticoats were discarded and the overalls of the male workers were adopted. In the matter of inferior strength, inventive genius came forward with machine or a method that minimized the physical demands upon the worker. If it was a question of environment, of moral and sex hazards to which, under the old order, common acceptance had ruled that women should not be subjected, then society immediately reared around women workers a protective wall of sentiment and public opinion.

It was found that many occupations had been closed to women for no reason other than tradition of custom, and it was also found that women excelled at tasks at which it had been believed that only men could be proficient.

Contrary to expectation. it was found that standards of productivity were raised in many instances, instead of lowered, as a result of the introduction of women workers into industries theretofore reserved to men. This was notably true in England, where low wages and unsatisfactory working conditions had resulted in a deliberate program of restricting production on the part of men workers. Women went in and speeded up the output until men were shamed into increased effort.

At the present time women who are leaders in activities for the welfare of their sex are more concerned in putting over the equal pay for work principle than they are in bringing about legal restrictions upon the weights which a woman should be permitted to lift. They say that when a woman does a man's job she should get a man's pay, and that she herself is the best judge as to whether a task she tackles is too great a strain upon her strength.

PHONE GREETINGS.

What do people say in various lands when they answer the ring of their telephone?

In England it is: "Are you there?"

In France: "Allo."

In Japan: "Moshi Moshi."

In Spain: "Oiga," meaning "I hear."

In Italy: "Pronto."

In Sweden: "Hello."

In Germany, Switzerland and several other countries, the person answering the ring simply says: 'Mr.————,'' giving his name.

That saves time and it is the practice being encouraged in this country and a practice which is being followed more and more each day.

The Englishman, explaining his answer, says, "We simply say, 'Are you there,' and of course, if you are not there then there is no further need of going on with the conversation."—Ohio Utility News.

WHERE WINTER SPENDS THE SUMMER.

By Rev. W. E. Poovey, in Greensboro Advocate.

Duluth, Minnesota's inland ocean port, is a city of a hundred thousand people, and the head of Lake navigation. Every ten minutes a vessel laden with iron, wheat, lumber, promiscuous cargo or with passengers heads out of the harbor under the aerial bridge. This line of lake steamers keep up this schedule through seven months of the year. For the other five months the fingers of King Winter hold the keys to every lake port locked with icy doors.

No wonder, therefore, these waters are cold right on through the summer. No wonder this vast inland sea is swept by chill winds while the South swelters with the humid heat of the tropics.

Overcoats were in order every minute on deck from Duluth to Detroit. The lowest level that the thermometer registered was 34 degrees Fahrenheit. The garden vegetables were found frostbitten when we landed for a few hours in Port Arthur. This was on June 27. The old Blum's Almanac that used to hang on a nail at the end of my father's mantel shelf was always faithful to remind me that June 21 was "the longest day," with the sun rising at 4:46 and setting at 7:14. But on this coldest day of the summer the sun rose at 4:03 and set at 9:03, giving us a seventeen hour day from "sun till sun."

But those belated sunsets are worth waiting for. The first one we witnessed was as we were starting on our three-day cruise. Ten miles to the west of us lay the lake shore in dim, dark outlines, and above it stretched a strip of clear sky of silvery sheen—a proper frame and border for the glorious picture the Master Artist was about to paint for us. The cloud arrangement was ideal, and when the sun went out of sight the picture that was flung upon the cloud canvas was grander than any mountain sunset I had ever seen. Every empurpling cloud was girdled with crimson and crested with gold. With bewitching gradations of delicate color and such wonderful combinations of lights and shadings did the brush of the setting sun sweep the cloud canvas of the evening sky, that every eye was enraptured by that ethereal loveliness of the scene. "The heavens," indeed, "declare the glory of God."

The steamer Hamonic had a gross tonnage of more than 5000 tons. There were three hundred passengers, mostly Kiwanians from Michigan and the Carolinas. Service on the vessel was most excellent in its every appointment. The lakes were calm and blue, and the gentle swaying of the ship with the swish of the water along her sides had a most soothing and sleep-inducing effect on a weary traveler.

Sunday on board was spent much like other days, except, for dancing in the evening, a religious service was substituted. The five ministers in the party took part in what proved to be a season of spiritual worship and splendid fellowship. "How good and how pleasant it is for

brethren to dwell together in unity."

After touching at several Canadian ports, we passed through the gauntlet of immigration and custom house inspection, and entered Detroit as avowed American citizens. For three days we had been sailing under the flag and sovereignty of the British Empire, so Detroit seemed like a home even to a Southerner.

Detroit is a most wonderful city. It has a million people; more asphalt paving than New York, London or Paris; one hundred and eighty elementary and high schools; and manufactures two-thirds of all the motor cars used throughout the earth. We were treated to a trip through the Highland Park plant of Henry Ford. We suspected that the sightseeing "broadcaster" was kidding when he assured us that this plant covered 192 acres, but later we learned from authentic sources that the new River Rouge plant covers 1100 acres of ground. Ford and Dodge Bros. together turn out 8500 cars daily and employ about 100,000 men in Detroit alone.

I went to sleep with the din of Detroit in my ears, and awoke with the din, as I thought, having died down to a distant, dull whisper. But during the night we had been transported by train from Detroit to Niagara, and the dull whisper was the voice of the distant Falls. Great is Niagara! The cloud of mist that constantly rose from the foot of the falls was like incense before an ancient altar, and the falling flood upon rock and pool played the deep Bourdon notes upon Nature's great organ. The Falls have a straight drop of nearly 200 feet, and a total horizontal contour of more than 4000 feet.

A day of ever-changing and inspiring views was enjoyed immensely, but the most entrancing view of all was that of Horse Shoe Falls from the Canadian side with a lovely, pale rainbow outlined upon the crescent rim of the cataract. As the stupendous flood fell thundering into the pool below the waters were beaten into a white froth, and the air rushing up the ravine caught the mist and carried it upward in the filmy folds of a bridal veil until caught under the coronet of the rainbow which the slanting sun was about to place upon the brow of this Queen of World Wonders. It was a scene too ethereal to be caught upon the sensitized plate of the camera, and too lovely for language to convey, but worth traveling a thousand miles to behold, if but for a moment.

The time our party was allowed as a stop-over in Washington was altogether too short. But many of us touched the high spots without stopping. The massive proportions of the Capitol building, the gilded domed Congressional Library, the obelisk-shaped, and the shrine-like memorials to Washington and Lincoln, the quaint loveliness of the White House, the tender sentiments associated with a certain modest house on S street, the great Union Depot—these with many other public buildings and historic spots were "covered" in an hour.

This was indeed a most delightful tour, because of the variety of territory and modes of travel, because of the fine fellowship with this choice company of Kiwanians, and because of the discovery of that mystic spot where Winter in his milder moods spends most of his Summer months.

FLICKERS AND LADYBUGS.

By Alvin M. Peterson.

I was out for a walk one beautiful spring day when I noticed a flicker er sitting on the ground in a field of hay just across the fence. I stood still and watched the bird for some time. First, he pecked vigorously at the ground, then lowered his head and sat still for a long time. Later, he raised his head, sat up, and looked about in a contented and satisfied manner. He lowered his head again and sat still, after which he again sat up and looked about. After repeating the actions a few times, he changed his position, pecked at the ground once more, and then lowered his head. After keeping his head down for quite a long time, he raised his head as before and surveyed the landscape. Once more he changed his position, pecked at the ground, and went through exactly the same motions as before. I was curious as to what the big bird was about and climbed the fence for a look at the ground where the bird was at work. What was the meaning of the flicker's strange behaviour? He flew off as I approached and I found three small holes in the ground where he had sat. A number of ants were running in and out around and about the fresh holes. The flicker evidently was out looking for something to eat and had found what flickers like best of all, namely ants. He first made the hole in the ground to excite the ants and to get at their nests and then licked them up with his rough sticky tongue equipped for just such work.

I saw much of the flickers and their work during the following weeks. A pair visited the yard daily and there fed on the ants that were very numerous about the place. A dozen or more small fresh holes were often to be counted after their visit. We were careful not to frighten the birds and never did anything to interfere with their valuable work. Ants often become very troublesome about our homes and besides indirectly do damage to our crops in that they protect and help spread a troublesome pest known as the aphid or plant louse.

The flicker is a large handsome bird which is abundant over the entire country. "If I were asked to vote for a national bird," writes Frank M. Chapman, "I should cast my ballot for the Flicker. He is a real citizen of North America. His home extends from Central America to Canada. Throughout the greater part of this wide territory he may be found every month in the year, though north of the latitude of New York, he is not common during the winter.

"The Flicker would have my vote not only because he inhabits the entire nation, and can therefore represent every state in it, but in character, habits, and appearance he is clearly a credit to the country."

This bird has a red crescent on the back of the head, has a small black bar on each side of the face at the base of the bill, and has a large

black crescent on the breast. When he flies, he is easily identified by a large white patch low down on the back. He may also be identified by the golden-yellow lining of his wing and tail feathers. Because of the lining of his wings, he if often called the golden-winged woodpecker. The flicker has a large number of other names, some of the most common being the high-hole, yarup, and yellow-hammer. The bird is a rich brown above barred with black. He is about a foot long or a little larger than the blue jay and the brown thrasher.

His call is one of the most pleasant and common sounds to be heard during the spring and early summer months. "Cut, cut, cut, cut, cut" he calls throughout the day. Often two or more of them are to be seen on the trunk of a tree bowing in a most polite way and uttering notes that sound like "wicky, wicky, wicky, wick." "When two or more birds are together, and in my experience only then," says Mr. Chapman, "they address each other with a a singular 'weechew, weechew, weechew,' a sound which can be imitated by the swishing of a willow wand. Much ceremony evidently prevails in the Flicker family, and on these occasions there is more bowing and scraping than one often sees outside of Spain."

I was out in the garden a short time ago when I noticed that some of the leaves of the cucumbers looked curled and wilted. I turned a leaf over and noticed that it was covered on the under side with tiny green objects. I looked closely at them and noticed that they moved. At about the same time, I found a prickly or wild lettuce that was covered with some darker objects of about the same size and shape as those on the cucumbers. The lettuce looked sickly and was slowly but surely dying. The cucumbers, too, were turning yellow and apparently were not doing well. I also found that the leaves of a nearby ash were curled in various curious ways. I opened one of the leaves and found that it too was covered with tiny insects. I furthermore noticed that a number of large black ants were hurrying to and from the curled ash leaves as though bent on some urgent business. What were the tiny objects on the cucumbers, the prickly lettuce, and the ash leaves? And, what were the ants doing near and about the tiny insects? The insects were indeed aphids or plant lice, also known as ants' cows. Aphids are equipped with a pair of tiny horns or tubes which are attached to their backs, from which a transparent fluid known as honeydew is excreted. This is the milk of which ants are so fond. They visit their cows with great regularity in quest of the honeydew. They also take good care of and protect their cows, driving off ladybugs, and storing the aphid eggs in their nests over winter and carrying the eggs and aphids to plants in the spring they hatch, mature, and multiply until the plant is loaded with the pests. They also carry their cows to new pastures if the old ones for any reason dry up or give out.

There are a large number of species of aphids which infest scores of different plants. The insects puncture the leaves and tender stems of plants

and suck the juices from them. If all the leaves of a plant are attacked, the plant dies. Large numbers of cultivated plants are infested by the pests and injured if not destroyed. Whole crops of melons and cucumbers are often destroyed by aphids and millions of dollars' worth of damage done to the agricultural interests of the country. As ants care for and spread plant lice or aphids, they indirectly are responsible for part of this loss and may also be considered as pests. Futhermore, ants often become decided nuisances about our homes, carrying off and polluting our foods.

We have noted that flickers destroy large numbers of ants. Ants constitute over half the flicker's food supply. "Because of this fact alone," says T. Gilbert Pearson, "everybody ought to feel kindly disposed toward this bird, for ants are universally regarded as a decided nuisance. In some parts of the country long lines of ants may be seen any day marching in under the kitchen-door and carrying off fragments of food. In those regions they give the farmer's wife no end of trouble." Ants, too, for all that matter, often give the city housewife no end of trouble in exactly the same way. Mr. Pearson goes on to say: "Ants do damage in a more pronounced way than this.

"Plant-lice do great damage to vegetation, and as ants care for the plant-lice because they like the honeydew which the plant lice produce, it is easy to see that the ant is an enemy to some of our valuable crops; knowing these facts we may understand clearly how the Flicker renders distinct service by reducing the number of ants."

The flicker in his valuable work has an excellent helper in the ladybug. If you were to visit a melon patch or any other crop infested with aphids, you would find the ladybugs there in great numbers, too. These bugs and their larvae destroy and devour large numbers of aphids. In fact, they are continually and effectually making war on aphids or plant lice. In many places, gardeners depend solely upon the ladybugs for protection against the troublesome and destructive aphids. Ladybugs or lady beetles are smaller than the potato beetle and are a deep orange in color spotted with round black spots. They are so familiar that a further description is hardly necessary.

We thus see that flickers and ladybugs make up a combination that is continually serving us by helping save our crops from the ravages of plant lice. They are continually counteracting the ants and aphids. They are continually making war on the ant-aphid combination and are worth millions of dollars to gardners and farmers. Flickers and ladybugs should be given our care and protection.

"Lady beetles," writes C. F. Hodge, "often come into houses to pass the winter, and their presence may well be encouraged, as it would seem that they might be the best protectors of the window garden against plant lice and scale insects.

"Professor Weed has described finding 'balls' of hibernating lady beetles containing as much as a quart. He stated that they occurred about

the borders of woods under piles of leaves and brush. One other observer has reported to me a similar find in a hollow stump. We ought to learn more of this and if such a ball could be captured and the beetles distributed among the cherry, peach, and plum trees of a neighborhood, they might nip many a serious outbreak of plant lice in the bud."

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By James Davis.

Ray Franklin, of the fifth cottage, received his parole Monday evening.

Mr. Richard Walker has returned to the institution after a short vacation.

Superintendent Boger is back at the school again after spending a short vacation in Asheville.

Band practice was held every day during the past week. Mr. Paul Owensby is band director again.

Sylvester Sims, ex-training school boy, was at the institution on a visit last Saturday.

The boys were all glad to have watermelons last Tuesday and Saturday. The watermelons were thefirst of the year.

Craven Pait, a member of the ninth cottage, was permitted to spend a few days with his parents in Lumberton last week.

All of the boys were glad to see letter writing day came around last week, because they would have a chance to send a letter home.

All of the Guilford county boys are grateful to Mr. York, welfare officer of Greensboro, for the presents which they received last Wednesday morning.

Miss Hattie Fuller has returned to the school after spending a short vacation in South Carolina. Miss Kate Latimer fulfilled the duties as matron of the sixth cottage during her absence.

Allen Byers, James Robinson and Lester Morris members of the fifth, fourth and ninth cottages were paroled last week by Supt. Boger. These boys made good records while at the school and we feel sure they will do the same at home.

The boys had a half-holiday last Thursday afternoon, a base ball game was scheduled between the school team and the Highland Park team, of Charlotte, but they did not show up. Despite this all the boys had a good time playing ball, shooting marbles, pitching horse shoes and playing other games. Several tubs of peaches were also distributed among

the boys.

The Training School met defeat at the hands of the Flowe's Store team last Saturday by the score of 10 to 8. The visitors started scoring early by crossing the plate twice in the first inning. Three more were added in the fifth and three in the sixth for the visitors. Their final runs came in the ninth on Bost's triple and four errors in succession. The school boys first scored in the third when the first two men were given free passes and both came home on Howard's timely single to left, he came home a moment later of Kennedy's triple. Another came in the fifth, three more in the sixth when the first man up reached first on an error, the next two were easy outs, but the next man singled and all scored when Poplin drove the ball through short for a home run.

HONOR ROLL.

Room No. 1

"A"

Charles Beech, Herman Goodman, John Keenan, Valton Lee, Lee McBride, Irvin Turner, Olive Davis, Avery Rothrock, Charles Crossman, James Davis, George Howard, Doy Hagwood, Albert Hill, William Herndon, Carl Henry, Irvin Moore, Sam Osborn, Mack Wentz, Clint Wright, Jesse Wall.

"B"

Fleming Floyd, Hyram Greer, Mark Jolly, Howard Keller, Charles Loggins, Louie Pate, Whitlock Pridgen, Donald Pate, Theodore Wallace, Cucell Watkins, David Brown, Ernest Brown, Will Case, Everett Goodrich, Elwyn Greene, Hallie Matthews, James O'Quinn, Will Odom, Clyde Pierce, Delmas Robertson, Thomas Sessoms, Frank Stone, Will Smith, Archie Waddell.

Room No. 2

"A"

Ralph Martin, David Driver, Walter Hildreth, Abraham Goodman, Sam Stevens, Clyde Peterson.

"B"

Roy Johnson, Carl Teague, Brantley Pridgen, Roy Lafon, Richard Pettipher, Douglas Williams, Clayton Stevens, John Perry, Carlyle Hardy, Judge Brooks, William Beard, James Bland, Russel Capps, Alton Etheridge, Walter Evers, James Ford.

Room No. 3.

"A"

James Beddingfield, John Johnston, Leonard Watkins, Lawrence Scales, Byron Ford, Otis Dhue, Jeff Blizzard, Brevard McLendon, Simon Wade, Robert Hartline, Alfred Mayberry.

"B"

Bloyce Johnson, Silvian Gragg, Clyde Brown, Dena Brown, William Johnston, Eugene Long, Junius Matthews, James Long, William Hurley, Willie Bunny, Solomon Thompson.

Room No. 4.

"A"

Olen Williams, Clay Bates, Ben Stubbs, Ennis Harper, Leonard Burleson, Ed. Moses, Frank Butcher, Lonnie Lewis, Hunter Cline, Delmas Stanley, Lummie McGee, Lonnie Mc-

Gee, Tom Groce, Herbert Floyd, Eugene Keller, John Presnell, Earl Green, Cecil Trull, Roy Hauser, Hewitt Collier, John Gray, James Davis, Clarence Rogers, Marvin Kelly.

"B"

Melvin Williams, Felix Moore, James Reddick, Jeff Letterman, Clyde Lovett, Hill Ellington, Jethro Mills, Clyde Smith, Norman Watkins, Rudolph Watts, Pearson Hunsucker, Jesse Haney, Lemuel Lane, Maston Britt, William Wafford, James McCoy, Floyd Stanley, Bert Murry, William Harmon, John Tomaisin, Woodrow Kivett, Lee Wright, Paul Lanier.

A FABLE.

A frog once sat beside a slimy pool
And watched a bird that flew from tree to tree
Singing his tuneful song right merrily.
And being by this sight intrigued to fly.
He slowly climbed into a tree near by:
Then gave a doleful croak in lieu of song
And launched into the air; but not long,
For being without skill in aviation
He fell upon the ground, croaking in conseternation.
A hungry crane who witnessed his eclipse
Gobbled him down and smacked his bony lips.

To any who afflicted are with vain delusions,
Consider now this frog, and draw your own conclusions.
Bear this in mind; Advancement worth the gaining
Is ne'er achieved without the proper training.
And by one prone to judge himself to be quite clever
Promotion is not gained without sincere endeavor.
First grow your wings, your humble duties master,
'Twill later save you from confusion and disaster.

—Walt Stowell.

NORTH CAROLINA SEASHORE EXCURSION

TO

Norfolk and Virginia Beach, Va.

VIA

Southern Railway System

Friday, August 14, 1925.
Three whole days and two nights in Norfolk.
Round trip fare from Concord to Norfolk $750.
Round trip fare from Concord to Virginia Beach $8.00
Special train leaves Concord 7:10 P. M. Aug. 14, 1925.
Arrives Norfolk 8:15 A. M. Aug. 15, 1925.

Tickets on sale August 14th only, limited good to return on all regular trains up to and including train No. 3 leaving Norfolk 6:10 P. M. August 17, 1925.

Tickets from main line points will be honored only on Special Train.

Tickets from branch line points will be honored on regular trains to junction points, connecting with Special Train.

Pullman sleeping cars and day coaches.

Fine opportunity to spend the week-end at Virginia Beach, Ocean View and other resorts.

Good surf bathing, boat excursion and sight-seeing trips.
No stop-overs and no baggage will be checked.
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Charlotte, N. C.

THE UPLIFT

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LITTLE THINGS.

So many people overlook the little things. The little things that mean so much. It frequently takes more study and experiment for little things than it does for the big things. We are generally more familiar with the little things than those of big proportions. We grow up from little things. We were all little things ourselves "once upon a time." The little things are the plums in the pudding, the raisins in the cake, that give character and quality. The attention to little things with some people is as fanciful as an Oriental whimsey, and with others as beautiful as a singing bird.—Old Hurrygraph.

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THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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Every generation leaves to its successor an unfinished work. The work of society, the work of human progress, the work of civilization is never completed. We build upon the foundations which we find already laid and those who follow us take up the work where we leave off.—William Jennings Bryan.

BRYAN MEMORIAL PRAYER.

At a short memorial service, held by the Concord Kiwanis Club, in honoring the memory of William Jennings Bryan, Kiwanian Ralph Gibson, pastor of the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church, of Concord, led the sorrowing Kiwanians in the following prayer:

"O Lord our Heavenly Father, Thou who hast created man in Thine own image we come into Thy presence now with sad hearts to pay tribute to one of Thy great servants, William J. Bryan. We are sad when we think of his death but we rejoice when we think of his life. Surely a greater citizen and statesman has never lived and died in our nation. When we think of the things that Thou has ordained to make men great we feel that he had them all. Thou art pleased with wisdom as shown by Thy blessing upon Solomon of old. The world has always demanded men of courage. Thou didst bless and protect the courageous Daniel even in the den of lions; we thank Thee for W. J. Bryan's example of courage to stand in the midst of his foes and fight for the right.

And, Our Father, more especially do we thank Thee in this age of religious

unrest for a man so great in National affairs but who still held on to the faith of Abraham and his seed—for this great servant who could not be shaken by the wind of unbelief and even infidelity.

Lord may the effort of his last days and even his death be the birth of a new era in which thy people everywhere will return to the fundamental truths of Thy Holy Word. May the same spirit that filled his life ever be in our hearts to keep us from falling, in Christ's name, Amen."

* * * * * * * * * *

HOW WE SPEND THE TIME.

Were the average man or woman to take the little time to make a simple calculation of how he spends the time in necessary and worthwhile activities, he would be astonished at the waste of opportunity. Lots of people persuade themselves that they have a hard time—that their lot is harder than that of many of their friends.

Thinking seriously over this little matter, will convince everyone that he is let off pretty light for the time he contributes to the accomplishment of real. necessary things. We look at the professional loafer—and the towns are full of them—and wonder if he ever had one serious moment of reflection on how he has wasted his time and shut his eyes to opportunities to be of service to himself, his family or to society.

Most men spend their day hours in gainful pursuits. But the great majority actually spend in a losing manner their evenings. Just count for yourself the hours you waste. These thoughts bring to mind a thoughtful article which we here append:

> Every evening has its morning, and every morning has its evening. They succeed each other with alarming rapidity. They are not far apart. Most people have their allotment of work that covers the hours from morning till evening. The hours from evening till morning are usually our own. We may do with them as we please, and they are variously used. For multitudes of us the most critical hours are those that extend from the time the day's work ceases until we lie down for rest and sleep. We may spend those hours in the bosom of the family, or in reading, or in the social circle, or in pleasure and amusement.
>
> Just because this part of each day is at our disposal, and we may use it as we desire, it is in danger of being misused. Not all of us have judgment and will power enough to invest those hours to the highest advantage. It is the time when the home life can be made most of. It is the time when we can make or unmake the physical powers. It is then that the social contacts can be extended and strengthened. The mind

waits very largely on these hours for that stimulus which will quicken and qualify it for larger usefulness.

This all applies to the youth more especially. They may take their fling if they care to, and waste those precious moments in dissipation; or they may employ them in such a way that they will get both recreation and profit out of them. Only let us so take account of the evening of the day that it will bear the morning's reflection.

* * * * * * * * * *

WHO STRUCK BILLY PATTERSON?

This unanswered puzzle has lost some of its interest in the recent past. Many questions concern the public at this time. Who is going to run against Senator Overman? Will one retired office-holder remain content with his experience in public matters, or will he come back? Will Hon. D. H. Blair, whom the gossipers have had on numerous occasions about to resign, take the notion to come back at an early day to the best state in the Union? Will Calvin Coolidge really set his triggers for a third term? Will Vice-president Dawes ride the U. S. Senate to his heart's content? Will Mr. Duke finally make up his mind to extend the Piedmont & Northern to Concord and on to Winston-Salem? These are questions yet unanswered, but the one that seems the livest is—

Who introduced among the prisoners of the North Carolina State Penitentiary the use of coffee, sugar and snuff? Supt. Pou says he did, and the Raleigh News & Observer says he didn't. It has worked itself into such a large question that many columns are required to publish the testimony.

* * * * * * * * * *

WHAT THE A. P. IS.

When you read your morning or evening paper, you find on the first page and, in many instances, scattered through the pages of the paper articles of news, crime, faithlessness, short comings, accidents, deaths and tragedies, with a credit of the A. P. The average person does not know what this means. And but few people realize the wonderful machinery and effort that make the business of the Associated Press such a wonderful success and such an agency in knitting the world together, making it appear all but just a little neighborhood.

We ran across the printed extracts from a speech made to the Salisbury Rotarians by Editor Jim Hurley, all of which throw considerable light on just what the A. P. is and the largeness of its undertaking. The article

is worth reading and will prove a benefit and a pleasure now and hereafter.

* * * * * * * * * *

READ MR. DANIELS' STORY IN THIS ISSUE.

The public hasn't an idea of the great work organized and carried on by the Sloops at Crossnore. Even those who are familiar with what has been done by these consecrated missionaries, cannot realize the personal sacrifice each have made, when we view their efforts from the go-lucky standpoint of an average life.

Mr. Daniels tells an interesting story, and it will do us all good to follow him into the mountains where he gets a subject for a fine lesson in finding something to do to make the world better.

LEFT A WRONG IMPRESSION.

Dr. Branson issued a startling statement relative to the number of North Carolinians, who live under roofs of which they do not own a single shingle —over a million and a quarter. It was startling because, on the face, it represented practically one-half of the citizenship of the state.

You have to give it a second thought to remove the terrible sting. Really the showing is not so bad, if you compare it with conditions in the average state and do a little figuring for yourself. There are tens of thousands of babies, hundreds of thousands of children, to say nothing of the thousands of youths in their teens—what do they need a shingle for, anyway for a roof?

We are sure that Dr. Branson did not intend to leave a wrong impression, taking for granted that the public would do a little calculating for itself.

* * * * * * * * * *

COULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED FIFTEEN YEARS AGO.

An observing citizen walked up one side of the business street of Concord the other day. He reports that he saw a young woman sitting in a car filing and dressing her finger nails; just a few feet farther on he saw a young girl, without modesty or precaution, adjusting the roll of her stockings to suit a vulgar fashion that prevails with some; and the thing that hurt him most was seeing a young matron walking along the street sucking at an ice-cream cone.

The real mothers have a pressing opportunity to exercise some fine influences

upon the young to the end that they may grow up with that beautiful sense of modesty that cries aloud for a restoration.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Gov. McLean has taken to the woods—not running away from his terrible job in establishing a business condition in the state affairs, but merely for a short breathing spell to which he is richly entitled.

LATITUDE HAS IT'S WAY.

One day a Union county farmer, who had boned up on statistics and who is a great believer in growing everything possible at home said to me:

"Do you know, there are more Irish potatoes grown in Aroostock county, Maine, than in the entire State of North Carolina?"

I confessed my ignorance. "But," I asked him, "do you know there is more cotton raised right here in the incorporate limits of Monroe than is grown in the entire State of Maine?"

They you are. Plants grow best where Nature intended them to grow. Now, if Union county folks cannot grow potatoes like they do in Maine they should at least grow enough for their own tables.—Monroe Enquirer.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

The boll weevil is a pesky little "deevil," from all accounts. He is making his appearance in North Carolina and the cotton farmers are becoming very much agitated over over the fact. And well they may, from the way the weevil is carrying on. They do say that in some sections the weevil is chasing the rabbits to death to get the cotton out of their tails.

I saw an automobile on the streets of Durham the other day bearing this sentence: "Prepare to meet thy God." I do not know of a more appropriate place for such an exhortation, if the automobile is run by a wild and reckless driver, or a drunken chauffeur, and the application will fit the person in the car as well as the people on the streets, who do not have much time for preparation for anything when one of these rushers comes along, flips around a corner, and never so much as hesitates or toots a horn. Gabriel is going to be more considerate than that. He is going to even warn the dead.

A fellow dropped into the office of a Durham realtor the other day to negotiate a loan. When asked what security he could give, said that he had some stocks. Visions of gilt-edged bonds, and stocks in big bills, and other plants, lit up the mind of the realtor like an arurora borealis, and he hastened to inquire as to the nature of the stock he possessed. "Well," says the negotiator, "I've got a good cow; and two mules." That stock has to be watered, and it did not get him the desired loan.

It does one good to get away from home. Stay a while. Then it's good to get back. The fellows at home will run into you, and yell, "Hello," —whatever familiar name they call you, and grab you off to sell you some real estate. That happened to me once five or six times, until one fellow thought to ask me if I had any money. When he learned I only had six bits, he looked like the tramp who asked for a doughnut and got it with the ring torn off.

The telephone "Hello" is slipping. That kind of an answer is waning from the telephone vocabulary. Telephone service is sold to people who want to economize on time and effort. Managers are assisting by suggesting that "Smith talking," or number of your phone, will be a more intelligent reply and thus save time and confusion. Some time in the immediate future the human voice is going to be eliminated in Durham from the call. People are going to get each other electrically; that is the telephone girl will be done away with, and by an electric contrivance you do your own calling, by turning a dial to numbers desired. I imagine that when they work all right; they are right; but when they work wrong or don't work at all a fellow after working, sweating, blowing and puffing over an electric telephone dial that won't

work, will feel like the dog that jumped into a barrel and found it occupied by three cats—he'll have no end of a time.

The people are to blame for a great many evils that infest our national, state and municipal life. About a year or so ago Philadelphia called in Brigadier-General Smedley Butler, of the Marines, to clean up the vice about town and put crime out of business. General Butler took command determined to do the job. In effect, he was head of the police force. Now he is ready to resign. He admits he has failed, but he says he has failed because "I have been double-crossed at every turn. I have not been fighting crime and vice so much as I have been fighting political influences that opposed me at every turn." It is a sad commentary on popular government, this entrenchment of crime in our municipal life. Without pretending to pass judgment on the merits of the Philadelphia controversy, I share the common knowledge that the business of crime is so deeply entrenched in some communities as to be able to defy the ordinary process of law. But one thing it cannot defy, that is an informed public sentiment that decides to have law and not outlawry in command. After all, it gets back to the people themselves. They are the arbiters.

Quite a number of Durham people are sojurning at Blowing Rock—the wonder land of Western North Carolina. The top of eastern America. From time immemorial it has been the most famous rock in the world—Blowing Rock. The wind blows about it like a stiff sea breeze, and the people who go there for the first time blow about it ever after. I have been there and for hours sat upon its pinnacle drinking in the beautiful scenery. Every time I went the words of the Psalmist came to me: "Lead me to the rock that is higher than I," together with what Isaiah said, "As the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." It is all of what both said.

From the summit of Blowing Rock it looks as though the whole world were made of mountain tops. It is a veritable sky land; under the eaves of Heaven. Under the drippings of Heaven's dye pots at sunset. Up 4,500 feet above the level of the sea, but one cannot see level, because the mountains seem to pile Ossa on Olympus, and Pelion on Ossa, to see which can reach the cerulean dome of the sky. Up above the clouds, and have looked down upon them, as they sailed around the mountains, and in the valley below, like giant ships, with sails set for an ocean voyage. The top side of a cloud is just as natural, and similar to the bottom side—the side seen mostly by the dwellers in the low lands. Some of the clouds carry rain, and empty their contents below, while one is on a pinnacle, basking in the glorious sunshine, or the shadow of other clouds far above, and looking down on the rain-clouds as a white flossy mist spread over the valley far beneath. That is the beautiful land you dream about.

Blowing Rock, like a great inverted oyster shell, stands upon a mountain ledge, upon a mountain, 300 feet in heighth, as a sturdy sentinel upon a watch-tower, facing and

catching the breezes that blow inward across a sea of mountain tops. That is the Grandfather mountain country, where the clouds are wont to gather around his brow, at sunset time, and have their faces bathed in gorgeous colorings and tintings, as the sun, in crimson robes sinks behind this great mountain's immovable face, and kisses this part of the world good-night. It is a most impressive and beautiful combination of scenic wonders. In twilight time the heavens glow with a golden hue, as if it were the reflections from the open gates of gold; and over all flits a gauzy, cloud-crepe, varying in tints from the ethereal pink of peach-bloomy beauty's cheeks to the faint spirit of green that dwells in an opal's heart. No where else has nature conspired to crowd so many kinds of scenic effects into such a limited space.

Waterfalls of rugged beauty, pour waters incessantly over precipitous rocks and clifts, for hundreds of feet to valleys below, into more placid streams that look like moving mirrors. Cataracts and cascades, whose foaming spray is like bridal veils, with their wonderful display of te various colors of the rainbow; colors some of them so bright and startling that they seem almost unearthly. They vary from bright violet hues to dark red. Scores of deeply wooded mountain peaks, any one of which would make any locality famous, which seem to raise you into the very heavens, when upon their summits. Lakes, streams, giant trees, lovely flowers, wildwood singing birds; miles of beautiful driveways; the "Lonesome Trail;" moon paths, lover's lanes, where romance blossoms as beautifully as the rhorodendron, the laurel, and the azaleas that line either side. Nature lovers paradise. Cool breezes that are the wine of inspiration. It is impossible to convey to a second party the impression of Blowing Rock; the rock and the country. Even in pictures this is not possible. The scenes, so varied, and so cast, and the scale so magnificent that contrasts can not be at all appreciated. And besides you miss the breezes, the babbling streams, the silvery bell notes of the wildwood thrush and the singing of other mountain songsters, and above all, the stimulus of the mountain air. The land of beauty, health, recreation, and satisfying rest. My, how I love every mountain peak, tree, flower, bird! They afford joy unspeakable. They are the wine of inspiration.

Shutting up the life and waiting for happiness to come to it is a hopeless proceeding. Go out and take happiness to others, and you shall return to find it waiting at your door.—Selected.

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

Abstract of a talk made by editor Hurley of the Post before the Salisbury Rotary Club Tuesday last.

The Associated Press is a news gathering agency; the most of us know as much, for we see the evidence spread out daily all over our newspapers. Many of the readers of the daily papers know little more than that about the Associated Press, and therefore it is not inappropriate that you have a few of the significant facts relative to it and its ways.

The Associated Press is a cooperative organization of persons representing more than 1200 morning, evening and Sunday newspapers, having for its purpose the collection and distribution of important news of the world. Bear in mind that the membership is personal.

The Associated Press has its own leased wires forming a net work of the continent. The total mileage is approximately: Day wires 43,000 miles; night wires 50,000 miles. From various points along the trunk lines the reports are sent to adjacent cities. The membership spreads from Alaska to Argentina and fro the Phillippines to Porto Rico. Each member of the Associated Press engages to contribute the news of his immediate vicinity. More than 75,000 words are transmitted daily at all of the important offices, the whole being equivalent of sixty columns of the average newspaper.

There are no "franchises," the proper term is membership.

It is a simple statement to say that the Associated Press does for its 1200 papers what a reporter does for his individual paper. The A. P. covers the world as its territory. To collect this news and deliver it to the member newspapers the A. P. uses telegraph, telephone, cable, wireless and mails. In its direct operations it expends $7,000,000 yearly derived from assessments upon the members, while members themselves, who make this news available expand far more than that sum, for collecting the day's news for you.

Nothing is reported by the Associated Press unless it happens. This statement means more than the lay reader realizes. The organization gathers facts only; it does not guess or surmise. It has no opinion of its own and does not seek to express an opinion. It is reliable for facts, and, what happened just as reported. Often a reader seeing something from other sources waits a confirmation by the A. P. before accepting it as a fact.

The Associated Press employs men who are trained to handle news and in accord with the ways of the A. P. Many good newspaper men may not prove good A. P. representatives. Men trained in other journalistic schools may not prove good reporters for the A. P.

Now here is something I wish to emphasize. What is an unbiased presentation of news worth to the world? To do his part in a constituent democracy a citizen needs and must have information upon which he can base his own conclu-

sions and actions. The Associated Press helps men to read correctly the facts and then to think straight and act wisely. He is the better informed and therefore the better established by reason of the facts, as against partisan propaganda. The A. P. comes in for an honest service in furnishing news, and the value of this is incalculable. Mark Twain once said: "There are just two things that spread light to the four corners of the world—the sun in the heaven and the Associated Press down here."

You can see the benefit of such an organization. It is not owned by any man or by any set of men. It is not a money earner. It is controlled by the members. The membership elect the directors, who in turn manage the organization, referring to the full membership many things that the whole membership should pass on. It knows no creed; it belongs to no party, its management is above suspicion and the workers in the rank are trained men who value their service and regard their high honor. Directors are elected annually. Members are elected by the directors, only in some cases this is referred to the full membership and all acts are subject to review.

It would be interesting to review the Associated Press and news development in this state. It has expanded wonderfully with the past ten years. I wish I had the time to rehearse with you interesting history of our making in the state. The result Iis that North Carolina papers are given a wonderful service; the state is given a state news service that cannot be matched. I want to give you a few facts and figures of a local nature.

Peoaple who know little or nothing of the Associated Press often criticize it unjustly. Those who know the workings of the organization know how absurd some of these critical statements are: It is absolutely fair, impartial, unbliased, knows no man creed and it acts always in good faith in doing what it sets out to do—namely, gather the hard cold facts of news and deliver these to the members. It is not responsible for how some papers may use and apply news, either innocently or deliberately. The A. P. is a mutual organization, makes no profit, covers the world and renders a bigger and more wholesome service than the average man dreams.

Following is Billy Sunday's fine tribute to his friend, William J. Bryan:

"The friend of God, the enemy of the devil. To know William Jennings Bryan was an invitation to do right.

"Although he chose politics as a career he was essentially a crusader for Christianity. He was at his best when fighting on moral rather than religious issues. He fell with his face to the enemy.

"He was a Luther in his faith, a Napoleon in his battle for God, a Lincoln in his patience. Crown him as one of the world's immortals."

OLD CLOTHES CONVERTED INTO SCHOOLS.

By Josephus Daniels.

You will run up with many things in the mountains that will charm and interest you, but nothing more to give assurance of the real thing that is being done in education than at Crossnore. There are church schools, good ones and serving a real need, scattered here and there, with longer sessions and special training which supplement the public school work. But here as everywhere the solid rock upon which the education of the people rests and must rest is the public school. The difficulty is that, with few large towns and little wealth subject to taxation, the schools often do not run more than five or six months and some of them have only one or two teachers, though the progress in recent years has been the outstanding promise and realization. No more log or one-room schoolhouses, but better houses and graded classes are springing up all about, trucks are bringing children to the public schools and the people are taxing themselves to give their children a better chance than they ever dreamed of enjoying. They never vote down a school tax, but when they have voted a big rate of taxation, it does not bring in a large sum of money. In order to give what is needed and in the best way there must for some years at least be plans to supplement the instruction given in the public schools.

The answer has been found here at Crossnore. First of all in the center of the vocational school building, commodious and beautiful, with weaving houses and the like, stands the Public School building. I use capitals for they are capital buildings, capitally built and capitally utilized.

It has been some years—maybe twenty, I don't know how long and the days do not matter—since Davidson College had in its student body a young man and a young woman dominated by a spirit of service. I am not using "spirit of service" in the hackneyed sense. As a matter of fact that word Service has been badly overworked and misused. In the significance I give it there is implied doing something that needs to be done and that nobody else had undertaken. Too many people talk about Service with their lips. The passion to serve others does not carry them where they can do most for others, and does not kindle enthusiasm and bring out initiative and practical doing.

The world is full of people who aspire to be almoners, folks who will patronize others, who like to be sort of dispensers of bounty. I am not criticizing them. Heaven knows any altruism is to be encouraged. But the supreme spirit of service is seen only when people give themselves—heart, soul and brains and life—with the mission they undertake. The missionary in the foreign field renders such service. Because home societies no longer permit these pioneers on the outpost to starve and pro-

vide them with some comforts, there is a disposition of late to underrate the noble and selfsacrificing work they are doing. And traders and hunters for concessions and exploiters of weaker people for their own enrichment are partly responsible for this unjust appraisement of what missionaries are doing.

I am not writing today of missionaries of any sort. Certainly that young man and young woman at Davidson College who had a passion for service had no thought that they were missionaries when they came here to practice medicine and be part of this sturdy mountain country. They did, however, have the vision that medical knowledge and zeal for better schools and better conditions shared by them with the mountain people would bring good results and be a life worth living. E. R. Sloop and Mary Martin were these young student dreamers and lovers. Davidson College was a male college. I do not know how Miss Mary Martin matriculated, but I guess it was because she was the daughter of the president of the college and had nowhere else to go to school in that little college town. I suppose she entered as Miss Cornelia Phillips, afterwards Mrs. Spencer, entered the University in the fifties. At any rate, along with Dr. Sloop, she went through the college and obtained her sheepskin in the same class with Dr. Sloop. She learned more than amo, amas, amat, but they did not neglect that conjugation while they were at college. Then they went to a medical school and obtained their medical diplomas. Then they married. Where should they locate to practice medicine? They knew something of the so-called "Lost Colonies" peopled by sturdy and independent Anglo-Saxon people, who believed in God and lived simple lives in the fastnesses of these forests, then far from any railroad or modern schoolhouses and school appliances. Moreover, there were not many doctors and race suicide was unknown. So, with love for their fellows and an ambition to do something that would really be constructive, this young married couple of doctors found themselves in the mountains, and later they made their home here. Certainly they didn't forget the glory of the mountain country when they found their life work here. Almost all over America from all rural districts comes the call for doctors. The World War carried many to the front who never came back to the old country practice. The call of the city, with hospital facilities and larger income, has beckoned most younger doctors. I do not know any post of duty quite so appealing, certainly none with such open door to unselfish service, to a doctor as the sort of life Dr. E. R. Sloop and Dr. Mary Martin Sloop are rendering in their Crossnore adventure. I call it adventure because it has had, and continues to have, the lure and glory of adventure along with hard service and sacrifice. Is any life quite complete that does not embrace both?

* * *

"Some of the people are troubled about the plans you have for the school," said a frank and straightforward mountain Sunday school teacher to Mrs. Mary Martin Sloop one day, explaining why the people

had failed to attend a mass meeting called to take steps for enlargement of the public school. They had been co-operating cordially with Mrs. Sloop and their sudden seeming lack of interest and co-operation had puzzled her.

"What are they troubled about?" asked Mrs. Sloop.

"Well," rather uneasily but frankly answered the friend, "some of them are afraid that after we all work together with you in making this school you will make it a Presbyterian school."

You see Mrs. Sloop and her husband were graduated from Davidson College, blue stocking, fundamental Presbyterian. Her father and brother had been presidents. Most of the money that had come from a distance to enlarge the school work had come from Presbyterians and Presbyterian churches and these staunch Baptists suspected the Sloops of a deep-seated design to carry them over bag and baggage to the Presbyterian church. And they had no intention of going. They were grateful to the Sloops, they respected and loved them, but when denominational feelings were aroused these good Baptists were resolved not to be proselyted into the Presbyterian church even through the benefits of better schools for their children. They were sound in the Jeffersonian creed that public schools must have no sectarian bias. To be sure, neither Dr. nor Mrs. Sloop had any such idea. They believed as much in religious liberty as the Baptists. Their forebears had fought church and state. But, using mainly Presbyterian gifts to supplement scanty tax money to improve the schools raised the suspicion that there might be a lurking expectation that one day the people would wake up to find that the Presbyterians had captured a public school in a community largely, almost wholly peopled by Baptists.

Mrs. Mary Martin Sloop has done many good things and said many good things, but she never showed quite so much diplomacy as on that occasion.

"And I have been troubled, too," she replied to her good Baptist friend. "Knowing you Baptists fere so greatly in the majority and that we Presbyterians were putting so much of ourselves and money into the school, I've sometimes been troubled lest some day the Baptists would grab the whole school for a church enterprise."

It broke the ice. All hands agreed to make the school a public school in name and in fact and in perpetuity, freed from any denominational bias or control. The weaving school and boarding department and the technical training school, bought with money secured from generous private citizens and churches and Sunday schools (mostly Presbyterians, but not all) was to be incorporated, trustees named, and in the articles of incorporation the school was to be forever free from any denominational control. This does not mean it was to be free from Christian influences, for whether the people were Baptists or Presbyterians or Methodists or belonged to any other church, they all believed in the truths of the Christian religion and wished a religious atmosphere in school and in the community.

It would make any North Carolinian proud to see what has been accomplished here by the mountain people working with Dr. and Mrs. Sloop. The school buildings are permanent—the newer buildings are of stone. The central public high school building would do credit to Raleigh—smaller, of course, than would be needed for the Capital City. The architecture fits in with the surrounding mountains, and is mostly of stone. The early buildings were made of concrete blocks, but latterly they have been built of stone. Half a hundred students live too far from the school to come daily in trucks and there is provision for them in the dormitories. This year two dormitories for boys have been partially contsructed. One was nearly all paid for by Gastonia people. The first thousand dollars toward another was given by W. C. Johnston, of Charlote. There is need of others. Particular stress is laid here on vocational education. The parents are rich in children—(they have never even so much as heard of race suicide)—and boys and girls, who formerly quit school after primary instruction are given encouragement and opportunity to go through the high school and at the same time by vocational education to be self-supporting.

The most interesting place here is the weaving department where hand-woven goods of many kinds are made. It was established to give the girl students work. Older women also embraced the opportunity for such employment, but most of the work is done by girls who do it in order to pay their way through school. You ought to see them handle the looms. They are so far away where "the great world spins down the ringing groove of change" that it seemed strange here in the mountain fastness to see the girls weaving the most beautiful bed spreads and counterpanes and table decorations and almost everything skilled workers turn out of a modern weaving plant. All I know about it is that as my wife saw the weaving and the product of the looms she grew as enthusiastic as a girl and wanted to bring home some of all the beautiful material woven here. And she did bring more than I had money to pay for. Better than the product of the looms, and more interesting, was the deftness and skill of these young women. They sent some of the finest to the Woodrow Wilsons in the White House and had a Jessie Wilson pattern. The Coolidges were delighted with the patterns that now grace the White House, all made by mountain girls who four years ago had never seen such weaving or such facilities.

* * *

You cannot visit Crossnore without being thankful for the Smith-Hughes act. It made possible the teaching of agriculture and carpentry to the boys as well as weaving to the girls. That fund is available when buildings have been supplied and certain conditions met. I did not have opportunity to talk to Tom Dellinger, head of the agricultural department. Why? He was at the State College attending the summer school, getting new ideas, which he will bring back to put in operation here. He was born in these mountains, raised here, trained here, and is going to train the youth to more

successful agriculture. The same thing is true of Mulligan Wise, carpentry teacher, who is teaching carpenters that their trade is an art. If you doubt it, look at the buildings these mountain boys have erected here with their own hands.

THE MONTH OF RIPENESS.

Thou languid August noon,
  When all the slopes are sunny;
When with jocund, dreamy tune,
  The bees are in the honey.
When with purple flowers,
  A-flaming in the sun,
The drowsy hours
  Tread, one by one,
    The golden pleasantries.

Then is heart's musing time,
  Then, of all the seasons,
Old Earth for inward rhyme—
  Is full of golden reasons;—
Then the ripening gourd,
  The sun-kissed garden wall,
The purpling hoard,
  The flocks that call
    Adown the distances.

Forego the saddening tear,
  Thou month without alloy;
To younger seasons of the year
But thou, be what thou art,
  Resign the flag of joy;
  Full brooding to the brim
Of dreams apart
  And purlieus dim
    Of leafy silences.

—Wilfrid Campbell.

THE BLIND LEAD.

To Editor Sherill, of The Concord Tribune, came this engaging human interest story. Behind it all is a genuine love for service to those upon whom the hand of affliction rests. The letter tells its own story as follows:

If you can publish this little story in your daily paper you will be doing a great service to the blind of Concord and to those, perhaps, in North Carolina.

About two months ago my attention was called to Miss Ida E. Flowe, of Concord, who lost her sight six years ago. Miss Flowe had been a very active nurse and practiced in Roanoke, Va., for many years. When she lost her sight, being a resident of North Carolina, she returned to her native soil, and there she lives in despondency with some of her relatives about ten miles from Concord. Her friends in Roanoke kept up their interest and from their letters she received some little cheer.

When I came from Richmond to Roanoke, and started my work to teach the adult blind there to read with their fingers, to make various kinds of baskets and sewed articles, Miss Flowe's friends begged me to try and do something for her.

The first thing I did was to write Miss Flowe a cheerful and encouraging letter asking here if she would care to take up some work and agreeing to teach her by correspondence. Later, I had an invitation to attend the sixth anual convention of the Association of the Blind in Columbia, S. C. This gave me an idea, and I found that I would pass through Concord. Not wishing to interfere with any organization which might be in existence for the adult blind in your state, I wrote Mr. Lineberry, superintendent of the School for Deaf and Blind in Raleigh. From him, I learned that North Carolina only had a school for children, but nothing was being done for the adult blind. Since North Carolina is such a progressive state, I was very much surprised, and I knew that this state would do something for those beyond school age without sight if the opportunity were given them.

Knowing no one in Concord, I called up the various churches in Lynchburg, Va. One minister referred me to Rev. J. Frank Armstrong. I wrote him about this case and my purpose. I asked him if he would assist me in getting transportation to and from Miss Flowe's home. Mr. Armstrong had been transferred to Charlotte, but referred me to Mr. C. H. Barrier, mayor of Concord. Since there was little time for regular mail, I sent Mr. Barrier a night letter and the result was that Saturday, August 1st, I was met at the station in Concord, and shown real true hospitality in Mr. Barrier's home. That afternoon Mr. John Flowe donated his services and a car to transport me to Miss Flowe's home. I can never forget the despair and despondency in Miss Flowe's voice and look when I met her. When she realized that I had come from her dear friends in Roanoke to give her new light and hope, she brightened up immediately. I

brought her a message from the magic city, and then taught her to use a little device which is familiar to blind persons writing letters in script to their friends. She had previously tried to keep her lines straight as best she could, but with the aid of this little script board which looks very much like the corrigated boards used for packing, she can keep her lines perfectly straight and her friends will have no difficulty reading her letters. Then, I taught her the Moon system of raised type which is very simple and easy for the adult to learn. In an hour, she had completed the entire alphabet, and read the Lord's prayer which was written below. I left her two small books in the same system which will be easy for her to read as they are part of the Bible with which she is familiar. When she has finished these books, she can get all kinds of books in the same system from the Congressional Library in Washington, D. C. These books can be sent through the mail to the blind free, thus giving all blind readers a chance to keep in touch with the world. Then, I gave her a self-threading needle so that she can sew independently without asking aid.

Since my work is confined to the State of Virginia, I can do comparatively few things for Miss Flowe. However, I mean to get in touch with the Bureau of Rehabilitation either in North Carolina or Virginia and secure funds to give Miss Flowe a chance to be trained in Massage. Of course you may say, she has her home and relatives, but there is nothing like earning one's own living. There is nothing like work to keep the mind and body well. The blind should have more occupation than the sighted, because they have not the opportunity of seeking their own diversion.

In South Carolina and Virginia the blind are taught to work in their homes or in shops. In South Carolina fibre furniture is taught the blind, and while I was there, the Association of South Carolina presented me with a lovely basket in the shape of a loving cup. This basket you will find at the home of Mrs. Barrier. I wanted to leave something so that she could always remember the work that we are doing for the blind of Virginia and South Carolina.

Being blind myself, I know what it means to the adult who has led an active life to be suddenly stricken blind. I hope that my little bit will be the begining of a real organization for the blind of North Carolina. Any little service which I can render to help this progressive state to establish such a work, will be gladly given again.

Again thanking Concord for its true Carolina hospitality, I am,

Very gratefully yours,

ANNE CONNELLY,

Home Teacher for the Blind of Virginia.

Lynchburg, Va.

Unless you're ashamed of yourself now and then you're not honest.

REMINISCENCES OF A STRAW SHED.

By Editor A. C. Honeycutt in Albemarle News-Herald.

Tuesday was a typical rainy summer day. The slow drip, drip, the soft but cool air, that stillness; it made one want to crawl into a strawshed and sleep away the day, forgetful of the cares and worries and struggles of the street, the store, the office. It is strange how one who was brought up on the farm recalls boyhood days when such an ideal rainy summer day comes. There is a well known expression that, "You may get a man out of the country, but you can't get the country out of a man." Little as one may think, there was never a truer saying.

A fellow who has been reared on the farm may move to town. He may engage in any kind of work he chooses. He may think his interests are so different, and that his mind is so occupied with other things that he is no longer a "son of the fields." He may think that the smell of the soil and the new mown hay and the fresh wheat straw is no longer on his garments. But just let such a day as last Tuesday come along and before he knows it he is longing for the strawshed and his ears prick up to hear again that drowsy, monotonous patter of the rain on the board roof, as, in his fancy he again stretches himself out full length on a bed of fresh meadow hay or clean, fresh wheat straw.

How many of you fellows who spent your boyhood days on the farm felt the impulse to laze away the day Tuesday! It would be safe to bet that every one of you dreamed of that perfect relaxation you used to enjoy on a rainy day in the "barn-loft." No doubt the impulse was so all powerful that many of you listened again to the lazy craunch of the horses as they leisurely and aimlessly passed the drowsy hours feeding upon scattered bits of corn-tops. Yes, you went back on the farm again, in fancy, and whether you know it or not, the country is still in you. It is in all of us who ever spent a single summer on the farm, for nothing else is like it.

The watermelon patch, the swimming hole, the grape vine swing—these all bring back memories of boyhood days to the man who has moved from the farm to town, but give us the strawshed on a rainy summer day for solid comfort. There is nothing else like it in this world, neither in the city or on the farm.

Some of our readers may feel that this is a waste of space, but to such we would quote a great man as having once said, "It is a wise man that carries his boy heart up into manhood," therefore, we deem it the part of wisdom to carry along the memories of those good old days back on the farm, and to dream of the strawshed and the rainy days, and we are one of those who believe that one reared in the country should not get

the country out of himself, even were it in his power to so do.

But the country boy of today is not what he was 20 years ago. With the American boy, generally, he has changed. Instead of spending his rainy summer days sleeping on a bed of fresh sweet straw, he now gets into his automobile, when that rainy day comes, and drives over to town where he spends his time. But he is a boy just the same, and is laying the foundation for bigger and better things for his community and his country, and if he will carry his boy heart up into manhood he will be strengthened and sustained in all his endeavors.

The country boy of a dozen years ago—the fellow who frequented the swimming hole, the melon patch—the fellow who boasted of his physical prowess as a boxer, a heavy lifter, a champion wrestler, has given place to the basket ball enthusiast, the base ball fan whose determination is to become a winer of the pennant. The country boy of today is becoming the ambitious speculator, the intensive farmer, the educated builder. Blessed with opportunities which his father never enjoyed, he is starting in the race at about the point where his father stopped. Nothing puzzles him, for he is himself a puzzle. There is nothing new to him, for he is the embodiment of newness himself. Preach a sermon to him, point out a fine picture to him, tell him a story, and he takes in half of them at a glance, and then improves on them all.

But the country boy of today "takes his boy heart into manhood." Go into the great financial circles, you find the farm boy, under thirty many times, already a millionaire. Investigate him and you may find that he purchased a tract of land at $50 an acre and sold it for a thousand. But meet him and he greets you, not with the careworn experssion which characterizes too many older business and professional men, but with that boyhood enthusiasm. The new country boy "carries his boy heart into manhood" with him, and it helps him to serve others cheerfully, it gives him hope, it spurs him into the conflict for accomplishments.

But with all his ability, with all his modern pleasures and aims and ambitions, it is doubtful whether or not he can boast of anything in the way of pleasure which can outclass the old strawshed on a rainy summer day.

If you expect people to cheer you, you must take a chance on them laughing at you.

RILEY WILL CARRY ON FIGHT.

By A. I. Harris.

With the passing of William Jennigs Bryan, recognized leader of the fundamentalists in their campaign to prevent the teaching of the theory of evolution in every tax-supported school in the United States as well as to quash modernism within the Christian Church itself, the question arises: On whose shoulders will the mantle of leadership fall? Who in the movement is capable of bringing the ambitious program to fruition?

Fundamentalists who have been closely conected with the fight look to only one person for leadership. He is the one who organized the movement, or largely so, and has been its directing head, as Mr. Bryan has been its contact with the lay or outside world. This man is the Rev. William D. Riley, executive secretary of the World Christian Fundamentals Association and pastor of the First Baptist Church, Minneapolis.

It was the World Christian Funamentals movement which put the anti-evolution law across in Tenessee and in several other states, and plans to continue until similar laws are enacted by all State legislatures, and eventually carry out its plan by an amendment to the United States Constitution. It was this organization that outlined the prosecution in the Scopes case and "drafted" Mr. Bryan as chief defense counsel. Dr. Riley called together his committee in Memphis, Tenn., and there suggested Mr. Bryan to head the prosecution.

"We did not know at that time what a terrific strain the trial would be on Mr. Bryan," he said, recently. "We did not take the hot and sultry weather into consideration. The committee aproved my suggestion and we sent Mr. Bryan a wire. He responded by offering his services to the cause, as he had done for the past seven years. I offered him a check to defray his expenses, when he arrived to discuss the matter with the committee, but he refused, saying: 'It is reported that I am a millionaire. That is not true. But I have made several successful deals, and am in a position to give my time, pay my expenses, and, if need be, assist the movement financially.'"

Driving Force

In fact, the World Christian Fundamentals Association is the driving force of the entire fundamentalist movement. The headquarters of this movement is the office of Dr. Riley. All its literature is issued from Dr. Riley's office. Dr. Riley personally edits all its publications. It has been mainly Dr. Riley's brains and his energies that have brought the movement to the fore. Bryan joined after it was organized by Dr. Riley. It is natural that fundamentalists now look to Dr. Riley for leadership; he has been its leader all along, voluntarily placing the Commoner in the forefront for tactical purposes.

The World Christian Fundamentals Association was organized at a meeting of churchmen in Music Hall, Philadelphia, seven years ago although its seeds were laid at a conference of churchmen at Montrose, Pa., two

years previously. This conference was called jointly by Dr. Riley and Dr. A. C. Dixon, an outstanding fundamentalist minister who passed recently. It is a strange co-incidence that of the three outstanding figures in the fundamentalist movement, two died recently when their services were most needed.

"The Montrose conference was called for the purpose of organizing a movement to combat the growth of the evolution hypothesis and the infidelity growing out of it," Dr. Riley explained. "We were facing the fact that the teaching of the theory of evolution in our schools was becoming more bold daily, the denominational schools included. Professors and teachers who a few years before stated that they were being misunderstood when it was brought to their attention that they were teaching evolution now openly were admitting the fact. Fifteen leading ministers took part in the conference."

Dr. Riley himself outlined the purpose of the proposed fundamentalist organization at the convention in Philadelphia which saw the birth of the fundamentalist organized movement. His program was adopted in toto and without change. The most responsible position in the association, that of chairman of the conference committee, the committee in charge of active field work, was placed on his shoulders. The energy of the man is reflected by the 250 conferences he organized throughout the country during the following five years, himself, personally raising the $200,000 which it required to put these conferences across. He broke down under the strain and at the convention held in Fort Worth, Texas, two years ago, he asked to be relieved temporarily of the chairmanship of this most important committee, and was made executive secretary of the association, which position he now holds.

Value of Publicity

The burden of the movement, however, continued on his shoulders, even increased. Dr. Riley, a typical evangelical minister of not a little force, an elegant and effective speaker, who possesses a fearless and combative nature, is a propagandist of the first water. He knows the value of publicity, and the value of taking his message to the people. On the debating platform, he is at his best, his fluent talk and quick wit making him a dangerous antagonist. These facts make his leadership in the movement indispensable.

It was Dr. Riley who saw the tremendous advantage of pushing Mr. Bryan to the front in the movement. He saw the stimulus that a layman like Mr. Bryan would give to it. Shortly before Mr. Bryan's death, Dr. Riley had a conference with him during which he urged Mr. Bryan to accept the presidency of the association. Dr. Riley had the Commoner slated for this position, and Mr. Bryan assured Dr. Riley that he would be available.

While Mr. Bryan was engaged in handling the prosecution in the Scopes case, Dr. Riley was on the speaker's platform debating the merits of the conflict between revealed religion and evolution, debating, as he puts its, with pseudo-scientists. He engaged in a series of ten debates on the Pacific Coast, two with

Dr. Maynard Shipley, president of the Science League of America, and five with Dr. E. A. Cantrell, field secretary of the same organization. The audience in each case was left to decide the merits of the debate. Press reports state that at Los Angeles the fundamentalists spokeman won by a vote of 4,000 to 400; at Oakland by a vote of 2,000 to 200; at Portland, Ore., by a vote of five to one, and so on. Dr. Riley always insists that the audience be the judge.

"It was like taking candy from babies," he says, in his characteristic way.

Dr. Riley has a penchant for meeting scientists on the debate platform. He has challenged Luther Burbank, the botanist, to debate the question of evolution; he has challenged David Starr Jordan and Dr. William E. Ritter, the biologist. As far back as 1922, he met Dr. Z. P. Metcalf, biology professor, in debate in Raleigh, North Carolina.

Dr. Riley believes that science and revealed religion have no conflict, that only pseudo-science, which he says is championing evolution, conflicts with revealed religion. "Science upholds revealed religion," he says.

"We are not fighting truth; we welcome truth. I just love the opportunity of getting up before an audience in debate with one of those fellows and show how unscientific they are, how false their guesses are."

In his evangelical fervor, he looks upon the campaign of the fundamentalists as a campaign against the devil who seeks to tear down the word of God.

Dr. Riley recently came out in an open attack against the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. "The money invested in the Y. M C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. today is money not only lost to the church, but set busy against the church," he charged openly. "The majority of the secretaries of these institutions were educated in rationalistic schools. Evangelism had died out of their halls and only Unitarian sentiment is welcomed by most of those who are in places of power."

In 1920 Dr. Riley led an attack against text books used at the University of Minnesota which taught evolution, carrying his battle to the students on the campus itself, "The defenders of orthodoxy must arise in their strength and as members of the commonwealth demand of the educational institutions of the country whether they are servants of or lords over the people, regarding the teachings of heretical theological theories." This attack was regarded as the opening campaign against evolutionary text books in the colleges.

The message of the fundamentalists was broadcast to the people by the printed word as well as by word of mouth. Dr. Riley knows the value of the printed word. Many thousands of his books are in circulation throuhout the country attacking evolution, particularly three books: "The Crisis of the Church," "Inspiration or Evolution," and "The Menace of Modernism," which he describes as "German rationalism." As far back as 1909 he published a book, "The Theory of Evolution and False Theology." The movement which culminated in the

Christian Fundamentals Association was taking definite form at that time.

When the Northern Baptist Conference was convened in Des Moines, Ia., in 1921, Dr. Riley led the fight against the modernists within the church. The fundamentalist ministers made their fight on Dr. Riley's "Confessions of Faith." The fight was continued at Buffalo, N. Y., with Dr. Riley leading the same forces. He refused to compromise in any way with the modernistic ministers. The conflict, he declared, is an "irreconcilable one," throwing down the gauntlet for a fight to the finish. He has le d the fundamentalists in every fight in that denomination.

His main fight, however, is directed at the schools, tax supported and denominational, because "the seeds of evolution are found in the schools and not so much in society."

Dr. Riley is well along in years, having been born in 1861, in Green county, Indiana, the family moving across the line to Kentucky while he was an infant. His parents were farmers and his youth was spent on a farm. He graduated from the University of Valparaiso and got a certificate as a teacher. Instead of teaching, he decided to study for the ministry, entering the Hanover Presbyterian College in 1881. It was here that he distinguished himself in debate, representing the college on the debating team. Graduating from the Hanover Presbyterian College in 1885, he entered the southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville, from which he graduated in 1888. Prior to coming to Minneapolis, he held the pastorship of the First Baptist church of Lafayette, Ind., the First Baptist Church at Bloomington, Ill., and the Calvary Baptist church of Chicago, Ill.

"I am beginning to feel my age," he said in response to a question, "but I will continue the fight. Whatever extra duties fall on my shoulder from the passing of our fighter and colleague, I will bear up as long as the breath is in me. This is the fight against the devil. We will lead the organized forces of fundamentalism until every state in the union has a law similar to the Tennessee statute. Nothing less will satisfy us. I shall try to get the assistance of younger men to help me. But, regardless, this is a fight to the finish. Nothing will deter us or disrupt the movement and our plans."

QUOTES DR. VAN DYKE.

In a single sentence Dr. Henry van Dyke stated the whole truth as to religion and science when he quoted Genesis to show that man's body came from the dust and man's soul from God, and that each will return to its source. Let scientists dig as deep into the dust as they can. Let them trace the origin of man as far back as they please. They are dealing only with the body. They can't touch the soul. Science can no more destroy the spiritual revelations of Christianity than Christianity can destroy the material revelations of science.—Stanford Martin.

CHINESE AMERICAN CHILDREN.

By Ruth Arnold Nickel.

Down on New York's East Side, on Pell, Mott, and Dyers Streets, there live some other children, who like Leif and David Saad, are among our new Americans. These children are not fair like Lief. They have dark, straight hair, and their skin is almost yellow. I am sure you have guessed by this time that they are Chinese.

If you were to walk up Mott Street and turn into Dyers or Pell street, you would notice that most of the buildings are different from the other tenements in the neighborhood. Most of them are decorated at the top with a sort of scroll-like iron coping which makes you know at once that you are in New York's "Chinatown." You would not look at the tops of the buildings for very long, however, for you would pass store windows which would make you want to stop and look into them. What lovely things you would see! There would be china tea sets of lovely colors with dragons and cranes and flowers on them and you would see lovely embroidered Chinese costumes and scarves and wall panels. You would see beads and embroidered bags and satin shoes, and in one window you would see wedding crowns such as Chinese brides wear, and gongs which are rung in the temples. Of course you would be interested in all these things, but I think you would spend most of your time looking at toys. Some of them come from Japan and some from China. Wouldn't you just love to play with that rabbit that jumps when you squeeze a bulb? There are ivory balls which can be opened, disclosing a nest of smaller balls, one inside the other. There are tiny ivory elephants to wear on your watch-chain or on a ribbon around your neck, and if you are a girl, there are cunning little ornaments to stick into your hair. Whether you are a boy or a girl, you will want some lichee nuts or some water flowers which open after you put them into a glass of water. In another store you will see things from Korea and perhaps you will have a chance to watch a man baking rice cakes. In the grocery stores you will see vegetables which you have never seen before, and dried chickens, spread out flat, with the bones removed, looking as if they had been run over by a steam-roller.

You will be interested in all of these things, but if you should see a cunning little Chinese baby, with straight, black bangs and a round cap of different colors with charms on it, you would be delighted I know. You will see a great many Chinese men on the streets, and you will hear them speaking their own language in a kind of sing-song way, but you will not see many women and not a great many children. Some of the children may be wearing American Clothes, but occasionally you will see very tiny children in their own Chinese costumes.

The Chinese people who live in New York's Chinatown are not all

the same churches. They are learning to grow up to be good Christian American citizens, just as we are.
poor, for many of the wealthier store-owners prefer to live in their neighborhood where there are so many of their fellow countrymen. Inside of these homes which seem so uninviting from the outside, are some beautiful rooms furnished with the lovely things which make Chinese homes attractive. Not all the people are rich, of course, for many of them come to America to make their fortunes, just as some of our grandparents did.

If you were to visit New York's Chinatown during Chinese New Year, which comes during January or early in February, because it is what we would call a moveable feast, you would find the streets decorated for the occasion. The walls and doors would be decorated with red streamers bearing wishes for the New Year and expressing the hope that the people who live in the houses will be blessed with health and prosperity during the coming year. You would hear Chinese music and the sound of gongs from inside the houses where the people were gaily celebrating their holiday. It is a happy festival for Chinese children. On the first day there is a feast and during the following days even the poorest family has a supply of sweet cakes with nut-like seeds and barley sugar candy for the children and other callers. It is the custom of the Chinese people to begin the New Year by settling all their debts. If a man is slow to pay up, his creditor will send the dragon to him. Three Tong men dress in a paper mache dragon costume, the leader wearing the grinning head and the other two holding up the body. They dance under the man's window until he sends out the money which he owes.

Like most of the children who live on New York's East Side, Chinese children in New York have very little room to play. In the winter time, if there is snow some of them go coasting down hilly streets which leads to Columbus Park. In the summer many of the children may be seen roller-skating or playing just the same games which you play. Often you will notice them eating what they consider a great delicacy—pieces of raw sugar cane. This has very little taste, except that it is dead sweet, but the Chinese children like to suck the juice and chew the fibre.

Our Chinese-American children go to school with the other children of New York and some of them go to

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EXACTLY SO.

If there are other gentlemen inclined to infiltrate themselves in the domestic infelicities of other men and keep it up, then in vain is the the spread in sight of any bird, for with two tragedies in almost as many days in this State on account of triangles not necessarily eternal at all, there ought to be sufficient warning to stop, look and cogitate, and he who reads may well run before the fireworks begin.—Charlotte Observer.

WHEN IS A HANDSHAKE NOT A HANDSHAKE?

(Selected.)

The answer is, "When it lacks 'pep!' "

There are many kinds of handclasps, but only one real handshake. The latter leaves you, not with crushed knuckles, but with a tingling sensation at the fingertips; it demonstrates wormth, sincerity, interest and enthusiasm. All other are merely perfunctory.

Take the "politician's shake," for example.

It is overdone. True, the strength of the clasp is there, but genuineness and honesty of purpose are lacking. The real thing is only simulated. In the language of the theatre, it is a "take off" of the true expression.

Going to the other exreme, we experience handclasps at social and other formal affairs. In most instances they are as feigned as the sterotyped remarks that accompany them. The tips of three fingers gingerly extended with a verbal "How-dee-doo" do not typify frankness or integrity. Rather, this ceremony is tinged with hypocrisy.

Then there are people who like to make an acquaintance with the "bluster" type of handshake. In doing so they want people to think they are frank and straightforward, a "diamond in the rough," so to speak, but the exertion belies the desired impression.

Everybody knows that pump-handle shake. It is stilted, of course, and not in keeping with the drawing-room, but it is far better than the icy and inert hand sometimes extended to you. The latter has no more feeling than a Chinese executioner; it is proffered more as a habit than anything else.

Of course, there are people who don't shake hands—but we will hastily pass over them.

The real honest-to-goodness greeting is that vibrant old-fashioned one that comes near making the knuckles "crack" but doesn't, the feel of which is sufficient to warm the very cockles of the heart.

An example? Oh, the handclasp you experienced on returning home from war. It was conflict, you know, that gave us the custom in the first place. In the distant past every man was armed and when two men met who wished to be friendly they clasped each other's right hand (the sword arm) for mutual protection.

Now we will introduce the editor of the Osborne Enterprise who, you will admit, doesn't mince words about what a real handshake is like.

"Did you ever shake hands with one of those human jelly fish who lets his or her hand limp and loose in yours? If you have you are surely to be pitied.

"If there is anything that should have all the kick that it can produce we think shaking hands ought to. We rather admire those old pump-handle, finger-busting, wrist-twisting,

hearty handshake. They put pep into a fellow.

A good hearty handshake is about as good for a fellow who is feeling all down and out as a long conference with a man who has made a big success. Just give a fellow a good handshake and watch him pep up. It is a wonder worker.

"But those mushy, goey, soft-shelled handshakes get our angora. We mean the sort that make you feel as if you had made some horrible mistake or were suspected of committing some big crime. When we get hold of a fellow who wants to shake in this manner about the only thing that we can think of is a morgue. Makes us feel cold and clammy and disappointed in humanity in general. A fellow imagines he has suddenly been thrust into a church with most of his wearing apparel still at home.

"Honestly, now, if we had our choice between shaking hands with one of these fellows and eating a handful of angleworms, we'd take the latter and call it a real trade."

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By James Davis.

Mr. J. C. Fisher, Assistant Supt. of the school, is spending his vacation in Columbus County.

Jack Harris is visiting his mother who is matron of the Cannon Memorial building.

The boys enjoyed having another big watermelon feast on the campus last Thursday afternoon.

James Bland, a member of the eighth cottage, has been given the car job, since the regular car boy was paroled.

Alphonso Wiles, who left the institution to spend a short time with his parents in Durham, has returned to the school.

Miss Latimer, matron of the third cottage, has gone on her vacation. During her vacation, Miss Arlene Fitzgerald will take her place.

Ben Cameron, ex-Training School boy paid the school a visit last week. Cameron was a member of the sixth cottage while here.

Jesse Harrill, Pete Ransom and Clarence Sechreast, members of the second, eighth and twelfth cottages, were paroled during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Hudson, officer and matron of the fourth cottage, left on their vacation last week. During their absence Mr. and Mrs. Morris will have charge of the fourth cottage.

All the members of the band, about thirty in all, journeyed over to Crescent last Thursday afternoon. They missed the watermelon feast,

but all of them reported a good time, and they are looking forward to go for another outing.

James Torrence, and Leonard Burleson, members of the sixth and eighth cottages, were paroled Friday morning. Torrence had the car job and Burleson was a member of the barn force.

The shoe shop has been closed for a short while as Mr. A. C. Groover, manager of this department, is on his vacation. The shoe shop is not needed now, because a majority of the boys are going barefooted.

We are grateful to the Hardaway-Hecht company, of Charlotte, for the dozen new base balls which they donated to the institution. This firm had already sent one box of balls to us earlier in the season, and they did not forget that the boys are real base ball fans.

Mr. Penninger, one of the teachers, and an officer of the eleventh cottage, has resumed his duties at the institution. Mr. Penninger has been confined in the hospital for the past two weeks. While he was in the hospital, Mr. Poole, an officer of the third cottage, took his place as teacher of the first grade.

Rev. Mr. Turner, pastor of the First Baptist Church, of Kannapolis, conducted the services in the auditorium Sunday afternoon. His text was taken from John 3:16. "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The sermon was enjoyed by every one present.

The Harrisburg team defeated the Training School team last Saturday afternoon by the score of 10 to 7. This marked the second straight defeat for the locals, being defeated the Saturday previous by the Flowe's Store team ten to eight. The locals got off with a five run lead in the first owing to Furr's wildness. He passed the first two men and both scored on White's double to left, he scored a moment later when the third sacker fumbled Poplin's roller and Poplin also scored when Verbal threw wild to third. Furr stepped out of the box and Stafford took up the pitching duties, the first man to face him tripled and came home on a sacrifice fly.

After this the boys couldn't do anything with Stafford's curves and in the mean time the visitors were piling up enough runs to win the game.

The band, led by Mr. Owensby kept things spiced up during the game.

The over-curious are not over-wise.—Massinger.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SCHEDULE

South Bound

No.	29	2:35 A. M.
"	31	6:07 A. M.
"	11	8:05 A. M.
"	33	8:25 A. M.
"	45	3:55 P. M.
"	135	8:35 P. M.
"	35	10:12 P. M.

North Bound

No.	30	2:00 A. M.
"	136	5:00 A. M.
"	36	10:25 A. M.
"	46	3:15 P. M.
"	34	4:43 P. M.
"	12	7:10 P. M.
"	32	8:36 P. M.
"	40	9:28 P. M.

For further information apply to

M. E. Woody,

Ticket Agent

Southern Railway

Concord, N. C.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIII CONCORD, AUGUST 22, 1925 No. 39

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UPSTAIRS AND DOWN-STAIRS.

"How far is the sun from the earth?" asked the little girl of her mother. "It is 92,000,000 miles," the mother replied. The little daughter, anxious to learn the whole truth, inquired further, "Does that mean from upstair or downstairs." Many of our social distinctions in the eyes of God are as childish as those of this little girl. What does God care, for example, whether we happen to belong to the "four hundred" or the "four million," whether we live in a big house on a front street or a little house on a back street, whether we are as poor in this world's goods as "Job's turkey" or as rich as Dives. These earthly distinctions about which men make such an ado are with the Eternal as the difference between upstairs and downstairs in measuring the distance to the sun.—Greensboro Advocate.

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920 at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of 4, 1923.

WHERE DID THE THING COME FROM?

Certain folks fired in letters and telegrams to Judge Shaw to produce his evidence that 40% of the student body of the universities come home with their religious views warped and headed towards agnosticism, via the evolution theory. Judge Shaw, possessing no genius for controversy, found it necessary to answer the appeal for his proof. He did so, and since that time there has been a quiet along the line of the stirred-up folks.

This evolution theory followed to its ultimate objective by its extreme advocates, is offensive to real Christians and robs God of his power. It is in the land. Where did it come from?

The adherents of the evolution theory did not come from the Christian homes, unless defiled by outsiders; they did not come from the Sunday Schools; we have reasons to believe that they did not come from denominational schools or the private academies as conducted in the past by godly men and women; they did not come from our public primary schools of the past before materialism took such a deep hold upon them—then where did all this skepticism come from? Judge Shaw said that it comes from the emphasizing of certain theories in the universities and the neglect of some vital matters, and it looks like Judge Shaw had warrant for his statement, which we reproduce elsewhere in this number.

These so-called learned scientists and professors, craving notoriety and presuming a superior knowledge, get "het up" when they are called for following a course indefensible, against good morals and unsettling the youth

in their appreciation and belief in those high truths which have made living in the world possible and which gives a comforting hope in the hereafter. One of them has declared that evolution was established seventy years ago, which is not so; but coming from a source highly appreciated and touching so many youths, his influence makes one tremble for their safety.

* * * * * * * * * *

IT'S TO OUR GLORY.

The Chapel Hill News Letter offers the following statement, setting forth the relative division of our population between the towns and rural sections. The advantage is with the rural population in numbers, but not yet have the agencies of government and society given to the rural people the man-made opportunities, such as adequate school facilities and other conveniences which a little cooperative effort would bring about.

There is no reason, with the mighty harnessing of the streams by the Duke interests, for the rural sections to be without electirc light and power. If the far-seeing people of the towns and even the boosters in their civic meetings would stress a campaign looking to lighting the rural sections of the several counties, especially in the Piedmont part of North Carolina, and the authorities in charge of the lighting plants of the towns had a vision beyond selfishness and here and there a little spirit of autocracy, it would not be long until we would have lines into the rural sections giving the people both light and power. The majority of our population is in the country—and it is a glorious condition; and may this division continue—but let all hands strive to carry these conveniences and facilities to them. Let's be neighborly. But see what the News Letter has to say:

In spite of our great rapid urban growth in North Carolina, we are still predominantly a rural state. We hear so much about the unprecedented growth of our town and cities that we are likely to get the impression that the state has passed over into the urban group.

There are at present only two states in the union that have more farms under ultivation that Norh Carolina. Only two states have a larger farm population than North Carolina.

In only four states of the Union is the farm population ratio higher than in North Carolina. We are 71 per cent rural, and 58 per cent of our people actuallly live on farms.

And finally while half the states are losing farms, and the United States is suffering a net loss of farm people, North Carolina is increasing her farms

and farm population at a rate that testifies that agriculture in our state is generally prosperous, and is a satisfying method of making a living.

* * * * * * * * * * *

CRIME RAGES.

Throughout the country crime rages. All this added to the daily record of deaths from careless and daring driving of machines, make a staggering and sad picture of the conduct in a civilized country. This thing cannot and must not long continue, lest we suffer in the eyes of all nations.

The observance of law is lax; prohibtion measures are feebly enforced; faithlessness in high places frequently occurs; men in high and responsible positions take the law into their own hands and, through their standing and wealth, get by a punishment for their crimes; gambling dens, unmolested, in by-ways; an utter disregard for observance of the Sabbath; home-ties shattered; and the commitment of crimes against nature; wholesale divorcing keep the mills a-grinding, parental training and control almost a relic of the past—these and many other things that reflect no credit on a civilized and leading country stagger one and are puzzling when we come to figure what the next generation may be.

Would to God, each family might establish again the family altar; study how to give their children safe and beneficial employment rather than indulgence in idleness and roaming the street at will, day and night; and that men might come to recognize that success in life does not consist alone in gaining material things, but it is, after all, a probation and a training for an eternal abode. Does, therefore, the way we are acting as a composite body offer any rosy views as to our merits in that great and endless period beyond the graves.

The church, safe and sane society, and the moralists have a great task ahead of them if they overcome the rampant campaign the devil is now conducting in the land.

* * * * * * * * * * *

THE HABIT OF IMITATION.

There is no gain-saying of the power among men, and especially among the youth, of example. We are prone to fall in with or accept the theory of the practice of "Doing as others." This is where environment plays its great part in shaping the lives of our young.

As we view present day habits and practices and ambitions, it is easy to

see that this influence is not confined to the young, for witness the testimony of an observant student of affairs, who writes as follows:

> Many people govern their actions by what others are doing. They are merely conventional. They try to live as others do. Their ideals are in the people they associate with. They have no higher purpose in life than to imitate somebody they know, or to conform to the practices of the people with whom they associate. They dress as others do, for no other reason than to be like others. They read what others read just to seem to be in the popular swing of reading. They never think of choosing a paper, magazine or book on their own accord. They want to be like others in everything. No matter about their needs, or what they know is best for them, they decide their course of action in terms of what others are doing. They want to be graded with the crowd, and not to be odd, or be marked as different. Morals and religion and everything come in for the same treatment. If practices are indulged in that seem contrary to their religious training, they fall in with them because others are doing so. If some are neglecting the Church, they neglect the Church. If some go to Sunday school, they go. Their whole religious living is determined by what others do. They strive to be popular by conforming to the customs and practices of the people about them. They do not live their own lives; they merely imitate. They have no liberty. They have thrown away freedom for the sake of being like other folks. What a sad state this is to get into! It ought to be avoided. While doing as others is a right policy in some respects it becomes a matter of folly when carried too far.

* * * * * * * * * * *

WILSON MAN SUGGESTS A REMEDY.

Wilson, North Carolina, has a policeman that tries to rival Borglum. Instead of carving notable figures on stone, he contents himself in carving a monkey on peach seeds. He has recently sent one to Darrow, the evolution lawyer who made himself so ridiculous and offensive in the Scopes-Tennessee trial. It has been suggested that we might know who descended up or down from a monkey and who didn't, if this policeman could be employed to carve monkey emblems on peach seeds for watch fobs to decorate the evolutionists. It would be very interesting to know just how many folks actually think their progenitors were shining lights in the monkey kingdom.

And to pay teachers tax money to teach this far-fetched theory to the youth of the land, discounting the Bible's account of the creation and slapping Jehovah in the face with such arrogance and "liberty of learning," is offensive to Christian people; and the guilty ones, were it legal and constitutional, should be required to wear to their watch chains or wrist-watches this cute lit-

the peach-seed-monkey. It would be a fitting emblem for the great scientists that leave God out of creation.

* * * * * * * * * *

UNNECESSARY ALARM.

A stir was attempted over the announcement that a certain number of the patients at the State Sanatorium, by order of the directors, would have to be dismissed from the institution.

Dr. McCain, the superintendent, issues a statement that corrects the impression at first gained that this course was forced by the lack of maintenance funds. Dr. McCain says that it is a lack of capacity and not maintenance. The statement of the superintendent is so clear that it proves the wisdom of the Board of Directors in issuing the order complained of.

There seems a disposition among a few to magnify any event or occurrence as showing a weakness, and even a fallacy, in Gov. McLean's business policy. The Governor is eternally right in wanting to know where the state's business "is at."

DELIGHTED WITH GARDNER'S IDEAS.

Col. J. J. Laughinghouse, a conspicuous and prominent citizen of the state, now living in Palmico county at Oriental, writes his opinion relative to the views expressed by Hon. O. Max Gardner and of system in farming.

"I had just read your last copy of The Uplift and was much pleased with my friend Max Gardner's article to farmers of Cleveland county. It is thoroughly practical and should be carried out in every progresive county in the state. If farmers would only be farmers and not makeshifts!

I farmed for forty years for myself and four years for the state. I never bought a bale of hay, a barrel of corn, a pound of meat of any kind during all these forty years, reared a large family, educated them at the best schools in the state; fed them on good milk and butter, eggs, spring chickens, lambs and calves. I sent all the old fowls, old sheep and old cows, bulls and rams to the butcher in the nearest town to feed the town folks on. I bought a 12-horse farm in 1868 on a credit, paid for it and later bought two more—one, a six-horse; and the other a 2-horse.

Only in two years during this forty-year period did I fail, 1906-07 were excessively wet, therebeing a 50 inch rainfall from June 15 to August 25th. I lost each of these years one thousand dollars; but in the other 38 years I cleared from one to five thousand dollars.

When Kitchin was elected governor, he sent for me and asked me if I would accept the superintendency of the State Prison—that he wanted a farmer, who had experience and had made a success of his work. I had sold my largest farm and accepted the responsible position tendered me by the governor. I enjoyed farming on a large scale; I visited the state farm the first time in company of a splendid Board of Directors. We were all disappointed to find teams old, 20% unfit; buildings in a leaky condition, stable-room short, penning two in one stable. I soon had stables built, securing a stall for each mule and thus avoiding cruelty to animals. I found them using one man to a mule and a single plow. I immediately ordered 60 double cultivators and was soon accomplishing with one man and two mules what was being done heretofore with three men and three mules. This saved 120 men and 60 mules, which was equivalent to $150.-00 per day. With these extra men I was enabled to keep crops clean, do some work on ditches and dykes, and, with addition of 100 pounds to acre of Nitrate of Soda, I raised 1,298 bales of cotton where only 850 bales had been made on 1,500 acres for eight years anually. My predecessor was a good, honest man and a perfect gentleman; but as innocent of farming as the average school girl graduate. I am reminded, when penitentiary troubles bob up, of an old adage, "there is such a thing as the eternal fitness of things."

During Kitchin administration there were no scandals; everything ran smoothly and number of escapes reduced from 41 average for eight years to 17 per year. I had upon an

average 800 prisoners and cleared $90,000 per year—over $100 to each prisoner.

At an investigation in Raleigh during the Craig administration Miss Daisy Denson, secretary of the State Board of Charities, was a witness and asked how often she visited the farms and camps, replied two or three times a year; what do the prisoners say as to their fare brought this answer from Miss Denson, "prisoners say the Laughinghouse administration was the golden age in the management of the penitentiary."

I had the dykes to replace and 2,000 acres to reclaim; and the last two years I averaged a production of 1,500 bales of coton, a bale to the acre; and made 8,000 barrels of corn instead of 3,000 in former administrations."

WORK.

It isn't crime, it isn't sport that makes life interesting; its work—steady, well-directed work.

It's work that spreads the table three times a day, it's work that puts clothes on our back, it's work that erects the modern home.

It's work that makes us hungry for breakfast after a good night's sleep.

It's work that makes us appreciate law and order.

It's work that spells the difference between civilization and savagery.

Some one has said that genius is none-tenths work. Whether this is exactly true, it takes work to give genius practical expression.

The dreamer may invent a new machine, but it takes work to set up and operate that machine.

A dreamer may conceive the idea exploring and settling far-off lands, but it takes work to carry out the idea.

It is a silly notion that steam, electricity and other mechanical force makes less work, and that some day we all can lie down on the job.

Taken as a whole we put in more hours of work than our great-grandfathers did, and we have more to show for it. We put in five times as many hours of work as the Indians, which explains why we have paved streets, hardsurfaced roads, hardwood floors, bath tubs, refrigerators and electric lights, while they lived in wigwams and ate from common kettles.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

I see it stated that scientists will study solar rays from a peak in the Alps. That is better than doing it on a hot sidewalk in midsummer. What little study I have made of the subject; and from the way humanity has been perspiring and mopping itself for several days, I have have come to the conclusion that we are all "pore" people in this neighborhood.

At times, it would seem, there is more gun play in movies than is necessary. The influence upon audiences of private vengence by the gun must be unhappy indeed. In love plays the baffled adventurer, robbed of the heiress, draws his gun to snuff out the life of the one who has balked his plans. Is there not some more natural way to thwart the wicked than that? It is quite disconcerting to sit behind two little girls from refined homes, and when the lover traps the desperado in the picture, hear one of them say, "Oh, I hope he kills him! I hope he kills him."

When you see a pretty bobbed-haired girl with her left arm of a chestnut brown hue, and her right of alabaster whiteness, it is a foregone conclusion that she is a mortorette. More and more people are getting the feminine viewpoint on automobiling. When the industry was younger than it is now, the automobile was regarded as a vehicle for he-man utility. The ladies, gentle things, could ride in them with folded hands. Not so now. Many a feminine hand is at the steering wheel. And many a feminine voice has much to do with the purchase of a car. The whole business reminds me of the fellow who said to his friend: "Do you suppose it will take long for your wife to learn how to drive a car?" To which the other friend replied: "It shouldn't. She had about ten years' experience in driving me." Many a man's wife could drive a car from the very start. They do do it, I am told.

A woman of the federal service commission died recently and in her will she bequeathed her brain to the pathological department of a great university that it might ascertain whether women are as competent as men to perform governmental administrative duties. They may find out, but I have my doubts about it. Man's brain has covered the universe; its depths, its heighths, its lengths, and its breadths, but has never explored itself. One of the things man knows least about is how his brain works. I never knew one who knew, or could tell me how.

One of the best evidences of a man's religion is to find him whistling while putting on a tight-fitting tire, on a hot, sweltering day.

Some folks are asking, "What shall we do if the corner in diamonds is consummated?" Well, so far as I am concerned, I had a diamond mind some years ago, and

laid in a supply sufficient for many years. Had this not been the case, I guess the answer to the question would be like that of most of the fellows not in the newspaper business; it won't make a particle of difference.

One of the most useful hobbies a person can have is that of reading a good newspaper through every day. It combines education with amusement, and theory with fact. Its broadening power is only equalled by its unlimited scope.

In the interest of "safety first," it appears to me that if persons who carry spare balloon tires would carry them on either side on the front of the car, instead of the rear, it would save a hard jar when they bumped into anything, and possibly alleviate some of the harshness of the blow when they strike a pedestrian. This is one of my auto suggestions.

The United States coast guard has celebrated its 135th birthday. Established by Alexander Hamilton in 1790, it has functioned unceasingly and uncomplainingly ever since. It is the one branch of the service that is never at peace. They are fighting wind, wave, smugglers and bootleggers all the time, and accomplishing their task in a manner that proves an inspiration to all who are faced with difficult tasks.

Last Sunday evening I was hit hard with a big chunk of morbid curiosity. Walking along Parrish street, in the twilight, ruminating upon the blessings that had been vouched-safed me during the day, when a Ford car, driven by a young man with a girl by his side, rushed up to the curbing and suddenly stopped, and the young man hailed me with: "Say; do you know where there's an undertaker's shop; the one where they are going to show that woman who was shot?" The salutation struck me so repulsively that I could not think, for the moment, just where the undertaking establishments were located. However, I pointed them out, and off the Ford rushed to find what the occupants were looking for. Then my thoughts turned to what an influence curiosity has over some people. But what is the use? It's part of human nature. You can't do anything with it.

It is a self-evident fact that a man can most generally do what he wants to do, whether he is sick or well. You may not know it, but R. O. Everett, of this city, has developed into quite an artist. Some time ago he was in a Baltimore hospital for treatment, and while there he took up the study of art. The result of this accomplishment is the fact that he has his office walls adorned with four of his own paintings, made during his illness. One is the portrait of a woman, the other three are birds. To say they are exceedingly well done is putting it mildly. He uses the brush with dexterity and plies the pigments with skill. Our townsman can not only paint mental pictures to juries but he can put them on canvass just as easily. The next time he is sick he

is going to continue the study of art, is the way he expresses himself.

Probably the easiest thing in the world for most of us is to become discouraged. It is inevitable that at one time or another we feel that our efforts have been wasted and that it isn't much use to try any longer. Abraham Lincoln was 44 years of age when he wrote a letter to a friend declaring that his career seemed doomed to end in disappointment, and expressing discouragement in the strongest terms possible. Not all of us can rise from our discouragement to do what Lincoln did. But it's worth remembering. It ought to help spur us on to new endeavor the next time we think we're out of luck.

Everybody is moving—going somewhere; wants to get somewhere. We are travelers all, in this world of joy and sorrow. But everybody does not go at the same speed. Some faster than others. This state of affairs is caused by the weight you carry. In traveling you have to carry more or less baggage. That has something to do with your speed. In traveling along the journey of life it is not the trunks and grips and suit cases you carry that impede your progress, but its the matter of unnecessary worries and cares and anxieties we carry with us that load us down. Mental loads are the heaviest burdens we bear. They far exceed the physical. They sap our strength, energy and spirits. Anxiety is the worst thing in life to wrestle with—it deadens and kills the finest spirits. What is to be done about it? Why just don't load up with anxieties. Don't put them in your traveling kit. You have to pay for excess baggage. Every additional worry takes its toll, and the price you pay keeps you near the poverty line, in means and spirits. Cut off the frills and flounces of worry and cares for things beyond actual needs, which are a hindrance, and you will come into a well-balanced life, which is the happiest of all.

There are a few men who can do more than one thing at a time well. I have known some few. But the generality of men who have many "irons in the fire," fail at all. Trying to monopolize too many things in the thinking of one small brain is responsible for a lot of trouble. I figure that if Eve had stuck to the simple life and hadn't gone into partnership with the serpent in the fruit business, she and Adam might still be occupying Eden. Likewise when old King George slipped out of the king row long enough to embark in the taxation game, he worked himself out of a country. Then, not long ago, a false alarm of the name of Bill Hohenzollern decided that bein' emperor of one country wasn't enough. He figured out a sideline of a whole lot of countries, only he forgot to get the countries' consent. It don't work. If you are a big man in one show you will mighty apt to be a little man in two shows. Nearly every one can do one kind of a job nice enough to get a flock of bouquets. It's when he tries to double up that the tomato cans and cabbage gets him stepping.

M'CRAY'S CASE.

R. R. Clark in Greensboro News.

The fact that one has been transferred from the high office of chief executive of a commonwealth to a felon's cell should not in the least impair, or prejudice, his rights and privileges as an individual. Which is preliminary to saying that there could be no criticism of the organized and widespread effort to secure a pardon for former Governor McCray, of Indiana, who has served 15 months of a 10-year prison sentence for using the mails to defraud, if one could be convinced that the application was based on merit, uninfluenced by the former high official position of the prisoner. The movement is said to be promoted by George Ade, the humorist, who is very serious in this undertaking, and by other friends of the former governor. Letters approving the application for pardon have been given by more than 200 'prominent persons in all parts of the country,'' incuding senators and representatives in congress, governors and former governors, political leaders, seven members of the jury that convicted McCray, 30 of the more than 100 bankers affected by his financial operations, and ministers of the gospel. Of course few of these letters were given voluntarily. They were solicited, begged of influential people by influential persons; and in many instances they were given by persons who would not, could not, defend the application, but who lacked the courage to resist a plea for help for a former prominent citizen in distress. Which is to say that the real basis of the application isn't doubt as to guilt nor mitigating circumstances. It is in behalf of a former governor. If other than the foregoing facts are necessary to support that assertion, the false and groundless plea that McCray, because of his former position, feels the disgrace of his imprisonment more keenly than the ordinary criminal and because of that his suffering is greater and his term should accordingly be shortened, fixes the assertion as fact.

It is possible that the judge who sentenced McCray, and who hasn't approved the application for the pardon, might have felt, and properly, that McCray's position aggravated his offending, as it did, and for that reason gave him a longer term than he would have given an ordinary criminal. It appeared that the sentence was unreasonable, as is claimed, as a matter of justice it should be shortened. But considering the gravity of McCray's offenses no doubt the fact that he could be punished for only one of many offenses prompted the severe punishment. In any event, granting a pardon or shortening a term because of the man's former position is simply confirming the general impression that there is no equality before the law, and would but deepen the already widespread disrespect for the administration of the law.

JUDGE SHAW REITERATES CHARGE.

Shelby Star.

The Cleveland Star has received a communication from Judge Thomas J. Shaw, of Greensboro, who held a term of Superior Court in Shelby last week, in which he gives figures to prove that universities are sending out students who are atheists and agnostics. It will be remembered that he made the statement during the first week of court in Shelby that forty per cent of the students turned out by the universities of the country are atheists or agnostivs and his statement was bitterly challenged by members of the faculty of the University of North Carolina and by a number of newspapers of the state. Now Judge Shaw cites figures to show the basis of his remarks and is willing to meet his critics anywhere:

His Communication.

It seems that certain professors at Chapel Hill and some newspaper men in the state have never seen or heard of the publication of any statistics as to the percentage of agnostics, etc., among the graduates from the universities and high colleges of our country. At their request I give two instances which ought to convince any fair-minded man, of average intelligence, that such publications have been made and there are others, but of course any sensible person will understand that these writers are not attempting to give the percentage of any particular institution, but only an average of all.

The first is from a pamphlet entitled "Modern Education at the Cross-Roads," by M. H. Duncan, M. A., Yale, published by the Bible institute, Colportage association, Chicago, and is as follows:

"When the educational leaders turned their back on Biblical Christianity, they not only made it impossible for the schools to elevate morals, but they made these schools direct agencies for the destruction of morals, and if the present influence in the schools continues for another ten years, the mass of men and women will have lost their faith in the Bible and Bible Christianity, which we all know is the source of moral standards. Even today it is a rare thing to find a young man from the colleges or universities who accepts in full the teachings of the Bible. Just this morning we were reading an extract from a letter from a young Lutheran, who has been in college only a few months, to his former pastor, in which he says that he can no longer accept the antiquated teachings of that church. He indicates that his increased knowledge had caused him to feel that a more liberal interpreation of the Scriptures was necessary. This young man is only one of ten thousand in the colleges and universities who are having their faith destroyed by infidel teachers who are the more dangerous because they still wear the cloak of Christianity and come to these young people as angels of light In the name of scholarship and a false science, they are quietly robbing our children of the faith of their childhood and destroying in them the basis of real

character."

Gives Figures.

"Recent data collected by a well known professor in one of our colleges, who is not himself a believer, indicates that only 14 per cent of the psychologists, 18 per cent of the biologists, 19 per cent of the sociologists, 32 per cent of the historians, and 34 per cent of the physicists believed in a personal God, and we all know that such a belief is merely the first step in the teachings of Christianity. If investigation were made as to the number of these same professors who accept the fundamentals of the Christian faith—the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures the deity of Christ, the vicarious atonement, and the physical resurrection of Christ—the per cent would, of course, be a good deal lower, very likely not more than five per cent.. The above investigation found that from forty to fifty per cent of the young men leaving college did not believe in a God that answers prayer. One pastor says of the young people, who leave his congregation and go away to college, that they return busy critics but poor workers. There is no denying the fact that the influence of college and university instruction today is away from Christianity."

The second is from a book entitled "Belief in God and Immortality." The Hon. W. J. Bryan quoted from this book in his last great speech, which was printed in all the leading newspapers, and this is what he said:

"James H. Leuba, a professor of physchology at Bryan Mawr college Pa., published a few years ago, a book entitled 'Belief in God and Immortality.' In this book he relates how he secured the opinions of scientists as to the existence of a personal God and a personal immortality. He used a volume entitled 'American Men and Science' which he says, included the names of 'practically every American who may properly be called a scientist.' There were fifty-five hundred names in the book. He selected one thousand names as representative of the fifty-five hundred, and addressed them personally. Most of them, he said were teachers in schools of higher learning. The names were kept confidential. Upon the answers received, he asserts that over half of them doubt or deny the existence of a personal God and a personal immortality, and he asserts that unbelief in its proportion to prominence, the percentage of unbelief being greatest among the most prominent. Among biologists, believers in a personal God numbered less than thirty-one pre cent while believers in a personal immortality numbered only thirty-seven per cent.

"He also questioned the students in nine colleges of high rank and from one thousand answers received, 97 per cent of which were from students between eighteen and twenty, he found that unbelief increased from 15 per cent in the freshman class up to 40 to 45 per cent among the men who graduated. On page 280 of this book we read 'The students' statistics show that young people enter college possessed of the beliefs still accepted, more or less perfunctorily, in the average home of the land, and gradually abandon the cardinal Christian

beliefs.'' This change from belief to unbelief he attributes to the influence of the persons 'of high culture under whom they studied.'

This is my first, and perhaps my last newspaper article, unless—. If any of the professors at Chapel Hill want any further information from me and will apply to me in the proper way I will be glad to furnish it to them. I will meet them at any time, at any place that is mututally convenient to both of us, but if they send a representative, please do not send one any ''bigger than me.'' for I will not see him. Don't send any more telegrams, the only ones I have received from Chapel Hill reminded me of ''Salesman Sam.'' I don't like him, I can read and I can think and talk a little but can't write much, but I am still unafraid and regardless of the noise that may be made I will continue to do business in my usual way.

IRRATIONALITIES.

Aint any reason in bein' proud,
Feelin' too fine to go with the crowd.
Ain't any reason in bein' shy—
World ain't waitin' for you to go by.
Ain't any reason in bein' a shirk—
Gazin' at somebody else at work.
Ain't any reason in not bein' glad—
Ain't this life the best you have had?
Ain't any reason in not forgivin'—
You must keep on lovin' to keep on livin'.
Ain't any reason in not bein' true—
Make a beginin' an' carry it through.
Ain't any reason or joy or beauty
In doin' anything less than your duty.

—From the Boston Transcript.

EDUCATION WITHOUT RELIGION A MENACE.

(Charlotte Observer.)

"The challenge that I am committing to you is this—Education without religion is a menace in any age, to any people," declared the Rev. Henry W. A. Hanson, D. D., president of Gettysburg College, Penna., today in Dallas, near here, in the principal address at the annual Lutheran Brotherhood meeting and picnci that was attended by an estimated crowd of 1,000 church men and women from all over Mecklenburg, Lincoln, Cleveland and Gaston counties.

"In a democracy education without religion is a menace," Doctor Hanson continued in a forcible manner that touched the hearts and souls of every one present. "The Leopold tragedy in Chicago should have awakened America to the situation. This, then, is the challenge which I present to you. Let us have an aroused Protestantism which will dedicate itself to the building of a generation of American men and women within whose bosoms there shall be enthroned the mind that was in Christ Jesus. It is not an easy task. Its accomplishment will be measured, not in days, but in decades, but it is God's challenge to us.

Laying Foundation.

The speaker's subject was "Laying the Foundation for a New World Era." Doctor Hanson is a native of North Carolina, having been born in Wilmington. He was educated at Roanoke college, Va., the Lutheran Theological seminary in Gettysburg, Penna., and was also a student in Berlin, and Halle universities abroad. He is a recognized leader in the work of the Lutheran church today.

He spoke in part as follows:

"I am increasingly mindful of the fact that America's past has yielded a priceless heritage to those who enjoy the privilege of being born Americans. I look upon the great crises of the past and stand with reverence at the graves of our fathers.

"In a crude age of great danger and physical hardship, I see a small group persistently turning their faces to the wilderness, hewing their way through the forests. They died hewing out for those who followed after them avenues which should bud and blossom. I look again and see a determined group struggling to gain for those who followed after them, the privilege of pursuing life and happiness in a land that should be free. They too, died with their faces to the future. I look again and see a nation torn with family strife. Out of the din of misunderstanding and heartache there was born a group of people determined that not a star should fall from its exalted station on our flag. In each of the three great crises heroism and self-sacrifice were the dominant qualities.

"Today, again, we stand confronted with a real national crisis.

In the far-flung valleys upon our great rivers and lakes American prosperity has placed upon our shoulders a vast burden. What if the American established, freed and forever reunited by the blood of our forebears shall become for us a load that shall crush us beneath our blessing. Thinking men throughout the country are beginning to appreciate the fact that the great challenge confronting us today lies in the development of the spiritual.

Physical Powers.

"For decades American ingenuity has concentrated upon the enlargement of our phyhical powers of achievement. The great derrick has increased the lifting power of the hand a hundred thousand fold. The binocular has enabled man's eye to push back the horizon. The telephone and wireless have made it possible for man's voice to cover thousands of miles. Now comes the serious challenge."

"It is important that the knife should be given the sharpest possible edge. When this has been done a question arises. That sharpened edge in the hands of a great surgeon may be the means of saving life—in the hands of a lowbrowed anarchist it may be the incentive for murder. We have concentrated upon edging our tools; now comes the challenge to build a generation of American men and American women into whose hands these tools may be placed with the implicit confidence that they will be used for human upbuilding."

"There are those who look forward to the future with utter despair. They seem to forget that what you put into the soil in the spring time you take out at the harvest. What you put into the children you will take out of men and women. In other words, the intelligence which guides us in the sowing of our crops becomes equally as far reaching when applied to the rearing of our children. The challenge that presents itself today is that we combine both wisdom and energy in feeding the minds of the youth of today with something of the same care exercised in the improving of our crops and possessions. Physical diet determines physical health. I may put it more strongly and say the laws of diet are the conditions of health. If this is true physically, it is infinitely more true mentally and spiritually."

"I do not want to be pessimistic nor do I ever want to be irreverent, but the time has come to move our churches from the cemetery and place them at the great highways of life. The time has come for transferring the great emphasis from the sensory nerves to the motory nerves. Let us never lose our appreciation of the great comfort of our religion but let us put more of the Crusador note into its life. Religion is not a preparation for death—religion is the one imperative condition of nobility of soul and power for unselfish achievement."

Rearing a Generation.

"Let me warn you that the great task of rearing a generation of clear-eyed, broad-visioned, Christ-like men and women is neither simple nor easy of accomplishment. There are two difficulties which are especially obvious. In the first place the bigness of the task tends to

overwhelm one. The evil forces of life are arrogant and overbearing. They move heartlessly. To confront the evils of one's age, to the mind of youth, may seem relatively a small undertaking. I recall so well in that auspicious moment when our Alma Mater stood diploma in hand as the time for graduation arrived. Roseate dreams like rainbows overhung the future. Each man pictured himself like a medieval knight, sword in hand, face uplifted, with his foot upon the neck of the world. As the years went by, in the din and struggle of life, it was not long before we realized that fortunate was the man who did not have the foot of the world upon his own neck.''

''Bigness, everywhere bigness, big cities, big projects, big problems—everywhere bigness. It often steals our courage and paralizes our dreams. I would that we could take every young man of tomorrow to the little brook—on the one side bigness, Goliath vaunts himself. Bigness marked every quality of his huge body. Opposed to him was a stripling. No weapon but a sling, no missle but a stone. Yet within the sould was that sublime faith in God which made him erresistable. Down through the ages the parable has gone, 'bigness yields only to greatness.' Our solemn trust is that we beget this greatness in the man of today.''

''A second problem which will be obvious to my audience is that human rewards, in the age we live. are usualy an inverse ratio to the service rendered. You will recall two outstanding events in the year 1921. The one was the great struggle between Dempsey and Carpentier in Jersey City. The second was the meeting of the conference on limitation of arms. Humanity, tear-strained and disheveled, sat amid the graves of its dead waiting with aching heart for the outcome of a conference which would scrap the world's battleships and supplant them with world friendships. At the head of this conference sat that great American—Charles E. Hughes.

A QUESTION.

I thought that foreign children
Lived far across the sea,
Until I got a letter
From a boy in Italy.
''Dear little foreign friend,'' it said,
As plainly as could be!
Now I wonder which is ''foreign,''
That other boy, or me?—Selected.

AGED VETERAN'S SAD TALE.

(Elizabeth Independent.)

There is nothing for the old soldier in his native county, and little except misery for a man of 84 who has failed to provide something for his old age, according to Jas. B. Evans, formerly of Harbinger, Currituck County, who was in the city this week, en route to Raleigh, where the Confederate Soldiers home is to take him in.

Mr. Evans tells a sad tale of his life in recent years, when after having raised up a family of eight, he finds himself obliged to shift for himself, some of his children being unable to help him, "Not anywhere in my own county did I get much help," he says, "Nor would the county commissioners give anything to help me out.

"On June 26, I was 84 years old. I lived in Currituck over 50 years. In the War Between the States, I walked all the way from Currituck to Raleigh with a party of 12 to enlist in the cause of the Confederacy. I went through the war in Company B., of the 8th Regiment, N. C. Infantry. I fought in the battles of Charleston, Plymouth, the Crater at Petersburg, Va., and at Cold Harbor, where 20,000 men were killed and wounded. I was highly commended by officers like Col. J. N. Winston, Tom Jarvis, Col. Hinton, Col. Shaw, and others.

"Now, not even the Daughters of the Confederacy can get help for me. The Norfolk Southern has been mighty good to me; they have given me a pass for years, and are giving me the fare to the old Soldiers Home. Mr. Ernest Sawyer, the Pasquotank County Clerk of the Court was also mighty courteous kind to me; he got me in the Soldiers Home, where I am

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"BUT I WISH I COULD–"

(Asheville Citizen.)

Mr. James J. Walker, the fighting young State Senator who is Tammany's candidate for the New York Mayorality and the job of riding the city of the Hearst-Hylan gang, makes this confession to a reporter: " never read. That's true. I don't suppose I've read twelve books from cover to cover in my life. I'm terribly sorry, and I don't know why it is. Maybe it's because I'm too nervous. What I know, I have learned through contact with other people. But I wish I could read books."

But let this astonishing statement mislead no young man ambitious to rise in politics or any other sphere of activity. Let such a youth consider not so much Mr. Walker's climb to prominence despite his unread state as the wistfulness with which he speaks of reading. There is no boastfulness in his admission, but obviously a conviction that if, in addition

to learning from people, he had learned also from books, his stature today would be far larger than it is.

An editorial in the current issue of Liberty states the thing excellently: "Reading is the universal and sympathetic eye. It acquaints man with his past, traditions, prejudices, errors and benevolences. It is the Pantheon where all people meet without prejudice or competition and try to understand each other. A person of much reading is a person of many sympathies."

A man may, like Senator Walker, learn much from contact with people. An understanding of human nature is a handsome education. But what one may learn from people is limited by the number of miles one may travel in a lifetime and by the celerity with which one may hurry from talk to talk. Books, however, annihilate space and photograph the ages. They have wings to carry the reader to the ends of the earth. They offer the light by which one may explore the difficulties and delights of others' occupations. They give the experience and the wisdom of the race.

Unless a man reads them, he goes lame and halt into the game of life. Occasionally a James J. Walker may succeed without their aid, but even he recognizes his handicap and, in moments of self-realization, murmurs: "But I wish I could read books!"

COFFEE IN WASH POT.

By Mrs. Edna V. Funderburk, in Monroe Journal.

I'm wondering if the things we do today and the things we use are going to look or seem as curious to geenrations to come as those of a past generation seem to us. If time lasts long enough I believe that the buggy is going to look as queer and be as rare as the spinning wheel of our grandmothers looks to us and perhaps many other things that we daily use are going to be mere relics of other days to them.

But I started out to tell you a bit of Union county history that I found very interesting and hope you'll enjoy the story as much as I did. Back in the days when the territory that is now known as Union county was only a part of Anson there lived the man who figured in this story. First I must tell you that he was the great grandfather of our own Lee Griffin of Main street grocery fame. That makes it all the more interesting to us who know and love our pleasant faced townsman.

Well this man about whom we are writing was named William Hamilton. He was born August 4, 1793. He lived and is buried five miles north of Marshville at what is known as the Hamilton Burying Ground. He began life so poor that the first house that he carried his girl wife to was built of logs and had no floor except the floor that the Creator provided for us when He created the world. Of course there was one way in which

that young wife could laugh at our worry. She did not have the scouring problem that we have. However William Hamilton did not remain poor because after a life of usefulness, he having been Uunion county's first treasurer, also was one of the men who laid off the county boundary lines. And having owned one of Union County's first saw mills, he became one of the wealthiest men in the county and when he died on March 5, 1866, he left in actual cash and that in gold, $22,000 to be distributed among his children.

The story runs like this that some time before the thirties he went to Camden which was his market town, to buy or exchange produce for groceries. Having arrived there and being able at that time to pay his fare he spent the night at what was then known as the tavern. At the tavern they served a drink which he enjoyed very much. Of course he didn't know how they made it but that didn't stop him. He didn't want to show the tavern keeper his ignorance about a little thing like that so he bought some of it which they called coffee around at the grocery store. It was in the green state and he carried it home where he found that his home folks didn't know any more about it than he did.

Now it was along about corn shucking time so he sent out word to all the neighbors 'round about that he was going to have a new drink at his shucking. Well the news proved to be a drawing card in those days and folks came from far and near. While the men hurriedly shucked the corn the women prepared the dinner and the drink. They just dumped the whole amount of green coffee into the wash pot out in the yard and boiled it all the afternoon. But when they tried to drink it they found out that there was something wrong with it, and all who manged to swallow some of the stuff, got sick so Mr. Hamilton, refusing to be outdone, made another trip to Camden, got some more coffee and along with the coffee got some information, came home and invited all the neighbors again and this time they were not disappointed but enjoyed immensely the new drink and thus was coffee introduced in Union county.

Now for just a little personal story of my own about coffee. When I was a child some one must have told my father that coffee was not good for children. Any way he wouldn't let me drink it and O, how good it did smell and how I wanted so much to drink it for breakfast. I used to think to myself, "When I am grown and have a little girl or boy I'm going to let them have all the coffee they want for breakfast." Well, I've raised the boy and the girl too and I've never yet told them that they couldn't have coffee for breakfast but the funny thing about it is that the boy would not drink it until after he became nineteen and now doesn't care much for it and the girl is fourteen and doesn't drink it yet.

If there is anything in all the world that smells better than a pot of boiling coffee on the stove in the morning when one is hungry then I haven't found it out, and to me I just can't imagine breakfast without it. Though I do not want it strong

enough to float iron, only strong enough to have the aroma of the perfect grain and to me it is the one perfect drink.

THE CONSPIRACY.

By James Hay, Jr.

"Why," inquires a reader of this column, "why are there so many of the one-barrel men, the fellows who can talk nothing but shop, the gentlemen who in the gorgeous and varicolored pinwheel of conversation are pinheads?"

Answer is easy. There are so many conversational fizzles because there are so many who read little or nothing.

It takes a courageous and nimble-toed individual to beat the present-day triple-headed conspiracy against reading. The conspirators are industrious and efficient performers. They usually get the man. They are the motor, mother and the movies.

Time was when the tired but aspiring business man approached his home at eventide in the happy knowledge that, having consumed his supper, he would don slippers and smoking jacket, sit under the big oil lamp with the painted globe, and spend several highly instructive and entertaining hours with Mr. Gibson, Mr. Dickens, Mr. Macauley or the literary Apostles.

Of this application to the printed page and the inspired pen, the result was a well-informed gentleman distinguished by good taste, a wholesome humor, a gift of gab, and a thriving charity of outlook. To be well-read was to be, in those halcyon and horsedrawn days, like one's neighbor. Not to be well-read was to confess a doltish and inexcusable inferiority.

But today what have we?

Today we have the motor, mother, and the movies, the Terrible Three, always on the job of tearing a man away from his reading.

He comes home at sunset after having done his usual stunt of piling money into the bank so that it may be rapidly taken out of the bank; he has a timid and sneaking desire to read a magazine or a novel; he has, furthermore, exactly as much chance of fulfilling that desire as he has of jumping over the moon without taking a running start; and, deep down in his battle-scarred soul, he knows that all he will be expected, or allowed, to do will be to act his customary role of Victim of the Conspirators.

They lose no time in making their onslaught. In regular order and with deadly effect, they have at him.

First, there is the mother to be driven. Why can't he take the children for a drive immediately after dinner, and so gladden himself with pigskin gauntlets instead of carpet slippers?

Second, after that, or if, because of a broken arm, he can not drive the car, why can't he please mother by going with her to play three hours of

one-handed, unexciting, unscientific bridge with a couple domiciled in the next block—just to please mother?

Third, if by valiant and astounding resistance he escapes the drive and the cards, why can't he take the whole family to the movies? Why can't he do this, particularly when he, himself, is so fond of the pictures?

The end is inevitable. He winds up by spending the evening in the car, with the cards or at the movies. The Terrible Three are unconscionably powerful. They appeal to his generosity, unselfishness, love of family and, above all, his love of peace. Night after night, no matter how he may pant for the water brooks of learning, lore and literature, he succumbs to either the motor, or mother, or the movies.

Thus, arid week after barren week, the American citizen plods along, pathetically innocent of the conversational adornment, virtues and powers that come from reading. He knows nothing but his business, his family, his car, cards and cinema.

He is, for example, ignorant of the vast effect fiction has had upon all business. He does not know that the dreams of the writers have, in every instance, preceded the achievements of the inventors, the merchants and the corporations.

He does not know that one of Tennyson's poems predicted the freight-carrying aeroplane, that a romance by Jules Verne sent a submarine around the globe before such a craft had been launched, that Shakespeare prophesied the discoverey of the law of gravitation and Charles S. Hinton the use of the X-ray.

Sadder still, he does not realize how inestimably larger is the education to be had from books than that which one picks up through asociation with people, or how thoroughly good literature can teach him the pecularities and profoundities of human nature, or how charmingly the writings of a Conrad and a London may acquaint him with the geography of the earth, or how powerfully his imagination can be inspired and his ambition strengthened by the stories of other men's struggles and careers.

And, thus limited and bound down and circumscribed, how can he be expected to converse with charm and force? Interesting talk is the reflection of systematic thought, deep feeling and varied experience, experience either at first hand or secured vicariously by living the acts and lives of others.

But the Three Conspirators hold a man's feet to the treadmill of self and family. Their plot is against reading. And the man who does not read soon comes to the surprising conclusion that he knows everything worth knowing. His ignorance magnifies his self-satisfaction. When that happens, all bets are off, and you have, not a conversationalist, but a bigot or a bonehead or a depressing combination of both.

Another thing that should be saved for a rainy day is the memory of the sunny day.—Asheville Times.

MAKING GOOD ELEPHANTS OF WILD ONES.

By Victor Carson.

Over in Burma there is an elephant's school, and a real school it is. There is also a training station for elephants that are taught how to catch wild ones.

I saw a young elephant about ten years old having his lesson one day. He was not strong enough to work with full-sized logs; so that they had a small one for him to practice on. There was the pupil elephant doing just what his teacher told him to do. Sometimes he would butt the log, and sometimes he would kick it with his foot; and then sometimes he would pick it up with his trunk.

Before he could leave school he would have to learn to kneel down when told to. That is a part of every well-trained elephant's lesson. It is when they kneel that people climb on their backs. Some will help lift the driver up with their trunks. Like a horse, they learn the words that mean "go ahead," or "stop," or anything else that elephants are expected to do. The driver does not control them with a bit or bridle; he only sits up on the animal's back and tells him what to do, or pokes him with his heels or with a driving hook.

Oftentimes, instead of picking the logs up and carrying them, the elephant drags them along the ground. They do this in the forests, where they could hardly carry logs because of other trees.

In different parts of India and Burma elephants are used to ride on. When the roads are bad and the country rough, this is a very pleasant way to travel. They are used in parades and all sorts of processions. On such occasions the elephants' harness is ornamented with gold and silver fittings, costly sadle cloths (jhools, they call them in India) made of velvet and richly embroidered. Wealthy men sometimes hire elephants to march in their family wedding processions, while others use them for hunting.

They Have Their Fun Too.

You might think that the elephant has a hard life, plunging through the mud, or dragging large trees through the forest, and doing all sorts of heavy work, but he has his playtime too. In the evening, down at the river bank, he plays. The big old elephants like to get into the river for their evening bath. They roll and splash around like schoolboys out for a romp. They fill their trunks with water, and, holding them up high, blow the water out, making a big shower bath for themselves. After playing like that for awhile, they solemnly march off to their stables, and enjoy their supper.

But not all of the elephants are as tame as this. There are wild ones that roam the forests and sometimes damage the crops and now and then trample village people to death.

To catch these wild ones, men will place somewhere in the forest where

the elephants roam, a very strong fence or palisade, making an enclosure through which the elephants cannot break. After the wild herd has been located, a number of trained elephants are used as decoys, to entice the wild ones toward the palisade.

Men mounted on other animals gradually drive the wild ones in the desired direction. Thus before very long they find themselves inside of the fence. They are then driven into a smaller yard and the gate is closed. Then comes the dangerous work, for men on tame elephants go among the wild ones and tie them with ropes and chains. Then they are sent to school. School for these fellows means a lot of bellowing and yelling and crashing as they try to escape, but they learn rather quickly.

Were it not for the tame elephants it would be impossible to handle the wild ones. It is because the wild ones see these tame ones that they so quickly learn.

Elephants Are Costly.

Elephants cost much money even in Burma. Sometimes three and four thousand dollars are paid for good workers. Village men get together and buy one or more of them in partnership and then hire them out to timber traders who have logs to be dragged down to the river, or travelers who have journeys to make. Some big timber-trading companies keep five hundred or more elephants at work.

These big fellows do not all have the same color of skin. Some are lighter than others. The light colored ones are called white elephants and are regarded as sacred. A few years ago they had one at the big Shwe Dagon Pagoda in Rangoon, and people came from miles around to see him. He was only a young fellow, and at best but a dirty white in color.

The harness for elephants has one part that is just like a thick mattress. It is intended to protect the animal's skin from injury, for really while their skin looks tough and hard, careful attention has to be given to it to keep it well. It takes two or three years for an elephant who has a sore back and bruised skin to get well, and all that time the big fellows have to eat even though they can't work.

Elephants are good hearty eaters. They specially like hay and oats and cakes. One time some of the army elephants which were used to drag the cannon around, became very fond of chupatties, or Indian unleavened bread. This was served to them each day for food. When each animal received his pile of flat cakes he carefully balanced it on the end of his trunk, and could tell at once if he had been slighted.

The next time you see teakwood furniture remember the big elephants of Burma that do so much to get it out of the damp forests.

Economy may be the road to success, but most of us prefer detours.
—Boston Transcript.

THE WEED HARVEST.

By Dr. J. W. Holland.

The wheat growers are losing $10,000,000 this fall. That is what the Department of Agriculture says.

If that money were stolen from the farmers, or lost through high freight rates, a howl would arise in the next Congress.

No lack of honesty or loss of faith makes this loss. It comes from sowing weed seed with the wheat, or allowing foul land to choke the wheat.

For many reasons, the weed seed were not taken out before sowing. It was too much trouble, or would have caused some delay. Some of the loss is nobody's fault. The "dockage" at the elevators will be $10,000,000.

Last week a young man applied somewhere for a job. His eye was not clear, his fingers were yellow with cigarettes, his manners were shiftless. He had the "no 'count" air. He should have been worth $100 a month, but the weeds which he had been sowing in his body and soul drew him a "dockage" of 30 per cent.

Next week a young woman will be looking for work. If she has lived a pure life, and has ideals of helpful service there will be no "dockage" in her pay check.

The papers of late tell of an unfortunate young couple in one of the Dakotas. Their wild oat sowing had brought them to the verge of disgrace. She begged him to kill her. He consented. Yesteraday that young man was sent up for life. They sowed weeds instead of wheat. That is as near 100 per cent "'dockage" as it is possibe to get in this life.

There is one passage in the Bible that always makes me pause. That is where Jesus tells of the sowing and reaping of good and evil. His pointed figure of speech is not more eloquent than will be preached this fall by the "dockage" exacted from the impure wheat.

From a thousand hillsides and prairies the golden wheat, man's truest food, is being reaped. The harvesters are singing at their work, as harvesters have the right to do. When winter comes and the pay checks come in, each will be a trifle smaller than it might have been because weeds grew where wheat was intended.

The loss would provide 1,000 couples with a sufficient competency for old age.

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

It is well that we think of the final harvest of our souls, when the good and bad things that have been grown there will be harvested. If we are growing cheap weeds, that will be our harvest. If we are filling the days with sowing good grain, our harvest will be golden sheaves.

You can't sow cheat and reap wheat!

Because you sputter is no sign you are a live wire.—National Republican.

MAKING THE BIG TOP.

By W. O. Saunders.

Go with me on my first visit to the circus. I was just eleven years old going on twelve. Mother dressed me up in my best bib and tucker and gave me a dollar, fifty cents for the Big Top and fifty cents for the rest of it. But I never got inside the Big Top.

I got with the Thompson boys who had much more money to spend than I had and I tried to keep up with with the Thompsons. I rode with them on the carousell; they bought hot dogs, peanuts and pink lemonade; I did likewise. They paid twenty cents apiece to go in the sideshow; I trailed along with them. The bearded lady induced them to buy her photos at a dime each; not to be outdone, I bought her photo too. When we finally got outside the sideshow and in the presence of the barker who was ballyhooing the crowds into the Big Top I had only a nickel left.

I wandered around the circus lot listening to the the blare of the band inside the big tent and a circus roustabout accosted me and told me I could see the big show if I would tote water to the elephants. I toted water to the elephants until I thought my arms, legs and back would break—and by that time the big show was over, the Big Top empty and the crowds flowing away. I started out with enough money to see the big show and have more fun besides, but I tried to keep up with the Thompsons.

There are thousands of young men starting out in life and thousands of young married couples getting underway who will miss the Big Show and find themselves worn out and disappointed from "toting water to the elephant" at the end of what should be a perfect day, because they are trying to keep up with the Thompsons.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By James Davis.

All the boys enjoyed having a big chicken dinner last Sunday.

All of the boys were glad to get a hair cut last week.

New drinking fountains are being installed at the pavilion by some plumbers from Concord.

A number of the barn boys have been busy here recently planting clover seed.

Willie Herndon, Walter Hildreth, Irvine Turner and Ed Ellis, members of the first, second, third and eighth cottages, were paroled during the past week.

Robert Sisk, a member of the fourth cottage, and Mark Jolly of the first cottage were paroled last

week.

Miss Emma Eagle, who has charge of the sewing room, is matron of the third cottage during Miss Latimer's vacation.

A number of the shop boys, under the direction of Mr. Carriker. have torn down the old cement building near the railroad siding.

Mr. J. H. Cope, a former officer of the school, paid us a visit last week. While at the school Mr. Cope had charge of the fifth cottage.

The band held its regular practice every day last week. The band is improving steadily under the direction of Mr. Owensby.

All of the boys enjoyed having two water melon feasts last week and one this week. These water melons were the best we have had this year.

Craven Pate, a member of the ninth cottafe, has returned to the institution after spending a few days with his parents in Lumberton.

A number of the barn boys have been busy hauling dirt during the past week to the rear of the tenth cottage for the purpose of constructing a road there.

Miss Vernie Goodman, accompanied by Theodore Wallace, Aubry Weover, Clint Wright Russell Capps and Bryon Ford, attended a meeting near Mooresville last week.

Mrs. Mattie Fitzgerald, matron of the seventh cottage, is in the Charlotte Sanitorium, undergoing an opperation. During her absence Miss Arlene Fitzerald, her daughter, has taken her place as cottage matron.

The boys of Durham County Cottage wish to thank the Young Woman's Auxiliary, of the Leaksville Baptist Church, for the books and papers sent them. They will enjoy reading them.

The following boys were visited by their friends or relatives last Wednesday: Howard Riggs, Jimmie Stevens, Clarence Rogers, Cucell Watkins, Clarence Davis, Otis Dhue, Mark Jolly, Zeb. Trexler, Sylvester Honeycutt, Raymond Kennedy, Claude Evans, Joe Carroll and James Cumbie.

The Training School team met their third straight defeat last Saturday when the Mt. Pleasant aggregation left with the big end of the eight to six score. The visitors batted hard in the first inning pushing over four runs on a free pass and error and several hits in succession. Russell went in the box with two on in the second and retired the side without further damage.

The locals tied the score in their half of the inning on three singles an error and a home run. The locals were one to the good in the fourth and held this lead until the fatal seventh when the visitors scored three times enough to win the game.

Johnson, a local boy, played centerfield for the visitors and made sever-

al good catches.

Each side used two pitchers, Hill being the better of the four, holding the locals scoreless after the fourth inning.

Two lightning double plays executed by the school boys aided materially in keeping down the visitors' score.

Next Saturday the Harrisburg team will visit the school. The boys are anxious to win this game, as each team has a victory to its credit.

THE RULING PASSION.

"We cannot have two pasisons," said Hunt, the eminent artist. "No man can paint and love money." For substantiation of Hunt's sweeping statement one need but call the roll of earth's immortals artists. The moment a brush—or, for that matter, a pen or a violin bow or a voice—becomes mercenary, it falls like Lucifer from heaven. Commercialism blights every great gift it touches. It is black frost to the soul itself. Nobody can drive the team of two ruling passions. "I sing to God," said Jenny Lind of her great talent. That was her passion. I cannot imagine her as selling her gift. And any discriminating audience would recognize the difference. Without sacrilige no one can sell any part of himself. Time, strength, devotion, ministry, love—to sell such things is merely a new version of the world-old tragedy of slavery. Imagine Jesus making a fixed charge for His kindness or forgiveness! The best that He had, all that He had to offer—even His life itself—was a gift. "Wherefore God hath given Him a name that is above every name." He is the model. The nearer we approach to the model the diviner our contribution to the world.—George Clarke Peck.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SCHEDULE

South Bound

No.	29	2:35 A. M.
"	31	6:07 A. M.
"	11	8:05 A. M.
"	33	8:25 A. M.
"	45	3:55 P. M.
"	135	8:35 P. M.
"	35	10:12 P. M.

North Bound

No.	30	2:00 A. M.
"	136	5:00 A. M.
"	36	10:25 A. M.
"	46	3:15 P. M.
"	34	4:43 P. M.
"	12	7:10 P. M.
"	32	8:36 P. M.
"	40	9:28 P. M.

For further information apply to

M. E. Woody,

Ticket Agent

Southern Railway

Concord, N. C

THE UPLIFT

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U. N. C. Library

VOL. XIII CONCORD, N. C. AUGUST 29, 1925 No. 40

THE MYSTERY.

There is a mystery in the meanest trade. One workman turns up a clod with his patient pick and opens a gold mine; Another wields a rusty hoe and sets a bare rich acre all ashine with flowers. A solitary axeman in a forest hews out a home for the heart. There is a mystery in the meanest trade: The humbler the trade, the deeper the mystery.

"Do the day's work," is said to be the motto of the President. Whether that be true or not it is a good motto and worthy of a president. "Do the day's work!" Be thankful that you have work to do—that you are able to work. The man who cannot work or has no work, whether he be rich or poor, is seldom happy. In idleness men, like machines, rust out.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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They do me wrong who say I come no more
When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door,
And bid you wake and rise to fight and win.
Wail not for precious chances passed away
Weep not for golden ages on the wane;
Each night I burn the records of the day,
At sunrise every soul is born again.

FATHER OF COLLEGE PRESIDENTS PASSES.

In Charlotte, on last Saturday, there died a conspicuous and prominent citizen. He had lived to the age of eighty-three years, and during all that time lived a life of probity and enjoying the respect and confidence of his fellow citizens. That itself is an honor to any man. But Mr. Archibald Graham, to whom we refer in this note, was more than an ordinary man, whose passing is observed with regret and sorrow.

Aside from his fine qualities of heart and mind and living, he enjoyed a distinguished and honored position among men—he was the father of two College Presidents: the late Edward Kidder Graham and Miss Mary O. Graham. the former became president of the North Carolina University and gave to it renewed life and a vision, which others today are enjoying and sharing, justly or unjustly. He had a master mind and was a leader of power and grace;

the latter, Miss Mary O. Graham, who was identified with public education in Charlotte and Mecklenburg county and later becoming president of Peace, a Raleigh institution for girls, is a woman of rare ability, fine executive powers and rightly enjoys an honored position among Southern educators.

Having given to the state these two choice spirits, who have contributed no little to the state's progress and glory, the late Archibald Graham, the father, was richly worthy of the reflected glory which the public freely accorded him.

* * * * * * * * * *

EDITOR BIVINS PHILOSOPHIZES .

In his Albemarle Press, Editor Dan Bivins makes a thoughtful survey of people who pass under his eye. Be there anyone who can successfully gainsay his conclusions. Hear him:

"Not long ago, the wealthy man of a community was the big man of the community.

Since John Henry Ford has made it possible for the humble man to experience the joys of the rich, visions have materially changed.

Today, none looks up to the wealthy man simply because he is wealthy.

The wealthy man may be a bigot—the most selfish man in town—narrow minded—close-fisted—his hands always on his pocket book to keep the other fellow from getting some of its contents—all that and more.

A wealthy man is not a big man because of his wealth, and never becomes big in the true sense until he learns to properly spend his wealth. Some of our biggest men today are men of wealth, and here in North Carolina we find the best evidences of their bigness.

Poverty is neither a sign of goodness nor degredation. It is the man-element, however clad, that counts for bigness in life's game, and one does not have to look long to determine who is a real man.

Economy is one of the fundamentals of thrift. When economy gets into the warp and woof of manhood and becomes no longer economy, then true manhood pays its homage to miserliness.

When wealth counts for contributions to the welfare of humanity, and when wealth is accented by the goodness behind it which gives it expression, then there is cause to pay respect to one who has lived to bless mankind."

* * * * * * * * * *

RIVALRY AMONG THE LAWLESS.

Oftentimes a moonshiner, a blockader and a bootlegger, deserve more credit for having caused the arrest of a lawless fellow being than the officers themselves. There is a rivalry among those who would make money dishonestly,

and their jealousy leads them to encompassing the arrest of their competitor. We see it in every county, Cabarrus itself being no exception. It is a practical demonstration of the old saying that "when thieves fall out, the honest man may get his dues."

But listen to the Asheville Citizen on this point:

"Moonshiners lack business sense. They are responsible for the destruction of more 'blockade' stills than the officers," says an official sleuth whose explanation argues for his assertion.

The moonshiners can hide their stills in the thousands of mountain covers with comparatively little fear of discovery by touring parties or officers—these cannot be criticized for not finding a needle in a haystack. But there can be no hiding from the sharp eye of other blockaders accustomed to their movements.

And it is often these other blockaders who put the raiders on the trail of brother blockaders. Rivalry exists in the illicit business as well as in lawful commerce, and, as is sometimes the case with the latter, competition is not the life of trade but its death.

It is not a case of the survival of the fittest, because there is no survivor when blockaders fall out, it is said. One wants a monopoly in a certain neighborhood and so tells the officers on his competitors and their stills are cut up. And then, of course, the competitors retaliate and put another set of officers on their rival's still. The result is that all these moonshiners are afraid to operate because they are fearful of each other, and so trade languishes. Cut-throat competition seems to be harmful in bad business as well as in good business.

* * * * * * * * * *

WE'VE SEEN ADVERTISEMENTS IN FOREIGN MAGAZINES.

The Raleigh News and Observer quotes ex-State Senator George A. Holderness as follows:

"I saw the other day a large advertisement for students by one of the State educational institutions and the next day I saw a statement that the college would have to turn away hundreds of students and wondered the need of advertising," observed George A. Holderness, of Tarboro, a member of the Salary and Wage Commission."

* * * * * * * * * *

OVERWORKED.

The party was hurt, being run over by an automobile. Another developed appendicitis and underwent an operation. Reports come from the hospital, giving account of the condition of the patient.

It always ends thus: "Patient doing as well as could be expected," which

means absolutely nothing. This expression has become pickled and spoilt. It is overworked, and keeps one on the anxious bench. Reporters should cut it out.

* * * * * * * * * *

ONE OF TWO THINGS HAVE OCCURRED.

It has become a popular scheme to publish the pictures of local beauties. We are constrained to arrive at one of two conclusions, in many exhibits; either the photographer has made a poor job of his undertaking, or the judges were sumply bum, knowing nothing about what constitutes beauty.

ME AN' PAP AN' MOTHER.

"When I was a little chap,
  I set at the table
"Tween my mother an' my pap
  An' et all I was able.
Pap 'ld feed me from one side
  Mammy from the other—
Tell ye we was chums them days,
  Me an' pap an' mother."

"Sunday we'd take great long walks,
  Thro' the woods and pasters,
Pap, he al'ys had a cane,
  Mother an' me 'ld pick asters;
Sometimes they's a sister 'long,
  Sometimes the's a brother,
But they al'ays was us three,
  Me an' pap an' mother."

Pap, he never gabbled much,
  Held his head down thinkin',
Didn't 'pear to hear us talk,
  Nor the cow-bell chnkin'
Love streaks all 'peared worried out
  'Bout one thing or 'nother.
Didn't al'awys understand
  Pap—that's me an' mother."

"I got big an' went away,
Left the farm behind me;
Thinkin, of that partin' yet
  'Pears to choke an' blind me.
Coure I'd be all safe an' good
  With my married brother.
But we hadn't the heart, us three—
  Me an' pap an' mother."

"Hurried back one day, found pap
  Changed an' pale an' holler;
Seen right off he's haf to go
  Where we couldn't foller.
Lovin streaks all showed up then,
  Stuck right to each other.
Talkin' just to keep back tears,
  Me an' pap an' mother."

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

It is stated that the United States treasury department is worried because it cannot make one one-dollar bill that will last over an average of seven months. I would be tickled American Beauty rose red if I could make a handful of them last seven days. But the department needn't worry. Just keep on making the dollar Williams.

Prices of wild animals are rapidly advancing at an enormous rate, it is stated. A giraffe brings $5,000, while a female elephant costs around $40,000. Guess I'll be content with observing several large, bloated bond-holding looking rats that come out in the evenings and scoot around on the pavement, taking an inventory of the new hotel from the outside.

A friend of mine says he worked hard all his life to lay up a comfortable income, and now that he has retired from business activities, he finds it a nuisance to lay around the home doing nothing but chores for his wife. Well, a man should be useful, as well as ornamental. If he's any kind of a thoughtful hubby he should help his wife. Friend wife should have all the relief she can get, for heaven knows, it is as big a nuisance to live with some men as it is to "doing nothing but chores."

If the report is true that Germany has discovered a cheap alcohol substitute for gasoline, she will have saved the world from the grasp of the oil octopus and "covered a multitude of sins." The world will forgive her of a lot of things if she has been able to reduce the price of joy juice. But it should be tinctured with something that will make it presalads, etc., with ice cream, cake, cofmore of it will go into human beings than into automobiles.

I think Uncle Sam has made a mess of it in issuing that half-cent postage stamps. They are little nuisances which have been allowed to creep into the financial affairs of our country, and are like the little mice that infect many places. They are so annoying—and a' knawing. Some shops give you one when you purchase anything for a fraction of a cent. Having accumulated a lot of them you will soon see a letter plastered with four in place of the customary two-cent stamp. They are nothing but little fret-makers. And every one of them requires a good licking before they will carry a letter or package for you.

The friendship, and neighborly good feeling, which has recently sprung up between Durham and Roxboro, in St. Philip's choir going over to furnish music in an Episcopal church over there for a union meeting, has been a delight and a charm for hosts and guests. It has been productive of much good, and enthused the Christian spirit of both places. The social feature was a gem of kindliness. The entertainment of Mrs. E. Eberman

and other ladies and members of St. Mark's church, in Roxboro, was surprising delight. Mrs. J. M. Manning, organist of St. Philip's choir, made a beautiful little speech on the occasion, and returned the hearty thanks of the choir and the Durham party for such gracious and lovely hospitality. Many golden links were forged in friendship's chain in that incident.

A whiff came to me from the "Happy Valley" in Caldwell county like the breath of magnolia blossoms. It was to the effect that a "spend the day" party was given recently by Miss Lily Jones in honor of her mother, Mrs. W. D. Jones, and her cousin, Miss Mary Lou McCampbell, whose birthdays fell on the same date. I was told "the weather was ideal and this always attractive old home, 'The Fountain,' was never more so than on this day with decorations of gorgeous sunflowers, nasturtiums, ferns, etc. The long dining table with white damask and lace centerpiece, an heirloom, was laden from end to end with all sorts of good things—boiled ham, fried chicken, every vegetable in Burpee's catalogue, ents of many lovely gifts and mesfee and cheese. Mrs. Jones and Miss McCampbell were the happy recipiventable for drinking purposes, or else sages of love from friends far and near." The last sentence was, "We missed you." That touched me deeply. To miss such a happy occasion is to miss something worth while in the realm of friendship. Mrs. Jones is a lovely matron of the old school of Southern geniality and hospitality, in a home that radiates cheerfulness. Here's wishing her the return of many more happy birthdays, with all of her lovely ones around her, and well-wishing friends as well.

So many people speak regretfully of the "good old days." They lose sight of the fact that things cannot be the same always. There is continual change. We are in a new age. New methods. New living. When our forefathers wanted a bit of luck they searched the sod over for a four-leaf clover, and they generally arose from their knees with an ache in the back and no lucky quarterfoil in the hand. Now, thanks to Burbank and others, we can have pots of four-leaf clover on the window ledge and pick a bunch. We have put perforated covers on salt-cellars. We've changed so many things since the "good old days." We sit in our own room and talk to people all over town and in other towns. We even hear voices practically all over the world. We ride now near and far on spinning wheels and ballon tires and never tire, and, in fact, less timid ones fly from place to place in aeroplanes. It is proverbial that when a bird flies in at the window there will be a death in the house within a year. People in the good old days" with their windows and doors open sat trembling lest any moment the fatal bird might enter. The invention of screened doors and windows have removed that danger from our path, and that fear from our hearts. It is a matter of statistics that since the introduction of screens excluding birds and other winged creatures

such as flies and mosquitoes, which seem quite as fatal in their effects, the average length of human life has appreciably increased. Yet there are people who are blind to the obvious advantages of the present day.

Speaking of the "good old days" reminds me of my childhood days. When I was a small boy they called us boy-children in those days, "Buddy." Now they call them kids. There is such a change in the way they handle sugar now-a-days to what they did back yonder in—when I was a boy. In my "Buddy" and budding days sugar was brought to the stores in hogsheads, not quite as large as a tobacco hogshead, and "we boys" would have a feast when one of these hogsheads would be emptied and rolled out back of a store to be carted away. There was more or less sugar in the crevices and joints on the inside, and it was the delight of the young heart to crawl in one of these hogsheads and scrape out the sugar. Some times there would be two or three boys scrouged in one hogshead scraping and licking. Sometime there would be a mixture of boys and bees in the same hogshead, and it frequently happened the bees got the best of it. In scrambling out many a pair of trousers were rent in twain —shredded sweet, as it were—by the nails that projected inward from the hoops and around the opening where the head of the hogshead had been removed. To a boy in those days sweet were the uses of an empty sugar hogshead, but going home, filled with "sweetness" and clothed in torn pants and shirt waists was provocative of a season of correction for destruction to clothes, with a promise "never to do so again," but the next empty sugar hogshead that rolled out, hot-headed youth rolled in unmindful of the rod that stung like a bee. I distinctly remember that often I ate sugar in this way unil I never wanted to see or hear tell of sugar again. The very mention of sugar at home made me sick. After a few days, I was in another hogshead. Wasn't that just like a boy? Well, I was one. They were the sweet days of fleeting youth. We do not get sugar that way now. The "good old days" are gone never to return.

I am just vain enough to be happy over, and appreciate, what the "Happy Valley" correspondent of the Lenior News-Topic had to say about my absence from the Valley this year, which was to this effect:

"The Valley people are surely missing their old friend and visitor of many past summers, Mr. J. A. Robinson (Old Hurrgygraph,) who has not been up this summer, and we all feel we have been deprived of one of our best summer time pleasures by his absence and the usual watermelon parties which we have had given us by him each summer."

Couldn't get there; but I'm a' thinkin' of 'yer.

If printing of crime news makes criminals, why doesn't the printing of receipes make good cooks?—Greenville News.

A FATHER'S LETTERS TO HIS SON WHO "MADE GOOD."

"There is the secret of my success. Those letters from my father made me what I am today." The foregoing was spoken by one of America's foremost financiers in speaking of ten letters he had received from his fathr. The Uplift reproduces two of them, for we believe in these are lessons for every boy and young man.

LETTER NUMBER ONE.

My Dear Son:—I have read the simple advertisements you have sent your mother, and, in the main I approve of them. But it seems to me, my boy, you have another lesson to learn to be successful: You need tact. Perhaps I am a little severe in the word, but I want you to begin your life career by putting your best foot foremost. I notice you make some reference to political principles in your advertising, I do not think this is wise.

You have the same right every American has to exercise your political preferences at the polls, but your business in catering to all classes should be confined to no creed or class. If you mean to be a success, you must be respectful of the opinions of your customers; they feel the same independence that you do. If you will study Christ's attitude toward His honest opponents—and He had many—you will observe with what graceful delicacy He handled situations where others' feelings were involved. When his critics wished to trap Him into an expression against Cæsar's imperialism, He manifested rare diplomacy by saying: "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." He met the unfair churchmen, who wished to stone the hapless woman to death, by saying: "Let him who is without guilt cast the first stone!" Men in business are like members in the church: some find their contentment in the enchantment of throngs; theirs is a communicated rather than a spontaneous fervor. Such must feel the friction of other hearts. To others, as the poor Indian who saw "God in clouds, or heard Him in the wind," the green grass as they walk along; the birds that split the air; the hare-bell that swings its purple cup to the summer breeze; the lily that opens its white bosom to the evening dew of heaven —these are their ministers. The savory meat furnished by the bow and quiver of Esau, for some is insufficient; they must hear the thunder of great gatherings. St. Paul puts it this way: "That by all means I might save some." God never made mankind a perfect machine, so there must be the privilege of choice, and all will not choose alike. We get our word "etiquette" from a French word "a ticket," meaning "what the bag contains," and it is our common word "tact." You are trying to make everybody agree with you, to have your way at the expense of others' feelings. That is untactful. You must acquire a demeanor

that will achieve results without repelling. The volcanic wind sweeps from its cave in the mountains exultant in its fury; and it prides itself when it sees its coming heralded by the Government's signals, as it goes on its wave of force, destroying ships, overthrowing granite boulders and strewing the coast with the victims of its power. It has its reward in the consciousness of its might, but it leaves only waste. The gentle zephyr glides modestly from its covert in the hills, and quietly makes its way, unheralded. But, wherever it goes, flowers bloom afresh, fruits ripen, fields wave a welcome and harvests of grain turn to gold. It is so with diplomacy in contact with others. Do not seek to force them to your opinions. Strive ratherto ac etaoi imt m Strive rather to impress your fidelity so upon them that they will come to appreciate your position.

I once knew two brothers who were doctors, but in opposing fields of medicine. One was a homeopath, the other an allopath. They became so zealous of their individual schools of medicine that they did not speak to each other. But their mother—they were her only children—became seriously ill. She sent for them, and they met her by her bed. There they found a common interest—the use of the best in both their schools of treatment for the relief of their suffering mother.

Let that be your ideal In your business ventures, do not strive to impress your opinions on your social, religious or political opponents; let them see the greatness of your own contention in the fidelity of your devotion to its outstanding truths.

I shall write you again next week.

Your Father.

LETTER NUMBER TWO.

My Dear Son:—I have read your letter over a number of times, for it brings your mother and me news which we are not happ to receive You say that you have been asked to join a club that gives "smokers," and that, as your competitors in business are members, you think you should also join.

I feel that you have come to a crisis in your business career, and I know you are not too big to accept a father's advice, and too big to misinterpret it. I have no wish to deprive you of any of life's pleasures, but I would like to caution you against acquiring any habits which will not be a permanent benefit to you. I believe I am not a "crank," but I have little confidence in the business that must be sustained or acquired at the expense of one's health. If you attend these smokers, and do not participate in them, your associates will think that you are unsociable, and if you take on the habit of using tobacco, it is not going to be good for your health. If tobacco had any merit, the great athletes of the world would not avoid its use as they invariably do. I have read a great many books and articles in the magazines both for and against the use of tobacco, but I have yet to find a conscientious doctor who says that a perfect body needs any false stimulation or artificial sedative, such as they claim for tobacco. Business that has to be "smoked out" is not going to amount to much permanently. Your

mother and I tried to give you the foundation of a good physical constitution, and if you subject your nerves to the false stimulations of narcotics, you are going to find yourself addicted to an expensive and injurious habit. I confess with a father's shame that before you were born, I thought tobacco a necessity, and used it to my own injury, but when God gave me a son, I felt I could not be a true father to him and set before him an example of enslavement to a habit that did only injure. So I am glad to say that you never saw me use tobacco in any form. Dr. Woodruff says in his book on the nervous system that tobacco is harmful to any one whose nerves have not become matured, and he intimates that the nervous system is not fully developed until one has passed his twenty-first birthday. If I had gone that long without attaching my nature to the habit of tobacco, I should feel humiliated to begin then. I was reading one of Elbert Hubbard's books the other night, and I was much impressed by a statement in it that though he had known many geniuses to be users of cigarettes, he had never known one of them to make any advancement after he became a cigarette smoker. The society women have taken on this offensive habit now, and I sometimes wonder what sort of mothers our future boys are going to have. I was riding in the smoking-car of a Pullman train last summer, and two ladies came into it and opened their jeweled cases and began puffing away at their gold-tipped cigarettes. They seemed to be ladies of culture and refinement, but there was not a man in the car who did not seem to be shocked at the sight. The Congressman with whom I was taking the trip threw his cigar into the cuspidor and said he was never going to smoke again. The spectacle had thoroughly disgusted him. This is a country of free people, and I don't believe my son wants to become a voluntary slave. The use of tobacco enslaves a person to a habit that I found at least terribly difficult to break. Habit is man's second nature. What you do to-day you will repeat to-morrow, and the next day you will repeat it almost unconsciously. I think you read, with me, that book on "Habit," in which the writer told of the Staffordshire idiot who had acquired the habit of counting the strokes of the town clock until, long after the clock was removed, he could count the hours accurately. There are some habits which you should cultivate, for they develop the system, but they should be habits of thrift. Last summer I was down to the seashore, and I saw men drawing in a great ship that had been driven aground. They were using a large rope cable. Later, in Philadelphia, I saw them making the cables, and young girls were winding small threads, any one of which they could have broken easily with their small fingers. But wound together they were strong enough to hold a great ship. That is the way of habit. It is small and insignificant at first, but when entwined about you it becomes an irresistible force. I don't think, if I were you, I would join the "smoker" club. You would do better to get into a good gymnasium and acquire

the habit of systematic exercise. If you keep your health, you will acquire customers without having to indulge in their habits. I am going to write you of a book I have been reading on health culture, by a man who at twenty-one was a physical wreck, but who at fifty, by cultivating the habit of systematic exercise and proper care of himself, became the most physically perfect man in the world. I want you to begin your business career cultivating the habits of thrift, honesty and industry. And learn to be economic and prompt. I knew a presiding elder who, in thirty-five years, was never a minute late to his appointments, and his promptness made a lasting impression on his people. The largest employer of laborers in this country told me that he had kept an accurate record of the men he had been compelled to discharge from their positions, and that almost every one of them had acquired the habit of being a few minutes late in his work. The habit of promptness will make you successful. For "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Sow a habit and you will reap a life.

I hope you will take this letter in a good humor, for, though you are your own man now, as the saying goes, you are still the loving son of your fond mother and

Your Sincere Father.

MONEY.

McIntosh, Comptroller of the U. S. Treasury, says there is a widespread disgust for the silver dollar and that there is a general demand for more paper money of the smaller denominations.

Well, there may be some good reasons for this complaint. If you get silver in change for a $10 bill, you've got to buy a new pair of suspenders to help in carrying it and as the bankers will testify, you spend "hard dollars" twice as recklessly as folded bills in order to get rid of it. But mark you, we'll take the silver coin, suspenders or no suspenders, rather than be too nice about it.—Reidsville Review.

CROSSNORE STUDENT IN LORE.

From the Asheville Citizen we get the following interesting account of a visit by students of Mrs. Mary M. Sloop, the founder of Crossnore School in the mountains. The Citizen tells a fine story of the square dances and songs given by these enthusiastic students.

How "the good things in the mountains are revived or kept alive" by students of Crossnore School was demonstrated by 27 of the girls and six boys in a "mountain opera" given at the Asheville High School last night before a capacity and a demonstrative audience.

Hundreds were turned away before the curtain arose, and, as a result, the performance will be repeated next Monday evening at 8:30 o'clock at the same place. There is no admission charge, nor collection taken up.

The entertainment was given in conection with the first anual exposition of mountain arts and crafts which opened yesterday in the Honess Building (opposite the Postoffice) under the auspices of the Chamber of Commerce. The exhibition will be continued for two weeks.

Mrs. Mary M. Sloop, bucsiness manager of Crossnore School and director of the performance last night, explained briefiy what the school endeavors to accomplish.

Keep Good Things

"By our high-grade education we are trying to revive and keep alive the good things in the mountains," she said. "We believe the things these students' ancestors did are worth reviving. By things, we mean their weaving, their lovely old square dances, their ballads, their folk song and their love of nature.

"Two of our greatest handicaps in the way of advancement are that some of them will insist on getting married and others are going to college. We want them to do both, of course, but it is hard to lose them from our school."

Modern jazz music with its accompanying new thoughts and action, so strange and often so horrifying to the older generations "took the back seat" last night when these children of the mountains brought back to the audience the days of old. They swayed or hummed or kept time with their feet as the fiddler played for the old "square figure dance." Not a few were surprised at the grace of the girls entwining and untwining and at the skill in remembering the numerous positions.

Difficult Dance

"Someone once remarked that the square figure dances required no brains," Mrs. Sloop remarked in announcing this number, "but I leave it to you to judge if it not only requires brains but brawn and wind as well."

Stage fright seemed not to be a familiar sensation of any of these mountain boys or girls. They thoroughly enjoyed their dancing or singing or orchestra playing. Perhaps it was because each action or word or note was "so interred in their bones." In the early days of the American pioneer settlers, their songs and

dances gave voice to a frank desire for genuine rest and recreation from the hard day's work. These became traditional, passed on from generation to generation with no outside influences, with the result that the children of the mountains today interpret their festive feelings in the same way their ancestors did.

Mrs. Sloop with her school, hopes to keep them unchanged, for with better roads and more automobiles, country and city life gradually will lose their differences and become as one.

Ballads

Particularly delightful were the balads. Two young ladies, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Franklin, of Spruce Pine, who have 11 other children, sang "Come all Ye Kind and Tender Ladies," and were immediately encored.

When the women folk of the mountains weave they become rhythmical in their actions, Mrs. Sloop said, and the natural result is a song. As a group of the girls sang, "Oh Sour Bough," one could almost hear the hum of the spinning wheel.

The boys come in for their share of applause in the orchestral number, in a shuffle and as fiddlers for the dancers.

On the second floor of the Honess Building during the exhibition of native arts and crafts, girls and boys will show just how the work is done. All of the articles in the exposition will be on sale. The first day attracted a crowd, and after the excellent performance of last night it is expected that renewed interest will be taken in the display of articles, which are noted for their beauty as well as their endurance.

Scarfs

It was brought out by Mrs. Sloop that the most difficult weaving is that of scarfs. Only a person with a calm and gentle disposition is capable of making them, according to her.

In charge of the exposition are Bishop Horner, president; H. C. Brown, treasurer; Mrs. Helen T. Nichols, secretary; W. D. Dodge, Jr., house committee; Miss Jean S. Fuller, exhibits committee and Mrs. Mary M. Sloop, chairman of entertainment.

Holmes Bryson, president of the Chamber of Commerce, gave a short address prior to the performance last night, assuring the audience that the water situation is not dangerous, only serious, and that with the new supply of water soon to be available, "Asheville can hold its own with a little cooperation and a little boosting."

"Take out an accident insurance policy. One customer got her arm broke the other day and we paid her $500. You may be the lucky one tommorrow."—From an ad quoted by the Kansas City Star.

TRYON COURT HOUSE.

The Shelby Star furnishes an account of the recent annual anniversary of the Mauney family, of Kings Mountain, who make it a point to preserve the historical event of a Tryon county in years past, the court house of which was located midway between Bessmer City and Cherryville.. The site of the said court house is marked appropriately by a huge stone marker appropriately lettered to preserve the names of the historical actors in those days.

The descendants of Christian Mauney, coming principally from the counties of Gaston, Cleveland and Lincoln, gathered Thursday at the site of the old Tryon court house between Bessmer City and Cherryville in their annual reunion and celebration of the Tryon Declaration of Independence. The occasion was the sesquicentenial celebration, 150 years having passed since the leading settlers of this section of North Carolina west of Mecklenburg containing what is now Gaston, Cleveland, Lincoln and part of Catawba counties, came together in the courthouse at the crosroads there to declare themselves free and independent from the British tyrannies.

The morning meeting in the new arbor constructed for the occasion was to hear a sermon of thansgiving and inspiration by Rev. J. D. Mauney, pastor of the Mauney Memorial Lutheran church in Hendersonville. His keynote was in the words of Joshua, "As for me and my house we will serve the Lord." He pleaded that the whole family put into effect the words of Joshua in their own homes, that leaders of God among the people might continue to increase.

Following this the usual family reunion feature became the center of all attention. A long table was spread with the country's best home-made picnic dinner goods to satisfy to the fullest the five or six hundred who had traveled from far and near.

D. Z. Newton Speaks

The afternoon speaker was Hon. D. Z. Newton, of Shelby. "The most sacred ties of religion, honor and love, to our country," as expresed in the words of the Tryon Declaration of Independence, was the theme of his address. He read the declaration signed by the safety committee in Tryon county signed on the 14th day of August, 1775, less than three months after the Mecklenburg Declaration. He pointed out that we must hold fast to those principles on which the nation was founded and has prospered, that we must hold fast to the faith of our fathers and have the same honor and love for our country which led these forefathers to resist force by force in defense of our natural freedom and constitutional rights.

A large marble slab has been erected there by the descendants of Christian Mauney. On one side is a bronze plate pointing out this as the: "Home of Christian Mauney, Pioneer and Patriarch 1779; Site of Tryon Courthouse 1774 to 1783, Camp of Lord Cornwallis and British Army January 23, 1781." On the other side is another plate presented by the Col. Frederick Hambright chapter of the

Daughters of the Revolution bearing the names of the signers of the Tryon Declaration of Independence.

PREMATURE JUDGE.

(Asheville Citizen.)

The court of public opinion often tries and convicts or acquits before it hears all the evidence in a case; it decides first and considers afterwards, and then reverses its judgment.

Reading the story of the killing at Rockingham of young William Ormond by W. B. Cole, a wealthy cotton manufacturer, we tend to declare it cold-blooded murder. The slayer approached his unarmed victim from behind and repeatedly shot him, seeking apparently to make sure that he would die. Provocation seems entirely lacking; the only semblance of excuse seemingly ceased when some months ago, it is stated, the well-reputed young soldier decorated for over-seas service ceased the courtship he paid the daughter of the slayer against the wishes of the latter.

Were there any circumstances mitigating the father's act? The public is not informed—the defense is silent and theories are apparently only guesses. The public which at first naturally condemned the father is now puzzled and goes to guessing. It cannot understand why a man of standing who had much to lose, one apparently, entirely sane, should wantonly commit an act which would endanger his life and drag his daughter's name into criminal notoriety. It asks what was the motive, whether wholly bad or mitigated in some degree by circumstances, which caused the slaying.

Note the story in Saturday's Citizen from Evansville, Indiana, which briefly declares that a 17-year-old boy was shot to death by the mother of a child he had struck, only the bare fact being given without any explanatory circumstances. Can we pass judgment on the partial evidence thus presented? Assuredly not.

It may develop that the killing was wholly unjustified and deserving of unqualified censure. Perchance the boy merely slapped a child not much younger than himself and that perhaps lightly and a high tempered woman retaliated in murderous manner. It may be that what she really resented was the insult to her pride by the familiarity of one she considered beneath her social station.

But consider the possibilities on the other hand. Conceivably the boy killed was a young brute, a neighborhood bully, who tormented children. It may be—such instances are not unknown—that this bully had repeatedly struck the child, causing it pain and humliiation. Complaint to the boy's parents perhaps brought no relief and the offenses continued. The child's helpless mother was stirred to emotions other mothers can understand—the mother love, the protective instinct broke the bounds of reason and the woman was impelled to an act which will darken her life. The law no less than the public will in such a

case give her a large measure of sympathy. Yet the tragedy and its shadow will be with her even as they will live life-long with the daughter for whose sake the father killed

THE WOOD-LEGGED GHOST.

Dr. C. C. Carter,

A good many years ago, while living in the East, Mr. Stafford had come in possession of an old time mansion in the suburbs of Columbus, Ohio. It was a large, roomy place with many of the old forest trees in the extensive grounds and was indeed a valuable and desirable place of residence. It had been built by one of the settlers. At one time it had been owned by an old, retired sea captain, reputed wealthy. After his death, however, there was not as much money left as was expected. As Mr. Stafford was expecting to soon take up his residence in Columbus, he had directed an agent to purchase for him a suburban home and it was bought at an unusually low price. When Mr. Stafford took up his residence in Columbus he found it necessary to live at a hotel on account of active business interests. He also became very active in local politics and being a very practical man, always saw to it that his ward and precinct went the right way. He had thus become acquainted with one Jack Bartles, an unscrupulous wardworker. Jack had been a bad boy, always the leader of the gang. As he grew up he became a politician and was one of the men relied upon to carry the ward.

He was ready for any method, fair or unfair, peaceable or otherwise and was known as a bold and reckless man, not by any means a coward. Mr. Stafford had finally decided to build a handsome residence in a fashionable part of the city. He had been unable to rent his suburban house as no one would stay in it. It was said that a ghost was seen and strange noises heard. He could not sell the house either. Being a little pressed for money, he decided that something must be done to make a sale. He did not believe in ghosts so decided to hire some bold, courageous person to stay a few nights in the house and set at rest the idle and malicious tale. Who then, was better fitted for the task than the bold and reckless Jack Bartles?

So he sent for Jack and said that if he would stay in the house all night for three nights and then make an affidavit that no ghost was seen nor any unusual noises heard and that the house was not haunted he would pay Jack fifty dollars. Jack agreed to this and was taken to the house that night. Mr. Stafford took him to the room said to be haunted and told him to fasten all the windows and lock all the doors so no one could get in and play a trick on him.

Jack followed Mr. Stafford to the front door downstairs and locked it securely after him. He then made a little fire in the upstairs grate as the wind was rising a little. He was sit-

ting back in the room reading when, towards midnight, he began to notice the increasing storm.

The wind roared through the trees and rattled the windows with increasing violence. Worse and worse it got until an awful roar and tumble in the distance foretold an approaching tornado. Soon it tore through the grounds, shaking the house, tearing branches from trees, bumping loose doors and fences against the outbuildings and sounding like the end of the world had come. The little cyclone rushed on its way and was followed by a terrible blast which caused the windows to rattle furiously and the house to shake to its very foundations. With a crash of thunder the rain poured down and the front hall door seemed to be wrenched from its fastenings and then slammed shut with a bang. Jack, to his astonishment, then heard what seemed to be a wooden-legged man bumping across the hall floor and then come thumping up the stairs. As the steps came across the bare floor of the upper landing, Jack retreated to a corner, with his back to the wall, prepared to put up a fight for his life. The door swung open and into the room stumped an old sailor on a wooden leg. His shirt collar was rolled open showing his hairy breast and his ruddy, weather-beaten face was calm and serious. He halted in front of the grate and looked solemnly into the fire. Jack regained his composure and recklessly advanced toward the sailor saying, "Well, old boy, how are you?" He extended his hand toward his visitor, who vanished at that instant. Jack looked around in a dazed way and saw the sailor in the back part of the room. He seized a chair to offer a seat when the sailor suddenly glided to the door. It swung open and as the sailor passed through, he gave a parting look at Jack.

Jack was astounded and mystified and worried because he saw his prospective fifty dollars had already shrunken to thirty-three and one-third. He went about examining doors and windows and found them securely fastened as he had left them. He busied himself until morning and when Mr. Stafford came for him the doors and windows were all open and Jack was whistling a merry tune. Mr. Stafford noticed that Jack was a little pale and it was with some misgiving he inquired how the night had been passed and if any ghost had been seen.

"There is no ghost in the house," declared Jack, "but that storm gave me an awful scare." "I think that some one wants to buy this house cheap and has been circulating these reports in order to get the best of you." They looked around the place and after seeing that no serious damage had been done by the storm, they drove into the city. Jack was brought out that evening again with an extra supply of cigars and another lamp, "so he can see better to read."

The doors were locked as usual and Jack tried to read but could not. He got to thinking over his past life and thought that perhaps he had better start going to church. Perhaps he ought to have his lungs examined or may be, quit politics. The night was so quiet that about midnight he fell into a doze. He was aroused by the loud opening and shutting of

the hall door and again he heard the stumping up the stairs. The locked door swung open and in walked the sailor again, who took his stand before the fireplace! Jack did not say anything this time but watched closely. The sailor then glided to the door, looking back as he passed out. Jack put in the time someway until Mr. Stafford came in the morning. His prospective pay seemed two-thirds gone and what could he do to save it? Jack declared that he had passed a very quiet night and that no ghost was in the house.

As they were returning to the city, it suddenly occured to Mr. Stafford that Jack had such a reputation that perhaps no one would believe him even under oath. So he said: "Now see here, Jack, you have such a bad reputation, people won't believe your statements. The only thing for me to do is to stay out there with you, tonight, to see if you have been telling me the truth." Jack could do nothing but agree to this. So, that night they locked themselves in the house and sat down to wear out a deck of cards.

Jack had been studying all the time how to get the best of Mr. Stafford. About midnight he began to complain of being thirsty. He said he would take the pitcher and go down to the spring for some water. He asked Mr. Stafford to lock the front door after him and also to lock the room securely. Jack's object was to get out of the house and remain outside until the ghost had had time to come and go.

Mr. Stafford felt uneasy, especially as Jack did not promptly return. He was all the more terrified when the front door banged open and shut and he heard the awful thumping up the stairs. The door opened, in came the sailor as usual, making his brief visit, taking his departure, nearly freezing Mr. Stafford with his parting look.

When Jack felt that the ghost had come and gone, he began pounding on the front door and calling to Mr. Stafford to be let in, declaring that he had been pounding there for an hour. He saw that Mr. Stafford was very much excited and asked him if he had seen or heard anything. "You know I did," said Stafford, "I am convinced that you have been lying to me all the time." "Oh! I see through your game," said Jack, "You only want to get out of paying me that fifty dollars."

They had a long and wordy argument. Finally Mr. Stafford asked Jack if he wanted to stay there another night.

"Of course I do," answered Jack aud it making the third night for him alone, he was determined to stay, make affidavit and secure his fifty dollars. So Jack was brought out to stay that night as usual, the ghost came about midnight and again looked at Jack as it departed.

An idea struck Jack, and seizing his hat, he followed the ghost as fast as he could. It glided across the grounds, into a field where it suddenly disappeared by a clump of bushes.

The night being warm and the grass deep, Jack thought he might as well sleep there until morning. When daylight came he noticed an old, abanded well, covered with rotten plank in the bushes. He decided to investigate so he went to a distant farm house where he borrowed a rope and hook.

After fishing around a while, he discovered something in the well and after some trouble, succeeded in drawing up an old iron pot with a lid sealed with lead.

He concealed it in the bushes and hurried back to the house in time to meet Mr. Stafford. Declaring there was no ghost in the house, Mr. Stafford could do nothing but get the affidavit from Jack and pay him the fifty dollars but he had lost all confidence in Jack.

That evening soon after dark, Jack hurried out with a horse and buggy and took the pot home.

He found it full of gold of a foreign coinage which he took to another city!

After exchanging it he found that he had enough money to make him independent for life.

He finally drifted back to Columbus and eventually let the story out even finally telling Mr. Stafford himself of the fine game he had played.

In the meantime the house had been sold at a good price and has been occupied ever since and no ghost has appeared in it from that day to this.

Jack has become a staid and respectable citizen and when he and Mr. Stafford meet they smile at each other and deplore the corrupt politics of the present times.

IF A SIMIAN COULD SPEAK.

Yes, I'm only an ape, but why drag me into this monkey business?

I'm sure that I don't want to be man's cousin, or even his tenth cousin first removed. All I want is to be let alone and allowed to persue the elusive flea with the same ardor that the claimant to my relationship pursues the dollar.

Your creatures laugh at my antics, but I can't help laughing—inwardly of course—and chattering about what I see on the other side of the bars.

For istance, look at the female of your species over there! She's wearing knickers and other mannish apparel. Yet what does your holy book say about that? No, you don't remember, but I do, it reads: "The woman shall not wear that pertaineth to man." Fie!

And that magazine that woman on the bench is reading—see that? It's a lewd publication, and she wouldn't be reading it if it hadn't been given so much publicity. It reminds me of "Huckleberry Finn" (yes, I've read that book)—the part where the fake Duke of Bilgewater and the Dolphin are arranging to stage "The great Cameleopard" in a small Southern town, and the Duke remarks: "We'll advertise women and children not admitted, and if that don't bring 'em I don't know Arkansas."

But trying to tell you humans anything is just about as easy as poking a couple of pounds of hot butter in a wild cat's ear with a pegging awl. You'll never listen to reason. In that respect you remind me of the ultra-patriotic New York schoolteacher who during the war kept obecting to a first-year Latin reader because it quoted Caesar as seaying that of all his enemies the Germans were the

bravest of all.

And your "from-the-wind-swept-coast-of-Maine-to-the-sunny-shore-of-California" speakers—they monkey with my indigestion. They "blah" along about anything—everything. They are all the same—if they want an oportunity to stress something, their hunting ability for instance, they think nothing of thumping on the table and inquiring, "Does that remind you of a gun?" and, on receiving no answer, continue: speaking of guns, I was shooting bears in Yellowstone one summer when—."

I am like Huxley—I cannot say that I am in the slightest degree impressed by your bigness and power. Size is not grandeur and power does not make a man or nation. The great issue with you human folks is, What are you going to do with all these things?

I chuckle every time I think of a man you call an alien who was found working an illicit still while reading a book, "How to Become an American Citizen." Then there was another homo "sap" who, after getting papers, proudly tacked a sign to his pushcart reading, "I am a 200 per cent American. I hate everybody."

You humans are so thoughtless. You are becoming a world of scandalmongers and knockers. You criticize first and investigate afterwards. You don't know that another term for "rumor" is "lie." As old Senator Lodge once put it:

"Absolute knowledge have I none,
But my aunt's washerwoman's sister's son
Heard a policeman on his beat
Say to a laborer on the street—"

I'm saving the fattest little cootie for the man who attended a recent celebration at a Kansas City prison and handed each prisoner a 1925 calendar. However, he isn't as mean as some of you folks who put pieces of crepe on your doors the first of each month—collection day.

But it's also easy to fool you humans. The fake stock salesman get you coming and going. And many of you like to imagine you're sick. I bet if I handed out two almanacs you would pass up the green one with the best weather in it and take the yellow one telling how people were cured of the most horrible diseases.

Women especially like to be fooled. I know a hotel clerk who is popular with old maids because he always gives them Suite 16. City girls who think they are smart by asking where fried potatoes are grown should be told that they came from the same stoves as the fried eggplant.

Militarism is spreading over everything. Just the other day a man in uniform passed me reading an army training manual. Question No. 5 in that book sounded like a puzzle, but wasn't It asked, "How did the insurance companies help Queen Elizabeth get her pickles?" Queer stuff for army study, I say.

What! "There's two sides to every question." Oh, yes, I'm only an ape, but I can't help seeing two sides to a sheet of fly-paper without noting the big difference it makes which side you choose.

Cabarrus County Fair, October 13-17 inclusive.

A WASP MADE HIM A HERO.

The talk round the stove at the corner grocery store had drifted to the subject of personal bravery. One after another of the group had told marvelous tales of daring rescues, hairbreadth escapes and thrilling adventures. At last the quiet stranger who was in the group but not of it said:

"Gentlemen, I have been about the world a bit in my day. I have seen many daring rescues narrow escapes and hair-raising adventures, but the most peculiar incident that I ever witnessed occurred right here on an American mountain river.

"With a companion I was chugging down the river in a small motor boat. As we drew near our distination, a city that stands on the bank just above a great waterfall, we saw an object in the water. It proved to be a man who could not swim, and the current was bearing him rapidly toward the falls. Several men were standing on the bank, shouting and gesticulating they had neither boat nor rope. The current was so swift and the waterfall so near that it would have been foolhardy for anyone to have tried to swim out and bring him in.

"Suddenly a man came catapulting out of a fourth-story window of a building that stood on the bank. We thought he would surely be dashed to death when he struck the water, but somehow he managed to right himself and took the wated head foremost in a beautiful dive that brought him up right beside the drowning man. The diver thrust out a hand, seized the other by the hair and, turning, made for the shore. He reached the bank at the very brink of the cataract.

"A crowd soon gathered. We made a hasty landing and added our congratulations to those that were being showered on the fellow.

"A pompus gentleman came bustling up. 'Bravo, my man!' he said, slaping the rescuer on the back. 'From the bridge yonder I witnessed your noble rescue of this poor fellow. I'll see to it that you receive your Carneige medal.'

"The rescuer's gaze dropped, and his face reddened. 'For what are those medals supposed to be awarded, judge?' he asked.

"For courage, daring, bravery in saving human life."

"Then I cannot accept it. Every step of this rescue was prompted by cowardice. I am six feet and weigh two hundred and sixty pounds, all bone and muscle. I ought not to be afraid of anything, but I am deathly scared of wasps. I was at work in my shop on the four floor of that building with my back toward the open window when a wasp came buzzing right under my nose. In terror I sprang backward; my legs struck the low seat of the window, and I lost my balance and tumbled out. As I fell I was conscious of but one thing —a sickening fear that I should strike the water broadside and have the life knocked out of me. I am a strong swimmer and a good diver. By a great effort and by luck I managed to strike the water head foremost. I did not know that a man was drowning out in the river. When I came

up beside him he made a grab for me. Thoroughly frightened lest he clasp me around the neck and pull me down, I thrust out a hand to push him away. A lock of his long tangled hair caught in the mounting of my ring. I could not tear it loose. I had no choice but to bring him with me. On the way in as I felt the current pulling me down toward the cataract if I could have freed my hand I would have done so and left the poor fellow to his fate. No Carneige medal for me, thank you. If you really want to show your appreciation, though, you might go up to my shop and kil that dratted wasp.' ''

THE CENTENARY OF ELECTRICITY.

By Earle W. Gage.

Just a century ago, in 1825, Michael Faraday, toiling away in his laboratory in England, discovered the principle upon which modern electric energy is based, and thus opened a new era in the progress of civilization, harnessing this latent force to transform human experience.

In 1824 Faraday was laboring in an endeavor to produce electricity from a magnet, and from the failures and successes of those crude tests may be said to date the era of electricity. But that year Faraday barely missed success; had he made one part of the experiment a little different he might have hit upon magnetic electrical induction. He returned to the problem again and again, until he perfected what he called "a new electrical machine." With the materials used the first year, Faraday at last made a machine embodying the principles of the modern dynamo. The lightning was harnessed and humanity was about to enter a new and brighter era.

Coal had not been king very long then, and it was a good while before Faraday's device grew into a machine large enough for industry to take an interest in it, yet within half a century of his announcement of dynamo, scientists were talking of the approaching exhaustion of the world's coal supply and to predict that electricity was the power of the future.

Faraday's first machine for the induction of electricity was a laboratory affair and crude, but it contained the principle of an efficient source of current. Before that there had been only the voltaic battery. Faraday could lift his machine of magnet and coil with one hand, yet it has spun out unbelievable power for man.

E. M. F.—electromotive force—carries men of great cities to and from work and sends messages through the air to encompass the earth. Twenty million people throughout the world talk to each other over their telephones, thanks to electricity. The successors of Faraday's machine light London, New York and King Tut-ankh-Amen's tomb. They drive great battleships. They operate great furnaces. They haul mile-long railroad trains over great mountains.

Faraday took a magnet and a piece

of wire and played with them together, and today 650,000,000 pounds sterling are invested in electric enterprises in England—a tenfold gain in the past 30 years. Today the capital invested in electricity in the United States, which leads the world in electric development, is more than $13,000,000,000, and there is only one industry with a larger amount involved, our railroads.

More than this, electricity has changed man's manner of thought. If he would talk to the other side of the world—or sing to it—he talks at once, waiting for no trade winds. Man now thinks in terms of the instant. In transportation, illumination and communication, electricity has done its chief work, and above all, in communication.

A mighty pioneer was he who first kindled fires. At will, he could enjoy light by night, warmth in winter, new feasts as he roasted roots plucked from the ground. His heirs at a later day made flame divide copper from its ores, and make from iron both knives and spears vastly stronger and more lasting than those of flint. And so from scene to scene the fire-users took their way until now they speed the resistless engines of mills and railroads, or give new wings to airships as they cleave the sky.

But the electrician is the new master who has conquered the world, and with weapons so subtle and forceful that he outstrips the fire-users at every point, and in many a district dismisses him entirely. He gives us energy in the one phase which may instantly and fully pass into any other phase. A touch and electricity sheds light as vivid as sunshine. Another touch and intense heat throbs in the heart of an oven or a crucible, securely mantled against escape Yet another touch, and we direct a chemical parting, as in separating silver from its compounds; or we effect a union as profitable, as in building from air the nitrates to enrich our farms and gardens. Oftener still, we wish the swift whirl of a massive wheel, such as at headquarters. We merely turn a little switch and our desire instantly becomes the law.

Since men first trod this earth they have rejoiced in light to guide their hands and feet, to reveal form and color and, infinitely beyond the swing of hand or arm, display the stars of heaven. The electrician takes a wave which is the twin of light, every whit as rapid in pace, and happily not restricted to straight paths. He commits it to a wire of as many zigzags as he pleases, and paying but a little toil for a jaunt of 200 miles, he bids it shine in our lamps, glow in our furnaces, and in chemistry serve either as a trowel or a sword.

Electricity as readily impels the giant locomotive of the Rocky Mountains as it operates the tiny fan that tempers hte breath of July. Because its levers may keep step hundreds of leagues apart, it far outdistances as a signaler either flame or sunbeam, darting in a moment across America or the Atlantic. Even these master triumphs are surpassed as New York talks by telephone with San Francisco More audacious still, discarding poles and wire, the electrician flings waves into free spaces, with the words for his

whispering gallery. Then he sends other waves, duly directed and attuned, to a ship in mid-ocean. She takes her way through the dangerous fog and tempest with a new and priceless safety. Other pulses, urged in another chord, pierce the flesh and blood of this man himself, and picture his very bones.

Nature, that venerable mother and teacher of the inventor, bestows upon him golden gifts whose manifold values, one by one, are slowly uncovered and turned to account. A flint, adroitly flaked, was a knife or a chisel for early man. One day it struck a spark or tinder, and that spark spread to a blaze. Then and there the flint rose to a new and higher service as it opened a fresh empire to skill and courage. A long time afterward, copper was added to the exploits of the fire-user, and it was found to excel as a conductor of heat. Today copper is used as a transmitter of electricity, and in the twinkling of an eye current traverses a thousand miles.

Copper's sister metal, iron, was for centuries shaped into weapons and tools, machines and engines. Today iron is the core of every dynamo and motor, every telephone and telegraph instrument. In an instant it summons or dismisses a magnetic charge, a quality much more precious than more tensile strength.

From pointing a flint to designing an electric generator at Niagara Falls, every step has meant a new economy of energy. Today electricity wields universal empire because it does all that fire ever did, does it easier, quicker and better. Then, electricity passes to exploits infinitely beyond the scope of flame, however skilfully applied.

All this progress points back to a century ago, and there we read upon the laboratory notebook of Faraday a command to himself, which, fulfilled, gave to the world this new transforming energy. Faraday wrote: "Convert magnetism into electricity." For the possibilities of electricity were one of the several problems that interested Faraday from childhood. Even as an apprentice to a bookbinder, he had spent his pennies on experiments in physics and in 1812, when he was 20 years of age, he made an electrical machine, following the formulas of the day. What Faraday learned in those early days, and what he came to suspect, went into his final achievements.

It was the toy machine of his apprentice days which made Faraday a scientist. His master showed the boy's work to a customer, who got him a seat at some lectures of Sir Humphrey Davy at the Royal Institution. Faraday made notes, wrote out the lectures and sent his copies to Davy. His accuracy impressed the famous scientist and Faraday caught the great man's ear with his request to be put at laboratory work.

In his work at the institution, Faraday came upon magnetic-electro motions, and made a magnetic needle revolve around an electric current. An old report of a sixteenth century experiment with magnets had started Faraday on this; the currents from two or more magnets work on lines or iron filings, and the lines from opposite poles tend to join. Here were invisible lines of magnetic force made visible by the filings. They

showed there was a force weaving through space.

Faraday put a wire coil on a hollow spool, connected to a galvanometer, and thrust a permanent magnet into the opening. He took a twelve-inch disk of copper and mounted it on its axis, which could be rotated between the opposite poles of a strong permanent magnet. Two collecting brushes, on the axis and the circumference of the wheel, carried off the current generated by means of the potential difference produced as the rotating disk cut through the permanent magnet's lines of force. Electric currents were produced from permanent magnets. Faraday had produced a dynamo. He had become the inventor of a generator producing direct current, the genesis of a commercial power destined to open a new era to mankind.

How great has been the benefit may be judged from the fact that the people now living in the United States are able to produce as great a volume of goods as could 3,000,000,000 hand workers before the era of electricity; or, stated in another way, a volume of goods almost twice as great as could be produced by the people of all the rest of the world working by primitive hand processes. This, in short, is the contribution electricity has made to this day and age.

And yet, the era of electricity is as yet in its infancy. While the industrial nations of the world probe every continent to add to the rapidly diminishing supply of oil and go deeper and deeper into the earth for their coal, one enormous source of power upon which mankind will depend more and more in the future is still almost undeveloped. Despite the rapid growth in the use of water power during the past decade, its greatest resources continue untapped.

In the Rocky Mountains, the Sierras and the Cascades, along the gigantic jungle-flanked ranges of the Andes, in the rugged mountains of Norway and Sweden, in the Alps, the Caucausus and the mountains of Albania, and, above all, in the great plateau region of Central Africa, especially in the basin of the Congo, where the tropical rainfall swells streams that plunge toward the sea in great falls and cataracts, is power that makes the manual labor of millions of human beings almost insignificant by comparison. It is to these riches in "white coal" that the attention of engineers the world over is being turned.

The world has harnessed slightly over three per cent of its potential electric energy thus far. Uncle Sam's experts of the Geological Survey tell us that "the extreme ultimate development of stream flow may reach 10,000,000,000 horsepower," of which about 23,000,000 has been developed and harnessed.

One horsepower is the equivalent of about one cent's worth of bituminous coal, or of one "man day," that is, of the amount of energy expended on an average by a laborer in a day's work. So the working water power of the world now does the work of 23,000,000 men a day, and is able, theoretically at least, to perform the work of from 5,000,000,000 to 10,000,000,000 men a day.

"The power program means saving in man power," explains Dr. George Otis Smith, director of the United States Geological Survey. "Coal, oil, gas and water are all to be harnessed in the service of man. Electricity is the wonder-worker of this day and generation, and by its magic touch, much of the load is lifted from the back of man. Seventy times seven wonders are built in our world every year, but built by freemen who are masters of titanic machines, not slaves of herculean tasks."

A century ago only a few pieces of experimental electrical apparatus were the entire product of the present gigantic electrical machinery and supply industry, and constituted the bases from which later inventions and developments dated. It is only within the past fifty years that the correlation of electricity and magnetism has been fairly understood, and the ability to turn mechanical energy into current fully appreciated. With this came in quick succession telegraphy, electroplating, electric lighting, telephony, electric power, electric traction, electric heating, forging, welding, and cooling and the electric extraction of minerals and precious metals, methods which revolutionized previous methods, dating from earliest history of man.

This wonderful expansion of the electrical era has been directly responsible for many important social changes. The wider diffusion of the American industrial population, with various modifications in standards of comfort and well-being is now attainable by the masses of our industrial workers, who enjoy comforts unknown to the wealthiest citizens of a generation ago. Carrying electricity out to 6,000,000 farms represents another step in overcoming the difference between rural and urban conditions of living, and makes the farm home more attractive. An agency, such as electricity, which reduces industrial costs and raises the standards of comfort attained by those who toil is a double helpmate of mankind, and has made a greater contribution to America's leadership than possibly any single agency of the past generation.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By James Davis.

Some of the work force began to cut down and shock the school's corn last Monday morning.

Sam Poplin left the institution last Friday to spend a few days with his relatives in Albemarle.

The carpenter shop boys repaired chairs for the various cottages, during the early part of the week.

Walter Hurley, of the third cottage was paroled on Tuesday morning. Hurley was a member of the barn force.

The boys of the first and second grades have been working for the past week, owing to the abscence of

their teacher.

Vass Fields, former Training School boy, paid the institution a visit Wednesday morning. He was in the printing office while he was here.

All the boys enjoyed having a chicken dinner last Sunday. This is the second straight Sunday the boys have had chicken.

Miss Mary P. Latimer, matron of the third cottage, is back at the institution after spending a short vacation in South Carolina.

Judge Brooks, Sylvester Honeycutt and John Perry, members of the first, second, and twelfth cottages, were paroled during the past week.

The following boys were visited by friends or relatives last week: Judge Brooks, Jim Poplin, Richard Pettipher, Therman Baker, Lester Campbell and Jimmie Stevenson.

Mr. J. A. B. Goodman, of Mooresville, visited his daughter, Miss Vernie Goodman, last Sunday afternoon. He was accompanied by his son, Rev. Goodman, of South Carolina.

During the month of July the poultry records show a total of 6,672 eggs, an average of 215 per day. So far this month 226 chickens have been killed to provide good dinners for the boys.

Rev. E. Myers, Pastor of the Methodist Church of Hartsell mill, conducted the services last Sunday afternoon. He took his text from the 15th Psalm, every one enjoyed Mr. Myers, sermon and we all hope to have him with us again.

The boys all enjoyed having a half holiday last Thursday afternoon. This half holiday was given so that the boys could witness the Rocky River-Pythian base ball game.

White, pitching for the Pythians, was hit hard all through the game and the Rocky River boys piled up ten runs to their opponents four. The hitting of the winners third baseman was a feature, he collecting a double, triple and a home run out of four trips to the plate.

The Training School team lost their fourth straight last Saturday when they were defeated by the Harrisburg team 9 to 7. The boys scored four in the second and one in the third, giving Bost a good lead but he could not hold the visitors in check, they kept plugging away at the lead until they had scored seven runs, Russel acting as relief hurler allowed two more and the score was nine to five in the visitors favor. The boys added one in the eighth and ninth.

A large number of fans were on hand to root for the visiting team.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SCHEDULE

South Bound

No.	29	2:35 A. M.
"	31	6:07 A. M.
"	11	8:05 A. M.
"	33	8:25 A. M.
"	45	3:55 P. M.
"	135	8:35 P. M.
"	35	10:12 P. M.

North Bound

No.	30	2:00 A. M.
"	136	5:00 A. M.
"	36	10:25 A. M.
"	46	3:15 P. M.
"	34	4:43 P. M.
"	12	7:10 P. M.
"	32	8:36 P. M.
"	40	9:28 P. M.

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Concord, N. C

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VOL. XIII CONCORD, N. C., SEPTEMBER 5, 1925 No. 41

WHAT A CAROLINIAN ISN'T.

In your travels you may have run across "the scorners who scoff at and the witlings who defame" this State. You may have heard that she is ignorant and provincial, but I have the pleasure to inform you what your affection already knows, that there can be found nowhere within her borders a man known out of his township ignorant enough to join with the fool in saying "there is no God." There is no man amongst us whose hand is so untrained that it does not instinctively seek his hat in the presence of a woman. There is no ear so untaught that it does not hear the cry of pity; and no heart so untutored that it does not beat in sympathy with the weak and the distressed. Illiterate we have been; but ignorant never. Books we have not known; but of men we have learned, and of God we have sought to find out.—Chas. B. Aycock.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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A DAY OF SLAUGHTER.

The front pages of the North Carolina Monday morning papers brought a sorrowing depression that still lingers. Human life—why, it seems to be nothing at all. O, how cheap!

After reading the Greensboro News Monday morning, we went back to the first page, enumerating the terrible things that had happened on the day before. That day was Sunday, which instead of being a day of rest and worship, seems largely devoted to maiming people or snuffing out lives. Here is the record as recorded by The News:

Jack Carter, Mrs. Manton Oliver, Mrs. Eugene Irvin, Mrs. John Oliver and Mrs. Nina Johnson Cone killed Sunday afternoon by the Southern's No. 35, at a crossing in the city of Reidsville. Not a single occupant of the car in which they were riding escaped with his life.

Mrs. Hallie May Ashburn is killed when a heavy bus hits car at Winston-Salem.

Two sisters killed in an auto accident at Frederick, Maryland, and three persons injured, when a car in which they were riding crashed into a machine parked on a state road.

A bus and a coupe collide 13 miles from Raleigh. One man killed and four sent to the hospital. It is alleged that the driver of one of the cars was asleep.

Upsetting a kerosene lamp in Everett, Massachusetts, burns to death five

children and the mother was carried to a hospital with a broken back.

Two seriously hurt in Colorado as trains sideswipe and twenty-five less seriously injured.

Three unidentified women were severely burned when fire swept through the playground at Sandy Beach, Md., and destroyed the bath house.

And the balance of the page is filled with preparation for trying criminals, so charged, settlement of differences between nations; and other miscellaneous matter all of which indicate a restlessness and a dissatisfaction with conditions as they exist.

About the only comfort available at this evidence of the cheapness of life and the restlessness of a people is the abiding knowledge that a just and merciful God still reigns.

* * * * * * * * * *

PROF. COON MAKES OUT HIS CASE.

For years some of the college professors have "deplored" the faulty preparation of many high school graduates, who seek to enter college and university. We have heard them at teachers' institutes and gatherings.

Prof. Coon in a series of articles in the Greensboro News has reviewed the faulty English appearing in the catalogues of a number of colleges and even of the University, making out a strong case against them in the use of expressions that the average high school graduate would not dare to have charged against him.

Some may think Mr. Coon unethical, but he wears no man's collar and when the work of the high school is attacked, of which he is no small part as a leader and a successful one, he is bold enough to make a comparative exhibit. Folks who reside in glass cages should be careful how they throw stones.

* * * * * * * * * *

FAITHFUL SERVANTS.

The call has been issued for the annual convention of The King's Daughters and Sons to be held in the First Presbyterian Church, of Salisbury, October 1st and 2nd. This convention will be the guest of the two active local Circles in Salisbury. The Uplift understands that an interesting program is in the making.

The guest of honor will be Mrs. M. O. J. Kreps, of Columbia, who is the president of the State Branch of South Carolina. Mrs. Kreps is a brilliant

woman and an engaging speaker and she is on the program to address the North Carolina convention at its meeting. There is another feature which will prove inspiring to the delegates and their friends. The International Order of The King's Daughters have had made slides representing the leading and outstanding state work of the order in the several states of the union and Canada—these include chapels up to orphanages, hospitals and homes for the aged. These works of noble souls will be exhibited on canvas at the Salisbury meeting.

We understand that the good people of Salisbury have arranged to bring all the delegates to this Convention on an inspection trip to the Jackson Training School, and the boys, appreciating the compliment of a visit from these splendid women, will put on a short program in the Auditorium.

* * * * * * * * * *

LET'S KEEP HISTORY STRAIGHT.

Harry Deaton, editor of the Mooresville Enterprise, noting the presence in his city of the Jackson Training School band, which gave a concert, took occasion to say that a collection would be taken to aid the boys in further enlraging the equipment, that the state was not expected to furnish all these necessitites after giving the original equipment.

The original equipment and the inspiration of starting a band at the Training School among the boys are works alone of the Stonewall Circle of The King's Daughters, of Concord. They got behind the proposition and put up money for a twelve hundred dollar equipment of Conn's best. That's how the Jackson Training School got a band—the state had nothing to do with it.

* * * * * * * * * *

A DOUBLE-BARRELED RULE.

The doctors have a day and a night schedule of charges for visits. And it is right. This rule prevails with Concord physicians, and perhaps in all other progressive towns and cities.

A countryman, an enterprising and hard-working farmer, had occasion to call several times his family physican during a period of several months. He later called for his bill—that, too, is a fine idea, paying the doctor. The Cabarrus farmer examined the bill closely and noted that some visits carried a higher charge. "How's that, doctor," inquired the farmer. "Those are night visits, Mr. ——————; you know that we get more for night

visits.''

Later on the doctor ordered some good fire wood from this very enterprising farmer. He was busy gathering in his crops and decided that he would haul in the load after supper, taking advantage of a moonlight night. During the night the doctor was disturbed in his slumbers by a noise out in his back yard. He slipped out in his night habiliaments to make investigation. He found his farmer friend and patron unloading a model load of splendid fire wood cut to a length.

Later the doctor called for his bill. That was a fine act, too. The farmer produced it. The doctor scanned it and, noting a difference inthe price of one load as compared with the others, inquired the reason. Very candidly and truthfully the farmer replied, ''That, doctor, was a night load of wood and night loads come higher.''

* * * * * * * * * * *

PLEA FOR A BETTER EDUCATIONAL POLICY.

At the formal opening of a new high school building in Northampton county Judge Francis D. Winston, one of the brilliant minds of the state and a very close observer of affairs and people, was the invited speaker for the occasion.

Judge Winston's plea was for an educational policy which would make for peace and stability and not for confusion. He noted a condition of confusion in the courts and cited ''the spectacle of the Supreme and Superior court judges and twenty of the best lawyers trying their best to devise some scheme to make the courts function.''

Touching the educational policy that would make people law-abiding and one that would be evidenced in the citizenship of the State, Judge Winston observed, ''we spend millions for schools and brutal murders on the increase. We build stately educational mansions and the lawless erect stills hard by. We have more church members than any State in the Union in proportion to population, yet we find few of them strongly behind the law and demanding its enforcement. We have mansions and palaces, but few homes. A family of half a dozen seated around the fireside in a home, enjoying the delights of parental association and the joys of filial devotion would be a film of such a novelty that it would supplant Charlie Chaplin's walk.

''A ton of books can not make citizens for North Carolina. Our educational system is top-heavy. Individualism has given way to mass play. A school system suited to the mountaineer on Mount Pisgah is not suited to the

banker on the sands of Hatteras.''

* * * * * * * * * *

Somebody is evidently attempting to create an enmity between ex-Governor Morrison and ex-Lieutenant Governor Gardner. Just yesterday we heard Gov. Morrison publicly speak pleasantly and cordially of Mr. Gardner, and it was not feigned. Rather early to start political scrambling, when nothing but cheerful lying is the basis for same.

* * * * * * * * * *

SEPTEMBER.

Again hath come with wealth of lore
  The golden-garbed September,
To teach us there is always more
  To hope for than remember.

'''Tis right indeed glad yesterday,''
  September saith, ''to treasure;
But yet tomorrow,'' hear her say,
  ''Shall yesterday outmeasure.

''For though fair summer, sooth is past
  A fairer summer beckons,
As time with forward vision cast
  Each future season reckons.

''And life shall richer grow with age,
  Its fullness made completer;
While every year shall turn a page
  Of heavenly prospect sweeter.''

So then take heed the gracious lore
  This month of gold, September,
Doth teach so well—There's always more
  To hope for than remember!

—Philip B. Strong.

SAVING–TO HAVE AND TO BE.

By Miss Laura V. Dunham in The Wachovia

Miss Laura V. Dunham, who is conected with the Savings Department of the Salisbury office of the Wachovia Bank and Trust Company, is a native of Salisbury and was educated at the North Carolina College for Women at Greensboro and at Patterson Business Institute, Chicago. She was with the Salisbury Bank and Trust Company until that was merged with the Wachovia in 1924.

The matter of opening and maintaining a savings account should not be unlike the conducting of any other business undertaking. If any difference should exist, it should be that savings should be thought out and planned with greater care. This is said for the reason that the effects and possibilities so attained, if intelligently directed, are of such vital importance.

It is my purpose that this brief article be confined to the two main thoughts; first, saving for the purpose of having; second, saving for the purpose of forming character—that is, of being.

Saving To Have

A savings account for the purpose of saving to have is essential. No boy or girl, man or woman, can fail to be stimulated by the fact that this present generation holds in store the greatest opportunities since the origin of time—golden opportunities of business, of education, of benevolence. Especially is this true of the young and untried generation. There are golden fields beckoning to you on every hand. So, in order that you may avail yourselves of such opportunities and measures up to your requirements, prepare now for the day that will be yours, by accumulating the necessary capital, and to this end there is nothing more suggestive than a savings account.

Capital

It is a self-evident fact that no business can be successfully conducted without the necessary capital. Many failures in life can be attributed to this fact alone. Everyone of mature thought and experience recognizes the importance of having in hand the necessary capital for carrying on his business. To some come the earnings and accumulation of others; but to the vast majority capital can be secured only by their own efforts, and it is to this latter class that this article is especially intended.

To the young men and young women, especially, I would like to stress the importance of starting a savings account with some good bank early in life. Many a person has missed his opportunity, due to this very fact. Not many have the ability to accumulate large amounts in a short time, but the systematic saving for a greater length of time, though from small earnings, will eventually obtain the desired results. Statistics show that many of the large fortunes of today originated from savings accounts.

Saving To Be

The main idea is to save in order

to have, but this is not, by any means, all of it. The habit acquired by systematic saving is as essential as the accumulation of capital. It is not my thought to minimize the accumulation of capital to have in hand to be used when needed, but I should like to stress the essential element of character that is found in the habit of systematic saving.

Those of us who are in close touch with the banking business readily realize that the tendency of the present day is to spend rather than to save. So many think that while their earnings are so small it is not worth their while to put forth an effort to save. Thus they lose for themselves the great opportunity to build character. In conection with this thought, I wish to quote Capt. T. S. Morrison, Vice-President in charge of the Asheville office of the Wachovia Bank and Trust Company: "The regular weekly or monthly division of the income (of whatever nature,) placing part of it in the savings account, stimulates one's efforts and strengthens one's character, just as surely as the wasting of one's funds tends to break down the moral and progressive stamina of the individual. The full realization of this should make a tremendous appeal to those concerned in the young people of today."

A PRAYER.

God give us men who boast of the money they spend for education. Give us men who are unashamed to be proud of vast amounts spent in the transmission to the youth of our culture, institutions, and things we hold dear to the human spirit. Give us men who do not quail before the unthinking clamor of greed couched in the man-pleasers' appeal to the selfishness of the crowd. Give us men whose courage does not fail and whose hearts do not flinch before the assault of the self-seekers who prey on the future generations. Give us men who will not meet the eager enthusiasm of our children with niggard penury. Give us men whose answer to the cry of youth is not empty-handedness. Give us men whose philosophy of education is something else than economy. God give us men who are unafraid to spend public money for the children of the race. Give us men who dare to refuse to crucify childhood on the cross of poverty. Oh, God, give us men who believe that the highest function of the wealth of society is its dedication to the upbringing of the children of men. God give us men who believe in the race to be.—Nebraska School Journal.

HENRY INSULTS FRIEND COW.

(The Robensonian.)

A New York dispatch broadcasts some of Henry Ford's ideas about farming as set forth in an interview published by Farm and Fireside. Some of his views are surprising. About cows, for instance. "I don't believe in dairy cows," said Mr. Ford, "they are the most unefficient creatures in the world. Why should farmers spend a lot of time tending a bunch of cows? It only takes 20 days of actual farm work to grow and harvest the crops on a dairy farm. The rest of the time is spent taking care of the animals. It's all wrong."

Looks like an unprovoked attack and slander upon gentle bossie; but maybe not. Like as not Mr. Ford had just been provoked as only a contrary cow can provoke a-body. Maybe Henry had just been out milking in his Sunday pants and a cow had betrayed his beautiful confidence by kicking over a pail of milk on that best pair of pants and spoiled 'em. Or maybe, it being a hot and sweaty day, Henry had been swatted in the eye by his pet cow's wet tail as she vigorously resented the attentions of a flock of cheerful flies. In the frame of mind superinduced by either of these contingencies Henry may be excused for railing out on all cows.

Same applies to his ravings about milk. "Some one will invent a way to make milk synthetically," he says, and "it will be cheaper and better than the milk we have now. You know, I don't believe much in milk as a food anyway."

If the same interviewer will see Henry again some cool day when he has gotten over being mad about the way his Sunday pants were spoiled and the way the family cow made him cuss by swatting him in the eye with the end of her tail, he'll have a better word to say about cows and milk.

Anyway, because he's a wizard in the automobile world is no reason to take too seriously Mr. Ford's opinions about cows and milk. The cow has been patiently furnishing through all these years one of the best articles of diet known to man, and while she may be inefficient about it and slow to adopt modern efficienecy ways, she's a friend to cherish until that invention to make better and cheaper milk synthetically is an accomplished fact and is not merely a dream of Henry's.

THE REWARD.

Wealth, fame and fortune are too coy to be won by our most ardent seeking, they come only as a result of service to mankind.—Arch Huneycutt.

AGNOSTICISM.

("S" in Lenior-Topic.)

This word has been more advertised, during the Scopes trial in Tennessee and since, than during the whole period of its existence of 40 years. This is in part due to the fact that Mr. Darrow, the leading counsel on the so-called evolution side of the case, proclaimed himself to be an agnostic. It is defined to be a term invented by Prof. Huxley in 1885 to indicate the mental attitude of those who withhold their assent to whatever is incapable of proof such as the absolute. In regard to miracles and revelation agnostics neither dogmatically accept nor reject such matters, but simply say "Agnosco"—"I do not know; they are not capable of proof."

You will search in vain for the word any dictionary or an encyclopedia printed before that date. There was a political party in this country about 30 years before 1885 that had a perfect right to adopt that name—the Know-Nothing party—but it was very natural for them not to adopt it, for they did not know any Latin. But that is a slander, for there must have been many accomplished Latinists in its ranks, but somehow or other they did not think of translating their name into Latin. One of their main tenets was antipathy to the immigrants of foreigners to America. An old story that used to be told—and we never believe it and do not now believe it—was that Gov. Caldwell of Burke (before he became governor—organized a lodge of Know-Nothings in Morganton and his father, the late John Caldwell, was a candidate for initiation. "Are you a native of America, Mr. Caldwell?" was a question put to him. "Yes, sir; I'm a native of America, but I was born in Ireland!" He became a member and that is why I don't believe it; I don't believe they would have let him in if they had know he was an Irishman.

Ignoramuses is what they call themselves, but of course, Mr. Huxley and the rest of them confine their ignorance to things spiritual. Surely they have modesty enough to admit that they do not know everything about material things. As one refers to the long "string of guesswork" about the evolution even of material things, we do not have to await their admission that there is yet something for them to learn about the material universe. The wisdom of the human intellect combined, from the first reasonable being to this day, including intellectual "super-men" and half-wits, altogether since the beginning of time, compared with the infinite wisdom of God, our Father (the First Cause, they must call Him, unles they believe in chance) is as nothing. The worship of the human intellect is bound to weaken the "stay upon God," and concentrating all of human energy and intellect upon material things is bound to produce material results. That is the teaching of all history. The great world powers, the Babylonish, the Egyptian, the Roman, arrived at miraculous heights of mate-

rial achievements. The researches of scientific men, some of them agnostics and some of them Christians, have shown that as far as they have been able to learn from their scant findings, all of these great monarchies had reached scientific and artistic goals that surpassed our modern times in many instances. Engineers to this day are in ignorance as to the means employed by which great masses of stone in some of the Egyptian pyramids were transported from the quaries and how they were uplifted to their places in these great monuments. Where are the civilizations that produced all these material riches? With the human intellect the only guide in building up and directing and bolstering our modern life we are bound to run upon the destruction that befell every civilization that has gone before us.

The Christian civilization is nearly two thousand years old, and slowly, gradually, through trials and tribulations, it has dragged a naughty world out of the darkness of paganism, through the middle ages, by a veritable evolution, and reaching up for the star of hope, of altruism, of the Love of God which cannot be unless the love of man is included. Evolution of course; the Christian life is one of evolution. And right there is where the doctrine of ignorance is proved to be an heresy. We all have around about us thousands of humble Christians who—to our own knowledge—know that the Christian life is a battle with trials which the Father gives them for chastening, that they move on the Way they are going not by lying on "flowery beds of ease," but by taking up their burden and patiently bearing it until their Faith lifts it from their shoulders. This they know from personal experience, and it takes something more than the Latin word "agnosco" to deprive them of it.

REAL SOURCE OF POWER.

It is not always the noisy ones about whose doings you read often in the daily papers who are really important. They are often lige the fly that sat on the axle of a chariot wheel and boasted of the dust he was raising. Unimportant spectacular doings of people who command a little brief notoriety are often given much publicity, but it is well not to overlook the fact that the really important things and the sources of the nation's greatness are taking place quietly and without fanfare of trumpets.

THE SANATORIUM MATTER.

(Lexington Dispatch.)

Governor McLean took hold of the State Sanatorium matter with promptness and firmness that pleased his friends when he returned from his vacation. It was not surprising to them that he gave a little hint of his chagrin at the story sent out by The Associated Press bureau at Raleigh "playing up" the statement that sick patients who had been at the hospital for months would be turned out to make room for others because of lack of funds.

There had undoubtedly been a feeling on the part of many who desire to see the present administration get a square deal, and who realize the difficulties that beset any governor who tries to put practical business methods into government, that same advantage might have been taken of the governor's absence from the State. This suspicion was partly confirmed when a few days later Dr. P. P. McCain, superintendent of the State Sanatorium, gave The Associated Press an additional statement putting a little different light on the matter and explaining that he did not mean that the Sanatorium did not have sufficient funds for maintenance.

It is recalled that the Sanatorium authorities asked the Legislature to appropriate a million dollars for new buildings, but the appropriation actually made provided only a comparatively small per cent of this amount. The usual liberal provision was made for maintenance.

It has been recognized for some years now by many members of the medical profession that the State would be hard put to it to make provisions at one institution to care for all who need treatment for tuberculosis. They are rather inclined to the view that the task is such a big one that it can be worked out only through a system of county tuberculosis hospitals. Many counties perhaps are not able to support such hospitals by themselves, and in these cases it is advocated that two or more adjoining counties tackle the proposition jointly. Guilford, Mecklenburg, Gaston and other counties are taking steps to care for their own citizens in need of treatment. Davidson and Rowan doctors now have joint committees at work looking to such a hospital.

This movement has been encouraged by the authorities at the State Sanatorium. Indeed the impetus given to campaigns for tubercular hospitals in several counties has been furnished largely by those conected with the States' institution of this character.

In view of this situation, we can but interpret the stir created at this time as a sort of backhanded slap at Governor McLean.

But the governor is going to have something to say about the matter that will no doubt compel public attention also.

Get ready for Cabarrus Fair, Oct 13th to 17th.

MONTEFIORE.

By James Hay, Jr., in Asheville Citizen.

Here is the life story which, above all others in literatures ancient or modern, proves how irresistible a force in human affairs kindness is.

It is the history of a man who, because he was kind, achieved high honors, consorted with kings, emperors and sultans, struck the shackles of slavery from millions of his people, and laid a compelling hand upon the policies of emipres.

These things are so remarkable and fascinating because kindness was his only weapon. To supplement it, he had none of those powers and resources with which ordinarily men make a stir in the world.

Lacking the learning of a lawyer, he argued victoriously with lawyers; untrained as a diplomat, he bent diplomats to his purposes; the member of a persecuted religion, he commanded the respect and homage of priests of many creeds; without the experience of a courtier, he gave counsel to sovereigns—and to all these triumphs his mercy and compassion showed him the way.

He lived to be almost a hundred and one years old. He was an English Jew. He was Sir Moses Montefiore. His life, lasting from 1784 to 1885 is sketched in the book, "Montefiore," by Paul Goodman, fresh from the press of the Jewish Publication Society of America in Philadelphia.

In 1826 Moses Montefiore, having accumulated as much money as he needed, retired from the business of the London Stock Exchange, and thereafter devoted every day of his long life to charity, to helping all kinds and creeds of people, to abolishing the disabilities of Jews throughout the world, and—the mission closest to his heart—the resettlement of the Jews in Palestine.

For this last named undertaking, he was eminently fitted by his position in life and by his other achievements as time went by.

Although an aristocrat of the aristocrats, although wealthy, highly cultured and moving in the best circles of London Jewry, Moses Montefiore's lines were not cast in pleasant places. He came upon a scene characterized by the ferocity with which Europe, Western and Eastern, persecuted his race and insisted upon maintaining its disabilities.

Despite all that, he was the first Jew to be elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, the foremost scientific body in the United Kingdom. He became a member of the Athenaeum, London's most exclusive club. He was made a baronet, and he and his wife were shown special favor at court by Queen Victoria.

Small wonder, then, that he was mentioned in Parliament as the chief argument for the political enfranchisement of the Jews in Great Britain, or that he was responsible for the election to the House of Commons of his nephew, Baron Lionel de Rothschild, the first professing Jew who ever sat in the British Parliament.

But all this was incidental to his principal work and ambition, the amelioration of his race's sufferings everywhere. So consecrated was he

to this cause, so mighty in the enterprise, that wherever Hebrews were oppressed, there was he called upon for help.

He never disregarded a summons. Seven times he made a pilgrimage to Palestine. He went to Persia and Morocco, Turkey and Italy, France, Russia and Rumania, again and again retracing his steps to this or that country whose affairs called him to uphold the cause for which he labored.

Furthermore, he went in state, powerful in his mission, with the backing and cooperation of Britain's Foreign Office. Not only Victoria, but the Emperorer of the French, the Sultan of Turkey, the Czar of Russia, the King of Roumania, and even the high officials of the Vatican received him with dignities and favors. And always he won rights and privileges for the Jews for whom he spoke, Jews who, even in his life-time, invested him with a glamor and a romance that made him a demi-god.

He won their veneration fairly. He had the physical courage that goes with true gentleness. In Bucharest on one occasion, when an armed mob assembled before his hotel threatening hiw with death, he faced them at an open window with the challenge: "Fire away if you like! I come here in the name of justice and humanity to plead the cause of innocent sufferers." Then he ordered an open carriage and in it drave through the mob. To those who tried to dissuade him, he replied: "Are you afraid? I trust in God. He will protect me."

He was the first Jew of distinction of Western Europe to make a devoted pilgrimage to Palestine and the first to stare negotiations for the purchase of large tracts of land there for Jewish colonization. In fact, although his errands of mercy to his race covered Europe, his greatest bid to fame in Jewish history is the fact that he started the movement for repossession of Palestine for the Jews.

But the great and universal inspiration in Mr. Goodman's book of 255 pages comes from its demonstration that a man may spend himself gloriously and give himself utterly for love of others, seeking no reward, and yet will, perforce, win the most coveted of all glories, the love of his race and the acclaim of all nations.

At the celebration of Sir Moses Montefiore's 100th birthday in his Ramsgate home, the whole town gave the day to doing him honor, kings and queens telegraphed him their congratulations, and the world's diplomats, financiers, statesmen, scholars and preachers paid him homage—because he was kind.

There is a thrill to that. A man, by being kind, can bring the world, kneeling, to his door.

Rastus.—"Wheah you-all bin?"
Finey.—"Lookin' foah work."
"Man! man!..Yoah cu'osity's gonna git you into trouble yit!"

TUBERCULOSIS.

By Ben Dixon MacNeill in News & Observer.

With all parties to the controversy going about their missions somewhat in the manner of the principals in one of these comic "battles royal" which sometimes feature provincial boxing contests—that is to say, blindfolded and armed with innocuous weapons with which they clout their adversaries—it seems to me that the gentlemen who conduct the State Tuberculosis Sanatorium are wandering somewhat afar from the essentials of the service that they might perform.

It is wholly immaterial whether there are 300 patients in the institution, or 350. It is not important relatively that fifty have been discharged because there is not room for them or that there is not money to care for them. It is entirely futile to use these statements to discredit the effort of Governor McLean to get the State on a workable financial basis. These things are entirely irrelevent to the problem of tuberculosis in North Carolina.

Nobody knows how many people there are in North Carolina sick with tuberculosis in one stage or another. Ten thousand is perhaps as good a guess as any, and if it be approximately correct, the Sanatorium is ministering to about three per cent of them. Save for the theoretical benefits of educational work through discharged patients the institution cannot claim to be dealing with the problem with any degree of effectiveness. It is not scratching the surface.

Tuberculosis is the disease of the poor. It breeds where there are improper living conditions, where there is improper nourishment. And it kills there. It comes from the lower stratas of life. The poison seeps upward like a deadly mist, striking here and there in the upper strata of the people. I cannot speak scientifically, but it seems reasonable that infection comes almost always from below—and from a strata that the Sanatorium does not pretend to touch.

Again I must use figures that are subject, perhaps, to correction when I say that the State is appropriating approximately $300 per patient per year in the Sanatorium. The 300 patients who are being treated there pay into the treasury of the hospital a fee of $45 per month, or $540 per year for the services obtained there. The total income per patient in the institution is more than $800 per year.

There is complaint that the funds available are insufficient to care for the patients. I do not know what it costs to treat a patient for tuberculosis for one year. In its other institutions, where the supervision required is much more exacting—the insane asylums, for instance—the per capita cost annually ranges from $290 to $310. The Sanatorium has approximately three times that amount. Perhaps it needs it.

I will not undertake to argue that the saving of a life is not worth the eight hundred dollars a year that the

Sanatorium charges. I will not contend that the institution ought to get along with a lower per capita cost. Perhaps it might, but I do not know. Nobody seems to know. Certainly the two and a half million people who pay the eight hundred dollars do not know. It may be none of their business.

But $800 a year makes recovery from tuberculosis absolutely impossible to 90 per cent of the people who have it. I believe that the intent of the State was to combat the whole problem when it appropriated money for a tubercular hospital and not to provide a refuge for those who are able to pay $45 a month. The problem—and a menacing problem it is—is not found among those who have the $45 a month, but among the thousands who have nothing but tuberculosis.

OLD TIMES AND OLD FOLKS.

By Clarence Poe in Progressive Farmer.

With automobiles whizzing by every few minutes, it is hardly like "the real country" anywhere near a city now or even near a main-traveled highway, and I was glad to get clear away the other day and go for a visit to the old farm neighborhood where I was reared and where my nearest kinsfolk still live and work.

Maybe during this August weather, when crops have been laid by and farm duties are not pressing, we may take time just for a leisurly talk about old tims in the country as they were recalled to me on this trip. Certainly it is to such places, unspoiled by the hectic rush and fever, the clang and clamor of modern industrialism, that one must go now to find the old-time country flavor and atmosphere; the sort of atmosphere Robert Louis Stevenson had in mind when he wrote of—

"The highlands, the country places,
Where the old plain men have rosy faces,
And the young fair maidens quiet eyes."

Visiting An Old-Time Country Home

I recall very plainly now the rosy face of an old plain man who was my great-uncle and whose home, just a mile from where I was reared, I visited last Saturday. He lived to be ninety years old, his wife ninety-five, and his father before him (my great-grandfather) also lived to be ninety. My great-uncle's daughter, seventy-three years old, now owns this place and her grandfathr's place, and not only does her own housework but helps her husband with some of the farm work, too.

An old gun that was originally a flintlock musket hangs over the door along with a Confederate knapsack, while an old clock bought by my uncle when he was married a hundred years ago was still serenely ticking away the hours at the time of my visit—just as it had ticked away the hours long, long ago for slaves and masters, then to eager young soldiers ready to ride away to fight with Lee and Jackson, and then the years of Reconsruction and the South's slow recovery from poverty and distaster. Upstairs was my great-uncle's old

corded four-poster bed made for him by a cousin a century ago, a bed carved out of the native woods; while near at hand was the old flax-wheel my great-aunt used. I still found some flax growing in the garden next to the sage-row (which sage-row left me wondering if anybody still drinks sage-tea or sassafras-tea, or even smokes dried fig leaves or "life everlasting" in an old clay pipe, as I used to see old folks do,) while out in the yard a crepe myrtle bloomed near the massive old stone chimney, an old-fashioned damson was bearing its blue fruit—and nobody has ever made better preserves than these old-time country mothers used to make out of damsons! Nothing seemed to have been added to the old place as I remember it as a boy, except a new highway cut across the neighboring fields, while I missed nothing except the rail fences and the old cider mill my great-uncle used to have and his old cider mill my great-uncle used to have and his old beehives. (Possibly the beehives may still be near-by—I just didn't see them near the front of the house as I used to; but the cider mill has vanished completely.)

A Corn Crib That Is A Work Of Art

I was interested to find that my cousin, the old lady, still erect and vigorous at seventy-three, had a genuine apreciation of her few simple pieces of old-time furniture. Almost everywhere nowadays shrewd bargainers are going and picking up old furiture from country homes at ridiculously low prices and then selling it (after fixing it up a little) for ridiculously high prices to city women on the search for "antiques." Unfortunately, the great majority of our farm folks have had no appreciation of their old-fashioned furniture, much of it mahogany or walnut and nearly all of it exquisitely carved, and have been all too willing to replace it by machine-made modern stuff.

My old cousin, however, not only gave me an interesting comparison of her mother's old bureau and a new one storelbought some years ago, but she had something of an artist's appreciation of her father's old-fashioned corn crib hewn with a broad-axe out of heavy logs by one of my ancient kinsmen and so perfectly dovetailed and fitted together (without any clay daubing whatever) that it has almost perfectly kept out the rains of a hundred years and it still good. Such a strong, solid, sturdy, compact, four-square old buiding it is, I know that the farm lad who felled the great trees, hewed them out, and fitted its timbers together (he was hardly more than "a shirt-tail boy" at the time, as my uncle used to say of him) must have felt a strong manly pride in his job. He was evidently the sort of youngster who is not satified with any sort of slackness in any kind of work, but rather takes for himself the excellent motto:—

"If I were a cobbler, I'd make it my pride,
The best of all cobblers to be;
If I were a tinker, no tinker beside
Should mend an old kettle like me!"

I could but wish that "David Grayson" might see the old crib, the old-fashioned house with its big

chimneys and great old fireplaces, the flax-wheel, the musket, and the old hand-made furniture. From them, he should certainly have found inspiration for writing another one of his inimitable "Adventures in Contentment."

Recalling Old Times And Old Customs

Old times and old customs somehow seemed much nearer to me as I talked with this old kinswoman of mine last Saturday evening. For one thing she told me of a visit of her grandfather — my great-grandfather, born about 1768. So here is a woman now living who remembers seeing a man who was born an American subject of His Majesty, King George III of Great Britain, and who was in his teens when Washington's soldiers came back home after the defeat of Corwallis at Yorktown! He was one of the many pioneers who came southward from Virginia long ago, found land he liked along the creek bottoms, and having located a never-failing spring, built his simple house on the hilltop above it, living and working with his slaves till the end came—dying in 1859 just before the War Between the States ended for all time the unique and patriarchal civilization of which he had been a living part.

And I myself can remember my old cousin's mother my great-aunt, a sister of my grandmother (for my grandfather and this brother of his married sisters.) I have heard her tell of seeing the soldiers coming home from the War of 1812. Going out with pioneer kinsmen while young to find a new home in a distant state, she became dissatisfied and made a 500-mile trip by horseback returning home. Her uncle coming one day's journey with her, she made the rest of the two weeks' trip through scarcely settled country alone. A typical pioneer woman was she—full of industry, strength, and courage, keeping her habitual cheerfulness even after she went blind in her last days. Living with her husband sixty years, rearing a large family, and dying at ninety-five, she was the type of pioneer woman whom Edgar Lee Masters fittingly portrays in his poem, "Lucinda Matlock:—

"We were married and lived together for seventy years,
Enjoying, working, raising the twelve children.
I spun, I wove, I kept the house, I nursed the sick,
I made the garden, and for holiday
Rambled over the fields where sang the larks,
And by Spoon River gathered many a shell,
And many a flower and medicinal weed—
Shouting to the wooded hills, singing to the green valleys.
At ninety-six I had lived enough, that is all,
And passed to a sweet repose.

What is this I hear of sorrow and weariness,
Anger, discontent and drooping hopes?
Degenerate sons and daughters,
Life is too strong for you—
It takes life to love Life."

"A Seller Of The Ancestral Land"

It is a small farm that this old kinswoman of mine has, but it has been hallowed by the toil and love of

generations of her name and blood, and I could but regret that she and her husband have no son or daughter to whom they can leave it. It does not have to be a large place for one to love it and wish to hand it down to others who will treasure it and its memories. The distinguished, brilliant, aristocratic Lord Curzon of England dying there a few months ago without sons, made provision for keeping Kedleston, the ancestral home, in the hands of a nephew, saying in his will:—

> "It is from no motive of pride or vanity that I desire to keep Kedleston estate intact and the mansion with its contents cared for, but because attaching as I do a high value to the survival of the landed aristocracy of Great Britain and believeing they may still continue to be a source of stability to the state, I desire that my family, which has owned and resided at Kedleston for over 800 years, shall continue to live there and maintain the traditions of a not unworthy past. I have sought to assist my successors in doing this with dignity but without extravaganve."

It is a pity that so many of the inheritors of our old Southern plantations have lacked the regard for the old family homes which Lord Curzon here expresses—a sentiment which, as I say, even owners of small farms may well share and nuture. Sooner or later, I hope we shall develop in the South and all over America a race of men and women who love the land, love the very clay and sand out of which they and their fathers have grown the crops, and will feel a pride in keeping and beautifying through generation after generation the old home of each family. When I was in Japan years ago, Dr. Juichi Soyeda gave me a noteworthy illustration of the affection of the people of tah tcountry for their home farms. "The Japanese," he people of that country for their the man who sells an old homestead." There is no English equivalent to it, but it means "a seller of the ancestral land," and to say it of a man is almost equivalent to reflecting upon his character or honor!

It is such a spirit of affection for our farm homes that I wish we might develop in America. Of course, if the owners really must move away, ti is often better for them to sell "the ancestral land" to worthy and capable persons who will love it and beautify it, than it is to let it run down in the hands of shiftless tenants. What we should really like to see such absentee owners do, however, is to look out carefully for enterprising and ambitious young but poor farmers somewhat related to them and then give such kinsmen (whether near or distan) the easiest possible terms for the purchase of the old family home. In this way many of our fine old country homes now going sadly to waste might be put into the hands of people with at least some blood-relationship to the former owners and with some ambition to restore something of the old-time grace and beauty to "the ancestral land."

See the label for the condition of your subscription.

ANTHONY'S NOTE

By Lilliace Montgomery Mitchell.

Verna stared at the list in her hand. "There's not an item there that we can omit each month," she said doubtfully, "not one thing. We have to have groceries and light and cooking gas and coal. Then the five dollars a month towards the church—no, that can't be left out. But what can we do about Anthony's note?" She wrinkled her pretty white forehead but as many wrinkles as she could produce on the outside could not produce any thought about more money or less expenditure each month.

Her brother Anthony had gone to Africa with an expedition and would be gone two years. Only this morning a notice had come from the bank that his note for ninety dollars would be due in sixty days. Verna knew Anthony had completely forgotten that note. He was always careless, anyhow, and when it came to money he was apt to be entirely forgetful. His ethnological work at the university filled his mind full to overflowing. And this expedition had been a crowning glory after years of the hardest, most grinding research work.

Christine sat across the table from her sister, polishing the silver spoons. "What's the use of worrying? We can't meet the note for him, you know. How could he expect us to get ninety dollars together out of this little allowance?"

"Why, Chris, he left us more than he took himself! He didn't take nearly a third for himself!"

"I know that," answered Christine, "but then, money is money, and ninety dollars—! Why, the bank might as well expect ninety thousand from us!"

"Now, Chris, the bank doesn't expect the money from us. They expect it from Anthony and now he's forgotten all about it. If the note isn't paid it will hurt his credit—and maybe more than that—his reputation!"

"Well, there's no use polishing this spoon any more," said Christine absently. "It's polished now so that you can see your face in the bowl of it." And Christine regarded her face in the shining bowl of the spoon as she spoke.

"I know," responded Verna, "and I must get out into the kitchen and dye my orange dress, if I'm going to wear it this afternoon. I believe it will be much prettier brown, anyhow—I'm going to make a very bright brown with lots of dash to it. Those dull browns are hard to wear, I think."

The rest of the morning saw Verna in the kitchin, a large cover-all apron over her house dress her face wreathed in smiles. There was nothing Verna enjoyed quite so much as getting out into the kitchen with a large pan of dyes and a half-dozen little pans of dye-mixture with which she could experiment as to exact shades or color. Her orange frock, a normandy voile, had been brilliant in tone at the first of the summer. Now, however, it was faded down the

front until it was hardly as deep a yellow as lemon color. The back was still orange. She knew that a garment so faded would not take a light color. Besides that, as long as autumn was coming on a darker shade would be more useful than a pale summer shade. At eleven o'clock she hung it in the yard, dyed, She pressed it while it was yet damp and wore it to luncheon. That was Verna's way. If fshe had a thing to do, she could not rest until she had tackled it, conquered it and had it finished.

At the club meeting that afternoon Verna was surprised at the compliments she received about her new brown frock.

"Oh, but it isn't new!" she cried laughingly, "it's my old orange. That one which was so faded down the front from the hot sun. I just dyed it, that's all."

"Dyed it at home?" asked Mary Wering.

Verna nodded.

"I wonder—I always have such miserable luck dyeing—" Mary Wering began.

"Luck? There's no luck to it," cut in Verna. "All you have to do is to follow the directions on the little paper of dyes. Of course, I made this a brighter brown than the browns you buy. I mixed the colors some. But you don't have to do that. Just buy a package of dye the color you want and boil the frock—after you've washed it good and clean—and presto-chango—you have a new frock, pretty nearly!" She twirled about as she spoke and gave the effect of a huge golden brown autumn leaf, fluttering gaily.

"Oh, Verna! It's such a lovely color! Would you dye mine for me? I'd be glad to buy the dye and—and —you know—pay what it's worth for the work."

Verna stared at her. "Dye?" Why I'm no professional dyer, you know. I was never in a dye shop in all of my life. I don't know the first thing about it except—well, just trying on my own hook, as you might say."

"Well, that's all right with me. I don't care anything about the professional side of it. All I want is to have my dress dyed a pretty color. Even at the dyer's—they don't have any guarantees as to the success of dyeing things. I guess its always more or less of a chance—the dyeing of articles."

"I don't think so," said Verna seriously. "There's no chance about mine, I know. If I test it out I can always get exactly the shade I want."

"Dye mine," said Mary.

"All right."

Verna spent the next morning as happily as the preceding one. She dipped and tried and tested until she had the shade she wanted. When Mary called for the dress in the afternoon she was delighted and left seventy-five cents on the dining room table. Verna had insisted that that was too much but Mary would not pay less.

"After all," Christie told Verna, "it took your whole morning and a dime's worth of dyes so that was none too much. It was enough, to be sure, but not too much."

"That's right," agreed Verna thoughtfully. "I wonder—if I could get some dyenig to do, Chris, it would maybe earn enough to pay off Anthony's note. Surely, if I could get

enough things to do, it would make up the amount. Each sum would be small in itself but "little drops of water,' you know."

Christine laughed. "I doubt if you could ever get enough dyeing to do to earn that much. You could try, since you like to do it so well, any how."

After Mary wore her dyed frock, it was amazing the number of people who found that they, too, had frocks good enough to wear but faded. Faded frocks! Why, Christine said one day, there were enough faded frocks in the town to fill fourteen trunks! Even in the next town down the cement road people began to search out their old things: slippers of satin, ribbon sashes, sun-room drapes that had seen too much sun, silk custome slips that had been through too many washings to hold their original colors—why, there was no end to the things that suddenly seemed to need dyeing.

Verna never guaranteed any of the work. She knew that it would be folly to do so. When even professional dyers refused to guarantee results, there was little use in her trying to do so. But she worked hard with every order. Even when Mrs. Arnold sent over a small box of hair-ribbons belonging to Nancy Anne, Verna spent a great deal of time trying shades and testing tiny scraps of the silk ends. When she returned the ribbons, she had not only dyed and pressed them but she had made up the bows again into dainty bows ready to be worn.

"Why, Verna, I never knew you could make bows," said Mrs. Arnold over the telephone. "I had thought that I would take them up to the Bartlett Sore in Sandwich to have them made up into bows again. But yours are so pretty!"

"I didn't know myself I could make them up just as they were," said Verna, "but I thought that I'd try and see how they turned out. I ues a little bit of fine wire that I had on a corsage bouquet last summer. It was one Anthony sent to me to wear commencement night."

Her heart contracted as she thought of the cost of that corsage. She had seen the cheque that Anthony had sent for that corsage. Careless, good-natured Anthony! When he had plenty of money, he was likely to be over-generous with it. When there was none, he was still good-natured and happy as he started to work on some article that Christine called "dry and long-winded." Anthony would always laugh when she talked like this.

"Long-winded?" he would say with a one-sided little smile, "of course it's long-winded! Don't they pay me by the word. Why condence it?"

But Verna knew that that was only his little joke to tease Christine, for she had seen typewritten pages with a word here, a sentence there and a part of a paragraph somewhere else run through with a red pencil.

As the time grew nearer for the note to be paid, Verna was dismayed to find that she had only sixty-eight dollars in the savings account she had started. Sixty-eight dollars, and the note for ninety, to say nothing of the small amount of interest. She was not sure whether or not the interest had been paid at the beginning or whether it would be due with the

ninety dollars. Anthony was so honest that sometimes, when he was short, the bank allowed the interest to be met at the end rather than the beginning, although, of course, this was unusual.

"I've thirty-one dollars," said Christine one evening when she returned from school, "does that help out any on Anthony's note?"

"Thirty-one dollars?" echoed Verna. "Thirty-one dollars? Why, how in the world—"

"Oh, Miss Merrill wanted some work copied on the typewriter. I had finished my perfect copies 'way ahead of the class and so Miss Potter let me copy the work. It seems that the regular charge is ten cents a page and Miss Merrill paid me that. Oh, there were yards and yards of copying—reams of it. It came to forty dollars by the page, but Miss Potter said that when a quantity of work was done for one person at one time the charge was always less. So we thought thirty dollars would be about right. Then there was a dollar for the paper I used. I bought that out of my lunch money when I started."

They had a jolly little supper that night, for was there not reason to be gay! Anthony's note could be met and a little to spare!

"And you were so casual about it, Chris, I thought you didn't—care! That hurt almost as bad as being short of money, not to have you care—"

"There was no use in sitting about weeping," said Christine practically. "It was better to get to work and earn the money. I knew that you would have some and if I could gather together the little ends and rags and tags of change that would be needed to finish it out—"

"'Change,'" scoffed Verna. "Calling thirty-one dollars 'change,' why," but before she could complete her sentence the mail-man rang the bell.

A letter from Anthony!

Together they tore the envelope excitedly, saving the odd, foreign stamp. They had not expected a letter so soon for he had four articles to be finished on the way across and then he would be busy besides with other matters about the expedition.

".....and, by the way, there is a note due at the bank in a few days from the time you will get this note. I took out the money for it and, when I was going through the safe deposit box, I recall having laid the bills in between the government bonds. The key to the box is in the desk drawer at the right. They have your signature at the bank and I have told them you are to be admitted to the box any time you wish to be. Get that money and make the payment, will you. I'm sorry I forgot to attend to it but with my usual carelessness it slipped my mind after I once had the money in my hand. Hate to bother you about it. You and Chris both need—but never mind, a cheque will be there in a few days. I sold my article on the Ainus and the cheque is to be forwarded to you. Spend it and enjoy the 'going-away gift' of

You careless brother
ANTHONY."

And that was the way it happened that on the day Anthony's note was due, the two sisters not only paid the note but made a deposit in the

checking acount of more than ninety dollars. Careless Anthony had set them to work, unknowingly.

CHOICE OF PATHS.

(Selected.)

It was to be a vacation day for the little group that had left the hot city and gone by trolley to the country. They started through the woods along a noble stream. There was a well beaten path following close to the bank of the cool water. This path came to a dividing point where one path continued through the lowlands, and another path branched upward toward the rugged hills that skirted the valley. It seemed to some of the group that it would be highest folly to climb the hill path, when the other was so level and amply shaded. Others were in doubt about remaining near the stream and preferred the upper way. So they made their choices and began their walk. Now it turned out that the lower path led on into swampy ground where weeds were high, and mosquitoes were abundant. The air was damp and stuffy. The heat was excessive. The path was level as before, the water as quiet and the overarching trees as beautiful. But, most of the persons on the lower path were so much concerned about the heat and the mosquitoes that they missed all the beauty. The ones on the upper path had climbed with difficulty. Their path was surrounded by much of beauty. The higher they went the purer the air, the fresher the breezes, the more invigorating the whole experience. At the beginning they were laughed at for their choice; in the end their choice proved itself best.

Paths are always to be chosen. Educational paths confront us. Shall we take the easy one and drift along without effort? Shall we try the harder one and climb to purer air and farther horizon? Religious paths are before us. Which kind of religious life do we prefer? Shall it be one of ease and dolessness, just because it seems so alluring? Might it be better to try a religious life that requires some effort but truly accomplishes something? Answering these queries is so easy as to appear needless, and yet some are mistaking the real path to usefulness and are taking the one that attracts by present pleasantness and small demands. Watch the paths; think before you choose; be alert for deceptive markings. Choose not merely for today but in terms of the coming years.

The Sennar Dam, the biggest in the world, is now being built across the Blue Nile in the Sudan. It will be two miles long, costing 8,000,000 pounds, and containing over fifteen million cubic feet of masonry.—Selected.

THE HOME HAPPY HOUR.

By Dr. J. W. Holland.

A mother in my parish told me this story about their home.

It is one of the rules of their household that the first hour of the day, after they arise, be called the Happy Hour.

During this Happy Hour certain topics are taboo. For instance, if there has been unpleasantness in yesterday, or anxiety about tomorrow, it is not to be mentioned. If the neighborhood is boiling with a juicy bit of scandal, it may not be dragged in during this Hour. If any member of the family over-ate for supper and did not sleep well, he is not to parade his biliousness before the other members of the family for at least an hour in the morning. That much for the negative side.

On the positive side, this is the rule. If good fortune had come to any of the family, he must speak of it during Happy Hour. Each one is asked to be on the lookout for some noble thought, and bring it to the breakfast table and read it. Generally the father or mother reads from the Bible, or from some book of prayers.

After that, the family scatters to the work of the day.

What a program for ten-million homes in the country. There is much sense in this matter. This family simply mix religion and common-sense. They simply take a little time in the morning to tune up their souls to higher harmonies.

An Italian street violinist had had a miserable day. Everything went wrong. People were crusty, his own heart was sad, and the pay for the day was a pitance. When he went home in the evening, and took his violin to the piano, he found that in his haste in the morning, he had not taken care to tune his major string correctly. He had been out of pitch all the day.

Think of the habits that the children in that home are forming. They have a Happy Hour beginning for their young lives. If that could be done in every home in America, we would not need half of our judges by nineteen hundred and fifty.

I am old-fashioned enough to believe that a mother's knee is the most sacred altar at which a child can kneel, and that the hands of true parents are stronger than iron bars to redeem children.

This mother said, "sometimes the spirit of our Happy Hour seems to carry throughout the day."

Certainly. That is the beauty of it. If we can "keep our tongues from speaking guile," and our minds from sin and selfishness for a brief hour, why is it not possible during all the day.

A little group of students in College banded together to keep the first fifteen minutes for prayer and Bible reading. I know it was a mighty sweetening force in each life.

Such a beginning of a day on earth, charged with the spiritual ozone of God's Grace will do a lot to change drudgery into art, and dun-colored duty to a delight.

Why not? Let's all try it for awhile, and then wire me personally and tell we how it has worked.

BOTH ARE TO BLAME.

(Morganton News-Herald.)

The Gastonia Gazette draws a picture that shows both sides of the bootleg business, and in "comparing exhibits" puts the emphasis on the unfortunate condition of the fellow who buys and uses the stuff. However, it should not be forgotten that if there were no market there would be no manufacture, and as a matter of fact it's "six of one and half a dozen of the other. "Both are to blame and both to be pitied. An observer at any term of criminal court would likely have about these same thoughts go through his mind as are so well expressed by the Gazette:

"The bootlegger brings his family, wife and children, of all ages, ranging from the oldest down to the babe in arms into the courtroom when he is arrainged for trial.

"Of course, all this is a grandstand play and is designed solely and wholly to create sympathy for the defendant in the eyes of the public and the jury. It is an old game and is generally worked for all it is worth.

"Supose the prosecution would array all the wrecked homes, the blasted lives, the worthless careers, the murders, the widows and orphans, the hungry homes and deserted firesides that whiskey causes. Such an array of desolation, death and tragedy might counter-balance the bootlegger's family.

"Suppose the bleeding, lacerated and gnashed body of one of the recent victims of bootleg whiskey in Gaston county, with its 500 stitches, the victim's face slashed from ear to throat, his cheek and chin laid open to the gum, his body gashed and slashed, and the heart exposed, the flesh and cartiliage cut from the ribs, a lung punctured, the leader muscle in his ankle severed—suppose the victim in his habiliments cauld be brought into the coudrtroom as an exhibit to offset the exhibition of the prisoner's family, where would the sympathy go?

It's a pity the bootlegger does not look ahead a few weeks.

WHY NOT DECIDE TO BE HONEST?

(Salisbury Post.)

Charlie Correll, long a jeweler and upright citizen of Concord used to relate his experience with a pistol. He had one in his store, and with thousands of dollars worth of valuable jewels on display oftimes it would have been considered all proper for the owner to have a pistol somewhere abouts.

Bu Mr. Correll found that the pistol made a coward of him and he threw it away. "I found myself," he said, "thinking of it and every night when I started for home I would slip it into my coat pocket. I would finger it and always had it on my mind, until I grew to fear. I would watch for some one to spring from behind some friendly tree or neighbor's house, and promptly my

heart would jump and my hand tighten on the weapon.''

Finding himself growing more and more afraid and conscious of a danger that never appeared, Mr. Correll threw the pistol away, dismissed his fears and recovered his composure. And when we think of this man's experience, how natural. Doubtless many have had a similar experience, and perhaps if still others had had such a presentation they might have thrown the pistol away before it brought them face to fact with terrible tragedy.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By James Davis.

Clayton Stephens, house boy of the seventh cottage, received his parole last Thursday.

Harry Sims, former boy at the school, was a recent visitor here. Sims is now employed in Charlotte.

J. J. Jones, Milton Hunt and James Torrence, former boys at the institution, paid the school a visit during the past week.

Herman Goodman, a member of the second cottage, has been appointed morning office boy, to fill the vacancy left by Clint Wright.

Clint Wright, Silman Gragg, Percy Briley and Linsey Lambeth, members of the second, ninth and eleventh cottages were paroled last Wednesday.

Howard Riggs, a member of the band, was called upon to go to the county home with one of the newly organized Concord bands, owing to the absence of their baritone player.

Lester Love and Hoyle Austin have been appointed house boys in the Cannon Memorial Building replacing John Perry and Robert Sisk who left us last week with honorable paroles.

Mr. J. J. Barnhardt, of Concord, conducted the services last Sunday afternoon. He took his text from the first eight verses of the third chapter of Genesis. Everyone enjoyed Mr. Barnhardt's sermon and we hope to have him with us again.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Groover and their son Charles, have returned to the institution after spending a month's vacation. Mr. Groover is supervisor of the shoe shop and Mrs. Groover is matron of the tenth cottage.

The following boys were visited by friends and relatives last Wednesday: Alton Etheridge, Bruce Vanpelt, Clint Wright, Joe Wilkes, Hunter Cline, Bill Billings, Huett Collier, Charlie and Beaufort Carter, Roy Johnson, John Glenn and Charlie

Sherril.

The boys of the Mecklenburg county cottage received a bundle of books and magazines last Friday. These were given to them by a group of Charlotte folks, and they left without giving the boys a chance to thank them or find out their names.

The Training School team registered their first win in the five starts when they defeated the Mt. Pleasant team last Saturday by the score of 7 to 5. Charley Brown, local pitcher, settled and pitched stellar ball after W. Almond's home run with the bases full in the first frame. However they were able to push their final run across the plate in the fourth inning the result of a error followed by a two-base hit.

Brown struck out a total of eighteen batters, allowing only seven widely scattered hits. He struck out every visiting player at least once, Shoe was a victim four times and Lefler three. He also got two of the nine hits, one of them going for a double.

The locals scored two in the third, the first batter up singled to the right, he scored a moment later when the right fielder let the next ball go through him for a triple, he scored on Morris's long sacrifice fly to left. Another was added in the fifth when the locals bunched three hits in succession. Brown's double and Poplin's home run tied the score in the sixth. Lemon's and Brown's singles bunched with an error accounted for the locals final markers in the eighth.

Lemons, local catcher caught a good game behind the plate.

HONOR ROLL.

Room No. 1.

"A"

Ray Franklin, Herman Goodman, Hyram Grier, Albert Jarman, Mark Jolly, Craven Pait, Irvin Turner, Cucell Watkins, Jas. Davis, Elwyn Green, Carl Henry, Albert Hill, Geo. Howard, Willie Herndon, Robt. Lea, Hallie Matthews, Wm. Miller, Washington Pickett, Ray Rector, Clint Wright.

"B"

Chas. Beach, Percy Briley, Howard Keller, Valton Lee, Chas. Loggins, Lee McBride, Theodore Wallace, Sylvester Honeycutt, Floyd McArthur, James O'Quinn, Alwyn Shinn, Zeb Trexler, Aubrey Weaver.

Room No. 2.

"A"

Roy Johnson, Julian Strickland, Clayton Stephens, Rusell Capps, Walter Evers, David Fountain, Abraham Goodman, John Johnson.

"B"

Wm. Creasman, Paul Camp, Jas. Cumbie, Homer Montgomery, Basel Johnson, Ralph Martin, James Ford.

Room No. 3.

"A"

Leanard Atkins, Ralph Hollars, Charles Carter, David Seagle, Raymond Richards, Simon Wade, Bloyce Johnson, Lawrence Scales, Robt. Hartline, Clyde Brown, Brevard McLendon, Alfred Maberry, Byron Ford,

J. Lambert, Carlton Hagar, Sol Sam Poplin, Roy Forbush, Glenn Walker.

"B"

Claben McConnel, John Kivett, Jennings Freeman, John Creech, Ray Norris, Mack Henderson, Rusell Audill, Alfred Stamey, Bruce Bennett, Sam Poplin, Roy Forbush.

Room No. 4.

"A"

Melvin Williams, Clay Bates Andrew Bivens, Dewey Blackman, George Cox, Hunter Cline, Hill Ellington, Hubert Floyd, Harold Ford, Tom Grose, Willard Gillerland, Pearce Honeysucker, Jessie Hennie, Jeff Latterman, Lonnie Lewis, Clyde Lovett, Lester Love, Paul Lanier, Walter Massey, Felix Moore, Jethro Mills, Lonnie McGee, Lummie McGee, Daniel Nethercutt, James Reddick, Clyde Smith, James Sprinkle, John Taylor, Rudolph Watts, Daniel Albarthw, Clarence Ballard, Maston Britt, Claude Dunn, Johnnie Gray, William Harmon, Roe Hauser, Henry Jackson, Marvin Kelly, Lemual Lane, George Lewis, James McCoy, Chalie Murphy, John Pressnell, Wm. Rivenbark, Clarence Rogers, Floyd Stanley, Jock Stevenson, John Tomasin, Cecil Trull, Theodore Teague, Frank Watson, William Warford, Clarence Weathers, Lee Wright.

"B"

Frank Bucher, Rosco Grogan, Emis Harper, Edwin Moses, James Peeler, Claude Stanley, Delmas Stanley, Charlie Sherrill, Jack Wilson, Henry Andrews, Lev Carraway, Hewitt Collier, James Davis, Robert Deans, Earl Green, Johnnie Hill, Frank Ledford, Keneth Lewis, J. L. Murray, Paul Sisk.

Millions of morning glories are to be seen in a four acre piece of land back of the writer's barn where there was sown a crop of soy beans, that are not, because of the drougth. The colors each morning are the most beautiful ever seen, painted during the night by the fingers of God.—Catawba News-Enterprise.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SCHEDULE

South Bound

No.	29	2:35 A. M.
"	31	6:07 A. M.
"	11	8:05 A. M.
"	33	8:25 A. M.
"	45	3:55 P. M.
"	135	8:35 P. M.
"	35	10:12 P. M.

North Bound

No.	30	2:00 A. M.
"	136	5:00 A. M.
"	36	10:25 A. M.
"	46	3:15 P. M.
"	34	4:43 P. M.
"	12	7:10 P. M.
"	32	8:36 P. M.
"	40	9:28 P. M.

For further information apply to

M. E. Woody,

Ticket Agent

Southern Railway

Concord, N. C

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIII. CONCORD, N. C., SEP[illegible] No. 42

PROVES HIS GREATNESS.

It is said that Dr. George T. Winston, ex-president of the University of North Carolina, stated on an occasion, that "North Carolina never produced but two great men —Walter Hines Page, ambassador to the court of St. James, and James B. Duke, of Durham." Jones Fuller told Mr. Duke about the statement and asked him if he had heard it. Mr. Duke's reply was that he had not, and then remarked: "I am not great. There's nothing great about me. I have been permitted to accumulate vast sums of money, the reason I cannot tell. I regard myself only as a trustee of this wealth, and as a trustee am trying to make a proper distribution of it." This is a great sentiment; worthy of a great man. R. O. Everett sees in this incident a case analogous to that of Socrates. The oracle said Socrates was the wisest man in the world. Socrates quizzed all the wise men, and then came to this conclusion: "I am a fool and know it. After quizzing all the wise men I find they are fools and don't know it." Therefore he was the wisest of them all. Mr. Duke's sentiment qualifies him for greatness.—Old Hurrygraph.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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ADVERTISING NORTH CAROLINA.

Gov. McLean was not present in the flesh at the annual meeting of the State's Realtors, which was held in Charlotte during the past week; but he was very much in their midst in the spirit.

The Governor sent his respects to the business men gathered in the Queen City in the form of a most enlightening and encouraging address, which was read to the convention and received with considerable applause and other manifestations of approval. The Uplift carries the address in aother column. It hits the nail on the head, and our readers are urged to read every word of it and see how clearly Gov. McLean senses North Carolina's needs.

Cutting out slogans and open-air extravagances, he presents a thoughtful plan for the proper advertising of the resources and the possibilities in the old state. The whole address breathes the spirit of a constructive leadership, which in the end will prove a blessing to the state.

* * * * * * * * * *

HUMBLE FRUIT HONORED.

Mr. Huneycutt, who owns and edits The Montgomerian, has a very admiring reader out in Indiana. This reader is a lady; and she once visited in Montgomery county, and, liking the county and people so well, she had the Montgomery paper to follow her.

After saying a number of nice things about the county and her people, all

of which are richly deserved, she paid her respects to our old friend, the lowly persimmon. Just hear what the lady has to say:

"And speaking of fruit, I haven't forgotten the delicious flavor of the North Carolina persimmons. They looked to me like golden globules of honey as they hung dead ripe upon the trees."

Editor Huneycutt will not have exhibited the fine qualities of heart and mind, we know him to possess, if he fails to lead kindly his Indiana subscriber into a finer and larger appreciation of this great, spontaneous and beloved fruit that grows everywhere in the Piedmont section. Say, Huneycutt, write the lady that you have shipped her, when the first frost attunes this delicious fruit and colors it in regulation manner, a bountiful supply of "the golden globules of honey" and give her your receipts for making persimmon custards (not pies, if you please,) persimmon puddings, and, if you are sure that the lady is not too tender-footed, you might give her your famous receipt for the making of "Simmon beer."

But, seriously, that Indiana woman has a heart and a courage—most people seem ashamed to do honor to this splendid fruit that thrives in our country—to place the persimmon on such a proud pedestal.

* * * * * * * * * * *

THE BEAUTIFUL.

God has not given to every one a beautiful face, or beautiful hands, or a beautiful figure. He has reserved those for the very few. Most of us would not stand a chance in a beauty contest. But He has not denied any of us the privilege of being truly beautiful. For beauty is as beauty does. We have known persons who are very plain and unattractive, and yet as soon as they spoke those plain features lit up with appealing interest because back of them was a heart that had beauty in it.

And have you ever noticed how we grow to think that even a homely face is beautiful when that person has drawn us to him by repeated kindnesses? And when any one insinuates to us that he is homely we resent it. If you knew two persons who were as different as they could be and desired an artist who had never seen them to paint pictures of them, do you know how he would do it? He would want you to describe them physically as best as you could. And then if you wereto add the information that the one was gentle and unselfish, while the other was severe and all for himself, the artist would indicate these traits in the face and manner of the subjects he was requested to paint. No thoughtful person ever questions that the goodness of the

heart and the spirit that stirs within beautifies or mars the face, which in God's plan, becomes the mirror to reflect the life itself.—Selected.

* * * * * * * * * *

VERY MUCH AT HOME.

Catawba county takes unto herself another distinction: the first woman to hold the chairmanship of a County Welfare Board is Mrs. Stella Josey Price, of Hickory. She was elected by the County Commissioners out of a list of twenty-five candidates, three of whom were women.

Mrs. Price has the reputation of being a remarkable woman, possessed of a strong personality and of brilliant attainments. She enjoys another distinction, which is unique. Mrs. Price in 1920 was licensed to preach by the Methodist Episcopal Church; and another honor coming to her, though just twenty-five years of age, was her election to the presidency of the Business and Professional Women's Club, of Hickory.

By the way, could one conceive of a better fit than a woman charged with the duties of a welfare worker—woman is in her natural element when she goes about attending to the distressed, wiping away tears and handing out a cup of cold water.

* * * * * * * * * *

BLANKS.

H. W. Blanks, of the Concord Chamber of Commerce and the Y. M. C. A., who with a party of Concordians, took a European trip, has returned to base. He was the last to get back home. At the Kiwanis meeting on Friday Mr. Blanks was called upon to tell of his trip. Among other statements he made, Mr. Blanks remarked upon the idleness in England, the vice and evil in France and Italy, and was impressed with the hustle and activity in Germany. He seemed, as the young girls say in their enthusiasm, "just crazy" about the Scandinavian countries and their people.

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HARRY DEATON.

Mr. Harry Preston Deaton, editor of the Mooresville Enterprise, announces in his splendid weekly publicaton that he has been a citizen of Mooresville twenty-six years. The fine little city shows it, but Harry does not look any older than he did when he aided this writer in getting out the first daily paper Concord ever had.

All the good fortune and success that have attended Editor Deaton, he has

deserved every bit of it. A clean, industrious and manly boy was he—his purposes as clean as a hound's tooth—he has grown up, having the single purpose of being an integral part of his community. His life and deeds show this.

No person, not akin to him, could rejoice more over his success and prosperity than the editor of The Uplift—and may he be spared many years to do service for his fellows.

* * * * * * * * * *

SOMETHING MIGHTY WRONG.

The Charlotte Observer announced that on the first day of this week's Superior Court of Mecklenburg county sixteen divorces were granted. At a recent term of the Cabarrus court eleven divorces made a record.

There is something radically wrong in this most sacred relationship between man and woman. It threatens the high standing of the coming generations. Are we just drifting with the winds? Have Ford-car and Swimming-pool courtships and street laxities and familiarities had anything to do with these unfortunate and miserable results in marriage? There is a looseness, at least, in this most sacred relation of life, and the future of it all is by no means encouraging.

* * * * * * * * * *

INSTALL YOUR SIGN.

An editor aptly writes these observations which carry their own lessons:

I had occasion some time ago to make my way to a lawyer's office. All about the walls I saw shelf after shelf of books dealing with his profession. Now and then I go to a doctor's office, and there I find he has surrounded himself with books and magazines that treat of the subject of medicine. And the chances are I will find on the walls pictures of conventions of the medical profession, and photographs of men who have been unusually successful in that field of service. I have had the privilege of being in missionaries homes; and I doubt it any one would have had to tell me that they were missionaries. The proofs of it were all about—on the floor, on the walls, on the tables. They had brought together, each of these individuals I have mentioned, those things that helped them in their chosen field and gave evidence of what they were doing.

One would think that the Christian home ought to have some articles in it, not necessarily costly, that would give visitors as soon as they enter an impression of what it stands for. It might be a good thing for us to walk through our homes and see how much there is in them that gives anything like a Christian message. A minister and his wife were just taking

hold of their first church. When they had completed the furnishings of the parsonage, the minister's father was invited to go through it. When he had gone into each room he said to the son, "It would be hard to tell from what I have seen that you are a Christian." Should we not gather about us that which explains what we believe and like?

* * * * * * * * * *

Dr. J. Y. Joyner, a conspicuous figure in the cooperative movement and a big farmer by proxy, returning from his farms in Lenior county, reports that "the boll weevil is getting the August crop of cotton." In this we see just one blessing of the extreme heat and dryness suffered in this section. Dr. Spencer another farmer by proxy, he being the efficient secretary of the Cabarrus Fair Association, declares that he "has not seen one of these animals this entire summer," whereupon Editor John Sherrill remarked that not a single bottled insect of any kind had been delivered at Tribune office during the entire summer to have himself exhibited to the gazing public and be written up.

"Good," exclaimed the seceretary of the Cabarrus Fair Association, "we are forever rid of boll weevils and other annoying and destructive insects."

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The Winston-Salem Presbytery, in session at Jefferson, had to pass on a unique question for this denomination. A brother introduced a resolution authorizing and sanctioning immersion as the proper method of baptising. It created a considerable discussion, but was overwhelmingly defeated. Unlike Asheville and surroundings, where on account of the great draught, the authorities vetoed baptism by immersion, Jefferson and her suroundings must not have suffered such a dry spell.

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The 75-year old Tennessee codger that has taken unto himself his seventh wife evidently believes in marrying. It was comforting to be informed by the AP that each of his other six wives had passed away in a natural way and that none of them was present in the flesh to annoy the peace of mind of the seventh dularkey.

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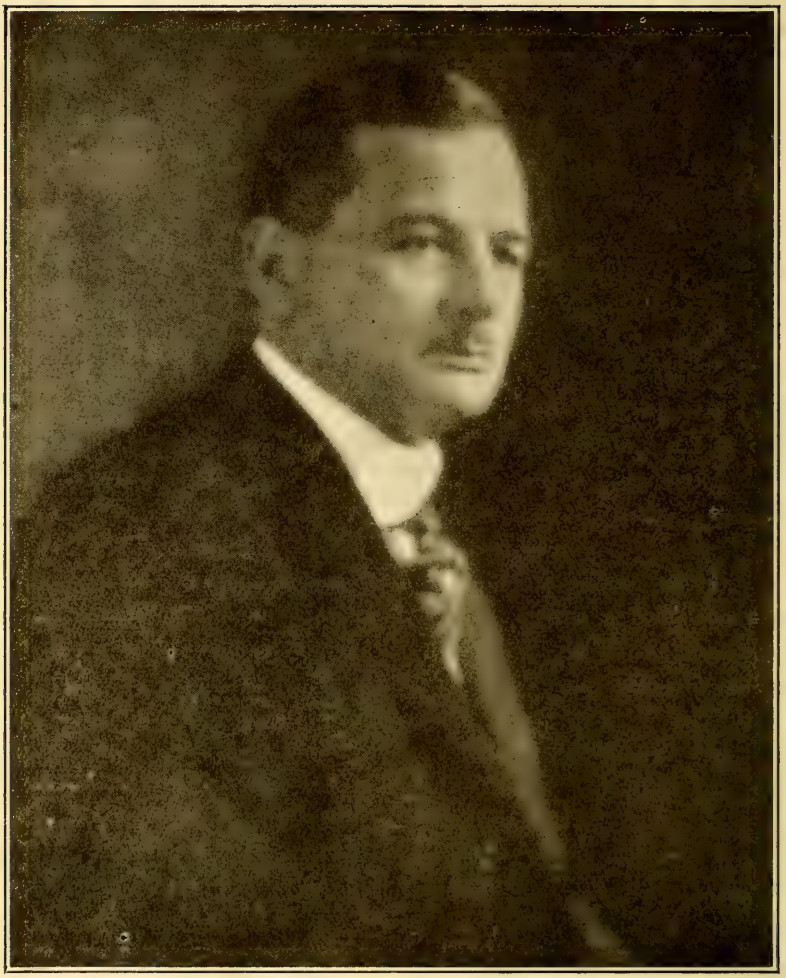
Borglum seems to have run out of advertising schemes. It has been a week or more since he has undertaken the chiseling of some historical event on some mountain or other—through the press.



GOV. ANGUS WILTON McLEAN,

In His Admirable Speech To The Realtors, Sounds A Fine Note.

HOW TO ADVERTISE OUR RESOURCES.

By Gov. McLean.

Address of Governor Angus W. McLean before the North Carolina Association of Real Estate Boards at their annual convention in Charlotte on the 3rd of September upon the subject "NORTH CAROLINA'S RESOURCES AND HOW TO ADVERTISE THEM."

Governor McLean said in part:

"Irrespective of the nature of his activity every man who labors within his State depends upon its land.

It is as the land produces that he prospers, in agriculture, industry, commerce or profession. It is as the land continues to possess the power to produce that he can consider that his prosperity has a future.

Those who deal in land, therefore, have an inspiration and a responsibility of a special nature. They are special trustees of a common need. They are dealing with an asset which is indispensable to all. Their business touches practical patriotism, for as they deal wisely and to the best advantages with the basic asset, they benefit their commonwealth, perpetuate its institutions make possible its progress.

North Carolina land is an empire with which wonders have been achieved and whose potentialities are incalculable. It is a resource in many respects scarcely touched, in other respects the victim of grevious mistakes. It holds innumerable opportunities for the pioneer in many lines of effort. It calls for exploration and development. It promises much to the immigrant. It calls for capital in volume far beyond the power of the present population to supply. Richly as it produces and wonderfully as it has been developed in many ways, we are only beginning to sense the future it may found, if only we deal with it generously.

Of this land of ours there are 52,286 square miles. Of this great area 48,666 square miles are above and 3,620 acres under water. In the land as distinguished from the water area are the rich fields of the Coastal Plain, an agricultural paradise of soil and climate; there are the hills and valleys of the Central and Piedmont sections, themselves highly productive, but endowed with peculiar industrial advantages whose development by men of courage and initiative has made North Carolina world famous as a State in which faith and energy have achieved miracles; there are the mountain sections in which the outstanding value today is the realization of their beauty and climate as a lure to tourists, but whose undeveloped resources of mines, forests, minerals and water power prophesy an era of manufacturing and industry in the light of which the present busy activity will count as the first steps toward its destiny.

It is this land that provides for us the things with which we must work, the resources with which we must deal, the values of which we are the stewards.

On it, in 1880, we made farm products of a value of $52,000,000 which, by 1923, had grown to $513,000,000.

In 1900 the value of the money crops grown on these lands was $69,000,000; in 1923 these same crops sold for $436,000,000.

In 1880 the true value of the State's property was estimated by the census at $461,000,000; by 1924, it had increased to $4,500,000,000.

In 1900 bank resources were $15,362,182; in 1924 they were $471,854,564.

From this land and its material our five hundred textile mills are producing annually manufactured products of a value of $318,368,000; our tobacco factories an annual output of $214,830,348; our furniture factories annual products of a value estimated at $50,000,000.

Upon the streams of the State millions of invested capital have developed over 540,000 horse power for industrial use in the form of hydroelectric energy, which in 1923 amounted to 1,076,662,910 Kilowatt hours. What this one natural resource means to the industry and wealth of the State can be gathered from the fact that in January 1924 the output of electric energy in the State was 4,440,356 Kilowatt hours for each of its thirty-one days,—power that according to the estimate of the U. S. Geological Survey was equivalent to that of 6,660,524 able-bodied men working steadily eight hours per day, selling at a price equivalent to a wage per man-power of something like one-tenth of one per cent per hour.

In mineral production mines of North Carolina produced in 1900 products valued at $1,604,078; in 1923 these products had risen in value to $11,050,257, and, especially in the case of clays, shales and non-mentallic minerals, development has only just begun.

In barest outline, tbse are a few of the things pertaining to the land with which North Carolina must deal, improve and capitalize. They are facts which are cause for pride in themselves and which have made possible the great road system, the advance in education, the general thrill of inspiration and of hope which is animating our people. But the fact cannot be blinked that our accomplishments in making our lands directly productive, in utilizing their products in industry, in making the most of our natural assets are not remotely proportionate to the development which those assets themselves justify. In this there is no reflection on what has been done by the far-seeing men who have brought North Carolina up to the hour of a greater opportunity. It does mean that if that oportunity is to be realized in its full sense and in accordancce with the enlightened demands of the people for still better educational and social conditions, we must seek in the outside world for the men and the capital to aid us in the comprehensive use of the things we have.

This means, of course, that North Carolina must advertise.

First California and its magic city of Los Angeles, and new Florida, with Miami the loadstone that is keeping our own hard-surfaced roads across with south-bound tourists, have shown the persistent telling of a story of good news will in the end produce a contagion of interest. Advertising is the modern magician, whose services no one can afford to avail of. But like a magician, its power

must be employed with care, must be exercised with control and restraint. Advertising recklessly launched may be a veritable Frankinstein which destroys its creator.

I realize just how much North Carolina needs the right kind of advertising. I realize, also, how it has been advertised for more effectively than most of us think. In every county the Chamber of Commerce has been doing a great work. Associations such as real estate boards are effective far beyond the limits of their own special aims. Newspapers which make a point, day in and day out, of printing constructive facts serve ti pile up by very iteration a subconscious knowledge that after awhile becomes cumulative sentiment. Then there is the advertising value that always attaches to a success. The roads of which the State is proud to have alone given North Carolina a reputation and won for it a goodwill many times exceeding in value all the money they have or will cost. Our educational revival, our industries, our resort development are news, and as such gain place in the national press,—advertising of the first grade, which no amount of money could buy. We must not think that we have not been advertised. It is because we have become so well known in these ways and by good repute that it is important that advertising hereafter be made a conscious policy.

Just what form this necessary advertising should take is a problem that will demand the very best thought by the State, which must soon adopt it definitely in principle and practice.

Without going into details, there are some essentials upon which any such campaign must be based.

We must have an agency concerned with the State as a whole and yet capable of giving accurate information on demand as to the resources, the commercial and business possibilities, the sail, the climate and the social advantages of any of its counties, communities or cities. To some extent every county and city has this information concerning itself and its own agency for distributing it. Yet there is within the State no one agency capable of setting forth this information quickly and succinctly as it is needed.

We must have the facts and figures for all State locations in relation to their assets as they may be interesting to prospective industry. Whether it be a hydro-electric company wishing to know the facts as to power streams, a textile mill desiring to know the quality of water, a manufacturer wishing information as to raw material and labor, a hotel corporation or a home-builder seeking knowledge of the things pertaining to decision, the information should be in the hands of the State to give.

These basic facts, condensed, tabulated and put forward simply for ready assimilation must, in addition, be compiled by State agency in a form that can be made to fit the times and keep step with progress and changing conditions.

In course of time, such an agency might properly issue publications designed to advertise the State as a whole or to emphasize peculiar sectional or industrial advantages. It might include something in the nature of a State news bureau to work through established channels of pub-

licity. But advertising our advantages must depend first on ascertaining specifically what they are and in making that information available for those who can properly us it, wherever they reside.

Such an agency is contemplated in the new State Department of the Conservation and Development, formerly the Geological and Economic Survey. Its organization has not yet been worked out or completed. At present it is following the important lines of maintaining an organization for the protection of forests from fire, of investigation of and report on mineral resources, especially those which promise most in industry, and of investigation of water resources, particularly in gathering the most important data respecting stream flow. Untimately, it is my hope that this department will be enlarged in scope so that while continuing its scientific activities as they affect practical questions of conservation and development it may be the clearing house through which all State departments will cooperate in providing all essential truths as to the State itself, its resources, its people an dits activities.

In North Carolina there are hundreds of thousands of acres of land capable of producing rich crops, if only we could bring to them the right settlers. There are millions of acres unsuited for agriculture which should be growing young timber. In the Western counties there are streams capable of producing over a million horse power, which are yet unharnessed. There are vast mineral deposits, granites, clays, fine pottery, clays, iron ores, which are either untouched or marketed as raw products when they should be the basis of going industry. There is not a community in which progressive men are not having practical visions of development. Everywhere improved roads are multiplying these opportunities for the realization of resources. And everywhere there is the delay that weighs the heart of the ambitious citizen who sees clearly and yet it unable to act, because neither the men to do the work nor the capital to finance it.

If we analyze the wonderful progress that North Carolina has made in the last decade, we will see that one of its chief benefits have been the bringing of the State to the point where its story is a matter that has caught the interest of the world and about which the world is curious. Of ourselves we have wriught wonderfully with the land; it needs, to gain for it the destiny to which an eager generation looks forward, that we have the help of the world in sharing our future. To secure that aid that we must provide the means by which the world can readily and easily ascertain what we have and what we are; and we must in some effective way enter into the keen competition by which other States, scarcely one of which possesses either our natural resources or our proved ability to deal with them, are reaching out for desirable population and needed capital.

"Esse Quam Videri" is a motto which truly speaks the North Carolina character and temperament. But the time has come when, if we are to be within the scope of our advantages, we must tell what we are and what we have and what may be done with it, without forcing the

world at large to discover these things for itself.

The next four years should be in North Carolina an era to surpass any that has gone before in progress and development of every kind. So much has been done that among a busy people there are not now enough men to do the work that has been blocked out. We have utilized and developed our resources until there is a depletion of our own surplus capital for investment. We need men and money from other States to help us work and prosper. To secure additional population and capital which will be constructive and safe, the obligation is upon us to put forth a prospectus of our resources both natural and industrial that will be attractive but true, that will justify its premises and make no promise that cannot be kept.

For this advertising, I pledge my earnest and never-failing interest and every possible aid in accomplishing a task whose proper performance will not fail to benefit directly every individual now living and working in the State or who comes to it with the honest purpose deserving a welcome as a newcomer and fair treatment as a citizen.''

HOW COUNTRY FOLKS ONCE DID.

For quite a while I have been somewhat disturbed about the social life of the rural South.

When I was growing up, farm folks would come together by neghborhoods for corn-shucking, weath-threshings, quilting, house-raising, log-rolling, singing schools, Farmers' Alliance rallies, etc.; and people went long distances to their associations, quarterly meetings, presbyteries, and other religious assemblies held at country churches, while fox hunting and horse racing were still fashionable sports, and old-time musters, tournaments, and camp-meetings were still talked of. The roads were worked (what little working they got) by the younger farmers being ''warned in'' to come together for that purpose, and road-working days were really in a sense social occasions, while horse-swapping during ''court week'' (since everybody owned horses and everybody like the excitement of a trade) was one of the outstanding ''rural recreations'' of the period.

In recent years, however, these old-time country customs have been changing. To entirely too great an extent farm folks seem to have been to have been going to towns for their recreation, and rural social life has been endangered by that tendency.—Clarence Poe.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

Have serious doubts about the radio keeping people at home so long as the Prince of Wales is gadding around the world, and the football season is to burst into full bloom in just two weeks.

They are now talking about stockings at $300 a pair; that is approximately $150 a front foot. It is said the silk is so fine; that a thread of it floats in the air like the strand of a spider's web. If this be so it is no recommendation for it as a national bank.

Statistics are revealing the fact that five babies are born every minute in the United States. It is also an established fact that Henry Ford turns out at the same time a rattle for each one.

As the tired business eye falls on each picture of a girl in bathing tights, the suggestion arises that it looks like a skin game they play at the seashore resorts, and there's not much to it.

The On Leong and Hip Sing war has been renewed. Thus it is that Eddie Bok's peace plan falls back again into unconsciousness.

Danish astronomers have discovered the Borelly comet, which has been missing since 1889. I'm awful glad that comet's back; now I can sleep again in peace. To tell you the honest-to-goodness truth, I didn't know the blazing, bloomin' thing wasn't up where it belongs all the time. How can I know? How can I know?

All endeavors to arbitrate the coal strike were fruitless. They were determined to strike while the weather is warm. At any rate, with all of their differences, and periodical contentions and troubles, the consumer never has a chance to arbitrate the bill. He's the goat.

I have heard told of a sundial which stands on the campus of a Friends or Quaker school. On its face appear the words; "I mind the light—dost thou?" That sundial speaks silently with the proud assurance that would be spiritual boasting on the part of an individual. When we look at the animate world, with the grass growing lush; the leaves redecorated the trees yearly; as the flowers shed beauty everywhere; words are not needed to declare, "We mind the light." As the Friend says, it is only when we enter the realm of the human will that we must speak with less, so much less, assurance. How many of us may speak with the honest certainty of the sundial? Yet just as certainly as the upspringing life of springtime and summer moves on the flower and fruitage, just as certainly do we reach upward toward the perfect life by minding the divine light. Helpfully, we may frequently ask in the first person the question of the sundial: "Dost thou?"

A great deal depends on how you

do little things to save trouble. A party was out driving when a tire went flat. On investigation it was found that a bent nail was embedded in the tire. The driver of the car pulled it out; changed tires; and went merrily on his way. A short distance further ahead another tire went flat. Exasperated the driver got out and discovered the very same bent nail that had given trouble before. In throwing the nail away in the first instance, the driver had merely tossed it a few yards ahead in a rut of the road. A little forethought would have saved him the second trouble. A whole lot of people need a big lot of forethought in this world to avoid troubles.

Said a man to me the other day: "I was sick in bed; feeling blue and rather despondent, and happened to read some of your 'Rambling Around,' and noted what you said about taking on worries. It did me a lot of good." That was fine. I am so glad that I helped somebody to banish their troubles. Many of the troubles we worry over are imaginary——they never come true if we will forget them and think about something brighter and more hopeful. Saint Paul, (Philippians 4-8,) tells us what things to think upon to make us happpy.

The western part of the state has suffered greatly this year from the lack of the normal supply of rains and the drought has been more or less serious. I see it stated that the mayor of Wilmington has notified the mayor of Asheville that the former place will supply the mountain city with "any number of trainloads of tank cars filled with water," to relieve the situation in the mountains. This is a neighborly act, when Wilmington has such a great abundance of water about her doors, and Asheville is approximately 300 miles distant, high and dry. Dividing with your neighbor, when in distress, is truly the right Christian spirit, and Wilmington has a Wrightsville beach.

There are many things regarded as prodiges of progress, wonders of science and marvels of the age. But are they? We acknowledge surprise at the revelation of things in this day. The various terms used in electricity and radio, unknown forty years ago, are now the commonest expression How tempus does fugit! What our forefathers considered idle dreams are now popular pleasures, and some essential utilities. But is this the first great age. Hardly. From the days of Pericles on down we have had a succession of great eras and epochs, and great men. But this is the age of ages in the matter of mechanical inventions. You say that new secrets are being revealed. No. They are as old as the world itself. Why Mr. Adam could have broadcasted the story of Eden if he had known how to make use of the forces of nature, for they were all about him just as they lie about the human race today. The people of the present age have somehow got hold of these forces and harnessed them up.

The Psalmist has said that "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof and they that dwell therein," and if it were possible for us to wake

up a few decades hence we would realize that what we now regard as amazing inroads on the secrets of nature, by comparison, are only the first faint footprints of the pioneer scientist.

DARROWISM.

Word and Way.

Recent happenings in connection with the notorious Scopes trial have conspired to bring to the front Darwinism as a synonym for evolutionism. But common consent of the evolutionists Mr. Darrow was put forward in this trial as the chief advocate, champion and apostle of evolutionism. This, it seems, was the proper thing to do since Mr. Darrow is an example of the ripe fruit of the doctrine of evolution. Mr. Darrow is a rank materialist. Since he doubts the existence of God as he does not, of course worship God, or in any way recognize Him. He denies flatly and positively personal immortality. We heard him something like a year ago in an address contend in his sarcastic and sneering way that man is only a higher form of animal and that death means for man eternal annihilation. In the rigid application of the principle of evolution there is the necessary and inevitable exclusion of the supernatural. Everything is put within the bounds of the natural. In spite of all the claims that may be made to the contrary, the doctrine of evolution is anti-Bible and anti-Christion. The Christian doctrine and the doctrine of evolution in their basic principles have nothing in common.

In support of this we cite the following statement made by Mr. Darrow at the Dayton trial: "The scientist does not believe man has ever fallen, but that he has gone steadily forward. It is the Fundamentalists only who believe man once was perfect and afterwards fell." By "scientists" Mr. Darrow, of course, means the scientist who holds the doctrine of evolution. Let it be clearly understood that in this statement Mr. Darrow represents and states the position of the evolution advocates. Now let the particular Genesis account of man's creation be left out altogether for the moment and take into consideration the fact that the theme of the Bible from beginning to end is sin and salvation, man's ruin through sin and his redemption through Christ. The entire burden of Bible teaching assumes, where it does not affirm man's fall, moral depravity and lost condition. Take this fact with the affirmation quoted above from Mr. Darrow that "the scientist does not believe man has ever fallen, but that he has gone steadily forward," and it is easily seen that the Bible teaching and the teaching of evolution are sharply contradictory. It cannot be true, as the Bible teaches, that man fell from his first estate and that God in the gift of his Son intervened for man's salvation—this, we affirm, cannot be true if it be true as Mr. Darrow, the advocate of evolutionism and its spokesman at the Scopes trial affirms that man has never fallen, but begining with a bit of protoplasm has

steadily, uninterruptedly and in obedience to the law of evolution evolved into what he now is. If the unmistakable teaching of the Bible that man fell and is redeemed through the death of Christ be true, then it simply cannot be true that man has been made what he is by the principle and process of evolution.

The Scopes trial has served as the occasion of focusing the interest and bringing into the open the program of the evolutionists. It has also served as the occasion for mobilizing the forces of modernism and bringing together "birds of a feather." Evolutionism has revealed its character and its animus in the person of its chief advocates. Dr. Shailer Matthews and other claiming to be Christions have found fellowship and formed an alliance with the notorious Christian-hating and Christian-defaming Clarence Darrow.

We find justification for discussing this matter from week to week in the tremendously and portentiously significant fact that evolutionism discredits the Bible, repudiates its teaching and undermines the Christian faith. It is significant that now the secular press, the protagonist of evolutionists and the purveyor of evolution propaganda, is eulogizing, lionizing, heroizing Mr. Darrow.—Word and Way.

THE HAPPY ROAD-MAKER.

By Dr. J. W. Holland.

At a filling station out in Montana, while my car was being replenished with gas and water, I saw a man with rake and shovel working on the road.

I went out and greeted him saying, among other things, that I was glad to find him so happy when the weather was so warm.

He replied, "Why ought I not to be happy? I am smoothing the road for you to drive over."

Not so bad, is it? As our car sped Westward again, the man's smile and words haunted me, and have been in my mind ever since.

We are not only all travelers, but we are road-makers as well.

That ought to constitute the chief fun of existence. If you and I can make the road a little smoother or safer for another, we ought to thank God that we have a chance to live.

Parents are the chief road-makers of the earth. When parents eat too many oats their children will kick up their heels. Jazzed parents produce jail-birds. When parents give up the supreme passion to make a better road for their children, the great studying motive for human life is gone.

I am for the school teacher. He, or more often she, is making a pioneer path. Meager pay and many kicks are often the reward for the army of a quarter of a million people who instruct our youth. Yet, to be a real teacher is to have the joy of the Montana road-maker.

The Church is a road-maker. Suppose we have brains enough to quit

quarreling over the tails of our supposed ancestors, and pick up the teachings of Jessu of Nazareth where the gospel of pure-living, clean and high-thinking, brotherly-love and mutual-service are taught in words plain enough for a child to comprehend, and then vie with each other in making this a hate-less, war-less world.

We would soon have to move our ears back to make room for our smiles.

Just now a young fellow twenty-one years old, who is a Scoutmaster, came in and told me how he had gotten two young boys to repent of and give up stealing. Say, he was as happy as a king, and I suppose a good deal more so. He is a destiny maker for those boys. He knows a little of how my road-maker in the West feels.

John the Baptist lost his head for telling the truth, which was better than losing his soul by lying. I imagine that he had a deal of rich pleasure when he knew that his work was to "make-straight in the the desert a highway for the Lord."

If you have a task that gives you a chance to make one human soul more brave, nerve the flagging motives of another heart, sing right out loud that you have the chance to live.

We all read the poetry of the "Man who lived at the side of the road and was a friend of man," but we can all take our rakes and shovels and get out in the middle of the road-way of life and clear the way for another. That is sublime!

THE GOLDEN RULE.

By Jordon McDonough.

It was five o'clock of an April afternoon and Agatha was adding up her sales for the day. It didn't take long for they had been few; in fact, Agatha usually fell away behind the other clerks in that respect.

Of course, Agatha hadn't been there long enough to have any following among the regular patrons of the store, but it wasn't altogether due to that fact that her sales-book made such a poor showing. There were new customers coming in frequently and she had as good a chance at them as anyone, but here was the trouble: Agatha had queer ideas about service.

Gladys Rafferty and Pauline Beekman, the other two girls in the cloak and suit department, just couldn't seem to get it through her head that it wasn't the customer she had to consider, but the sales record. She was there to sell the goods.

What if the customer did want a coat for about twenty-five dollars? It was Agatha's business to sell her one that cost thirty-five if she could. The fact that the woman plainly couldn't afford it didn't count. What difference did it make if the woman was sorry for it afterwards? That was her lookout, not Agatha's. And if the customer was—well, be polite and call it plump, requiring a dress with long straight lines and the only thing in her size was one with ruffles, why, sell her the ruffles. Sales are

what count with the manager.

But it didn't do any good. Not that Agatha didn't want to make a good record; she wanted it intensely, but she had a fellow feeling for those who must make a little go a long way. Somehow it seemed as though that kind of buyers gravitated naturally toward Agatha—or was it that the other girls managed to leave them to her? Anyway, she hated to see them spend their money for the wrong thing, so she kept on doing to them as she'd have other clerks do to her, and her sales suffered accordingly.

She finished her total and sighed as she saw how insignificant it was; then as she caught sight of a girl who had stopped near the rack of sport skirts, she thrust her pencil in her hair, summoned a smile and went forward to wait on her.

She saw at a glance that here was another of the class that Gladys and Pauline satirically designated as "Agatha's pets"; timid, uncertain as to what she wanted, and obviously with very little means to gratify her tastes if she had known. She was looking for a suit.

Agatha showed her several, but it was soon evident, to Agatha at least, that there was nothing in stock that would do. Suits there were in plenty that would have been becoming and suitable, but they were beyond the girl's means. Longingly she looked at them and then turned back to those of lower price. Over one, a jaunty but cheap affair, she hesitated. Agatha had a feeling that it wouldn't take much trying to sell her that suit.

"How much is this one?"

"Twenty-five dollars," replied Agatha.

"I don't suppose I can do better," murmured the girl as her eyes involuntarily strayed back to the pretty brown suit she had so hurriedly slipped out of when she heard its price. "It isn't exactly what I want, but I can't afford the other. You see," in a burst of confidence, "I have only thirty dollars and I was in hopes I could manage to get a hat too. It takes so long to save when you're earning so little."

Agatha's troublesome conscience awoke at once. She knew well enough that the suit would not keep its looks for long. Soon it would begin to sag and to fade and then the girl would be worse off than before. Besides, even at its best, it was not the sort of thing she should wear.

"I wish I knew what to do!" sighed the girl.

Agatha glanced across to where Gladys stood watching her. Gladys had sold her customer and jotted down another forty dollars in her daily record. She seemed to guess what Agatha was about to do for she smiled half contemptuously, with an almost imperceptible shake of her head. Agatha turned her back on her.

"Do you want me to tell you what would be best?" asked Agatha.

"Oh, if you would!" replied the girl.

"Must you have a suit right away or can you wait a week or two? We may have something in later that would do."

"I want it now. I need it terribly."

"Then I would advise you to try

at some other store. This suit isn't the thing for you and you will be sorry if you buy it. It won't keep its looks."

"Thank you," replied the girl, and turned toward the door.

While Agatha was talking she had heard the murmur of voices in Gladys' direction. Now as she looked that way Gladys, apparently in responded to instructions from Mr. Hempstead, the floorwalker, hurried after the girl.

"Did you find what you wanted?" Agatha heard her say as she smiled ingratiantingly.

"No; that is, the ones I wanted cost too much."

"That one you were looking at last was a bargain," asserted Gladys, "and just the thing for you. You didn't try it on. Wouldn't you like to see it on you? I'll be glad to help you."

The girl hesitated. "I'm afraid it won't wear well. I'd hate to buy it and then not be satisfied with it."

"Never fear," Gladys assured her glibly. "As I told you, that suit is a bargain at the price. It is almost an exact copy of one that Mrs. Van Dorfy bought here at our first showing this spring, and hers looks just as nice as ever."

Gladys did not think it necessary to state that Mrs. Van Dorfy's suit was made of far better material.

With a depreciating glance at Agatha the girl allowed Gladys to lead her back to the suit racks and within five minutes the sale was made and she left, taking the suit with her.

"You see," said Gladys, as she pulled her hat carefully over one eye and reached for her coat. "You could have made that sale just as well as I, and your record would have been twenty-five dollars to the good."

"But the suit wasn't worth the money," protested Agatha. "I can't bear to cheat people."

"You should worry," retorted Gladys. "If they don't know the difference they're just as happy, and you can't afford to let sales get away from you, I'm here to tell you."

"I can't afford to make them on those terms," insisted Agatha, but her heart was heavy.

It grew still heavier on Saturday night when she received her pay envelope and found in it a notice that her services were no longer required. Though she feared that it would be useless, she went to the office and asked to see the manager. He told her bruskly that there was nothing against her except that her sales record was not up to the mark. Agatha pleaded that she had been there but a short time and another month might show different results, but the manager shook his head.

"Frankly, Miss Pernoll, your methods do not suit us. Our clerks are here to sell the goods in stock, not to advise customers against buying them. There is no use in continuing the discussion," and he turned back to his desk.

Ah, so Gladys had told Mr. Hempstead and Mr. Hempstead had reported to the office. Agatha straightened her shoulders and left the office and the store.

It was several weeks before she secured another job, but at last a tip from a girl friend got her a place in the ready-to-wear department at Chit-

wood and Cople's. Agatha liked the store and she liked the clerks in her department. If she could only keep the place! The vacancy had been caused by the serious illness of the girl who had held it. Her physician said she would recover but she must not think of going back to work before fall. If Agatha could demonstrate her own worth before that time, she might have a chance of being retained on the pay-roll even though the other clerk should return.

The summer went, September came, and as if by magic the ready-to-wear department was thronged with women eagerly examining, pricing, trying on the new garments. All the other clerks were busy when a slender girl stepped from the elevator and looked uncertainly about her. Agatha went forward to wait on her, wondering meanwhile what there was about her that seemed so familiar. Then her eyes dropped to the suit the girl was wearing and she knew. That was the suit that had cost her her job at Munsell and Opp's and this was the girl who had been hypnotized into buying it. Well, the girl wasn't to blame; Agatha had no grudge against her. There was something different about her, thought; the timid look was gone and a happy light shone in her eyes.

"How do you do?" smiled Agatha. "What may I show you?"

"Oh!" breathed the girl and a dimple appeared in her left cheek as she returned Agatha's smile. "You're the clerk who wouldn't sell me this suit. How I wish I had listened to you instead of the other one! It's turned out just as you said it would. Look at it! Isn't it a wretched thing?"

"I'm sorry," said Agatha. "Did you try to return it?"

"Yes. When I got the suit home and examined it carefully I saw that you were right, and the next day I took it back to the store and asked them to refund the money or give me credit for it. It was at the noon hour. You were not there, but the other clerk was and she refused to do anything about it. She said it was sold at a special price and the rule was, 'No exchanges and no alterations.' She wouldn't even ask about it at the office. So I came away and I haven't been to that store since and I don't expect ever to go there again. Was that suit marked down?"

Agatha shook her head.

"I thought it wasn't I had to wear that abominable thing all summer because I hadn't anything else or any money to buy with, but thank goodness, that's over! Last week my Uncle Jim came to see me. He's been out west for years and we'd lost all track of him. He didn't know until he came that I was all alone. He's going to send me to college. I was just through high school when Dad died, and that upset all my plans, for I had to go to work to support mother and myself. Then mother went too, and I kept on the best I could.

"I don't know why I'm pouring all my troubles into your ears," she broke off as she dashed the tears from her eyes and called up a misty smile. "I guess it's because there's something so sweet and sympathetic about you. But to get down to busi-

ness, what I want now is to get the things I'll need at college. Uncle has given me a big check and he says I'm to spend it all for clothes if I them out for I don't know much about values myself. Mother always looked after that part of it. I know I can trust you, for I've proved you. You'll go with me to all the other departments and advise me, won't you?''

''I'll be glad to help you,'' replied Agatha, ''but we clerks are not supposed to leave our own departments.

''I must have you,'' insisted the girl, with a stubburn little shake of her head. ''Come with me to the manager and I'll ask him to let you.''

So they went and the girl explained to the manager just why nobody but Agatha would do. Of course, with such a good reason for suspending the rules, the manager gave his consent.

It was a bill of three hundred dollars that Agatha helped to sell that day and she enjoyed it more than anything she had done since she became a clerk. It brought her a promotion, too, for that manager was wise enough to know that a clerk with a reputation for absolutely dependable service is a valuable asset to any business concern.

THE HOMES OF OUR FOREFATHERS.

By Edmund M. Littell.

The Pilgrims.

When you read the history of the United States and its settlement by the courageous people who left their homes and came over here, you are given very little information as to how they lived. They do not seem to be real people, with homes like yours and mine. You are told of their hardships, their discomforts and privations, and of their final overcoming of difficulties, and imagine that they lived in the poorest sort of shelters. Such was undoubtedly the case at first, because it was necessary that some sort of shelter be built at once. But they made permanent homes for themselves as soon as they could—homes in which they expected to spend their lives in comfort. They were solidly built homes in most cases, small, one-storied buildings with one or two rooms at first, but they were comfortable and cozy, as these pictures show.

Let us take a journey through history and visit the homes of our forefathers, make the acquaintance of these hardy people who were responsible for this great country of ours. This trip has been made possible by the painstaking labor of the Metropolitan Museum in New York, which has for fifteen years been collecting a number of rooms from houses throughout the Colonies. Just recently the new American Wing was opened to the public and now the rooms are shown furnished as they were in those days, so that we may see just how those sturdy people lived.

The two rooms shown in the pictures were copied from originals which are standing today, just as they were

built. Because it was not possible to move them from their locations, they were carefully copied and set up to show the earliest homes of the Pilgrims. The one from the Hart house, at Ipswich, Mass., was built about 1640, the other, from the Capen house at Topsfield, Mass., was built about 1683.

Each of these rooms demonstrates how succesful the Pilgrims were in making pleasant homes for their families. They would be very comfortable to live in even today, as you can see. Both of them were used for kitchen and living room combined; in many instances they were used for bedrooms too, until the father had time to add to his house. Here the Pilgrim mother prepared her meals over the log fire, her pots suspended on the crane or set among the coals on the hearth. Here she sat as she spun the warm clothing for her family and rocked the cradle with her foot. Here the children gathered to warm their hands in winter, to sit and listen to the tales of adventure which those pioneers had to tell.

Gathered about these fireplaces the men sat in council to decide their plans for government, what crops should be raised, or how the Indians were behaving. About such hearths they discussed their religious views which led to the execution of the Quakers on Boston Common in 1649. During these years they denounced the strange witchcraft, and planned the many executions of witches. Cotton Mather may have stood before a fireplace of this sort and poured forth his wrath against witches to a circle of interested listeners. Seated in one of the big chairs before the fire, Priscilla might have been knitting when John Alden called bringing his message from Miles Standish.

Each of these rooms is furnished just as it was in those early days, with pieces selected and set in place after many years of careful search and study. Old letters, histories, inventories left in the wills of people who died, were consulted to make sure that each article belonged in the room. The large chair shown in the Hart room was said to have been carved on board the ship Anne when she sailed for Plymouth in 1623. The table covers and chair pads were brought along by the mothers, who knew how valuable they would be in making the new homes comfortable, and cheerful.

In the earliest days wood floors were not the custom, this being the only difference between the rooms are shown and the original ones. Dirt floors, covered with sand, were the rule at first. Later the floors were covered with rugs or bright-colored cloths and then as oportunity offered wood floors were added. The windows, which are not shown, were of small panes, some of them fitted with glass and some with oiled paper. You can see that the ceilings were low, which made the room more easily heated by the great logs which burned in the fireplace. The bricks were made by the Pilgrims as well, in fact the very bricks shown were searched for and installed as the product of those early workmen. A great many fireplaces and chimneys were originally constructed of mud and wood, but so many fires resulted that a law was passed prohibiting the use of such in-

flammable material. That is one of the reasons why there are so few of the original houses standing.

Pioneers wherever they are, must give first thought to their shelter. It must be warm and comfortable for their families, strong and sturdy against attacks from storm and living enemies. These Pilgrims were no exception to the rule and they built well, for otherwise even these houses would never have lasted as long as they have—more than two hundred and fifty years. They were able to use their few simple tools in an artistic way as well, for much of the furniture was made by them. Is it any wonder then that these brave men should have been successful? With homes like these in which to rest after their day's labor, they could get new strength for the next day, could plan courageously against the unknown future in the circle of family and friends, and slowly and carefully win their way toward the formation of the great country we have today.

And now that we have seen how they lived, we can appreciate more than ever the stories told us by history, and feel that we really know these hardy pioneers, for we have visited them in their homes and know more about them than before.

NOT ALL BAD.

On one of the hottest days of the hot spell in early June a man who was loafing on an East River pier in New York City saw a dog that was evidently suffering, as he himself was, from the heat; so he picked the animal up and threw it into the water. But as he watched he saw that the dog was in trouble. It could swim, of course, but it couldn't get out. Then the man leaped into the water himself and in trying to save the dog was drowned. Cramps had seized him. Help was at hand, but the drowning man's last act was to shove the dog toward safety.

The man's name was John Walsh. When the story of his death became known it was recalled that last winter a "pal" of his had fallen from the same pier and that Walsh had leaped inth the water and saved him.

Both deeds stamp the man as having been more than a hero, for besides the courage that makes heroism possible he had the warm-heartedness that made him willing to risk his life for a friend and the compassion that sent him to the aid of a suffering animal. And those are among the most nearly divine of human qualities.

But notwithstanding what he did, almost the only official records of John Walsh's life bear witness against him. They are police-court records, and their cold testimony declares that he had been arrested and had served time in jail. On their evidence he was not what people call a "good" man. And yet it is from just such lives as that of John Walsh that the world has drawn and will always draw one of its loveliest lessons and its most sustaining hope: the lesson of charity for others and the hope that on the Great Ledger of

our lives there may be entered some counterbalancing items without which the account would be hopeless. Life has not disclosed its full-blown beauty to any man until he can say to himself, humbly and sincerely, as the good old English divine and martyr said on seeing a criminal led by in chains, "There but for the grace of God goes John Bradford."

It is a part of Lincoln's greatness and the chief reason for the tenderness in which men hold his memory that he saw so clearly that no one of us in all white and none wholly black. When the neighbors of a soldier under sentence of death asked the great President to pardon him Lincoln looked up with the pen poised in his hand and said, "I suppose, gentlemen, that aside from this matter he has been a good man?" The spokesman replied, "No, Mr. Lincoln, I'm sorry to say he hasn't been a very good man." "Well," said Lincoln, "Then he isn't fit to die," and signed the pardon.

HOW COME THE MOSQUITO'S BUZZ.

By Edwin Tarrisse.

In Palestine, where several religions exist side by side, legends have crossed and intermingled in such a way as to make a distinct folk-lore. One explains how the mosquito came to buzz and why the swallow's tail is forked.

After the fall of man, the serpent missed the reward which the Evil One had promised him, namely, the sweetest food in the world. An angel was appointed to assign to every creature his food and dwelling-place. The serpent asked for human flesh, but Adam protested and pointed out shrewdly that as nobody had ever tasted human flesh, it was impossible to maintain that it was the most luscious of foods. Thus he gained a respite for a whole year.

Meanwhile the mosquito was sent around the world with instructions to taste and report upon the blood of every living creature. After a year it was to report in open court the result of its researches.

Now Adam had a friend in that sacred bird, the swallow, which annually makes a pilgrimage to Mecca and all holy places. The bird shadowed the mosquito all the twelve months. Then, as the insect was on its to the court, the swallow met it openly and asked what flesh and blood it had found the sweetest.

"Man's," replied the mosquito.

"What?" asked the swallow. "Please say it again, for I am rather deaf."

At this the mosquito opened its mouth wide to shout, and the swallow darted in its bill and plucked out the insect's tongue.

They then proceeded to the court, where all living creatures were assembled to hear the decision. On being asked the outcime of its investigations, the mosquito, which could now only buzz, was unable to make itself understood, and the swallow, pretending to be its spokesman, declared that the insect had said that

it had found the blood of the frog the most delicious. Sentence was therefore given that frogs, not men, should be the serpent's food.

In its rage and disappointment the serpent darted forward to destroy the swallow. But the bird was too quick; the serpent succeeded only in biting some feathers out of the middle of the swallow's tail. And this is why swallows have forked tails.

THE LITERATURE WE READ.

(Albemarle Press.)

The Press man heard a news stand salesman say a few days ago that if he had had 250 copies of a certain magazine of one issue he could have sold every copy of it.

That magazine is of a type that purports to give true stories from the chapter of life itself. A code of behaviour is set up for the characters depicted therein which would not be recognized in any decent home; yet the stories with all their flaring sensualities and vileness are devoured by inmates of the home.

The stories themselves set up the wayward girl, the cuckoo man who forsakes his own home for the wrecking of another, and vileness under a dozen sort of themes, all of which is justified in the supposedly untrained author's presentation of circumstances giving setting to the story or stories.

The influence of this type of literature upon an impressionable mind is damaging. The home that countenances it is unraveling a story of its own, whose tragic consequences are yet to be reckoned with. The magazine is published because there is a demand for it. So long as this demand lasts, so long will the class of stories to which we refer be printed.

While parents are removing certain dangers from their boys and girls, let them not forget to occasionally read the story magazine which interests their children most. There is danger ahead.

Integrity without knowledge is weak and useless; and knowledge without integrity is dangerous and dreadful.—Dr. Samuel Johnson in Rasselas.

LIBERTY AND LAW.

(Asheville Citizen.)

The combination of liberty and law is one "which our political alchemists seem to find increasing difficulty in successfully achieving," declared Ex-Secretary Hughes to the American Bar Association meeting in Detroit.

The components of the mixture have changed, hence the difficulty of blending them harmoniously. Liberty is not what it was, certainly not what it was in the days when the pioneer forefathers wrote it into the Constitution. It does not now mean being left alone to do as one pleases. Nay—

The contrary is the case, says the wise Hughes. "It is no longer a simple matter of doing what one pleases in the wide open spaces, for there are no such spaces." Conditions have changed—in order that the people generally may have liberty they demand that the individual surrender ever more of his liberty of action.

As outlined by Mr. Hughes liberty—liberty of the people of live and enjoy life—demands protection against the spread of disease by vaccinating the citizen against his will, by depriving him of the privilege of building what kind of house he wishes, by regulating his goings and his comings and telling him where he shall cross the street and forbidding him from running his car as fast as he wishes.

This idea ever spreads—with growth of population and artificial living it is bound to spread. It must be upheld by law—law is the traditional guardian of liberty and responds to its impulses. But liberty may become a tyrant—that is the liberty of the mass now as once it was of the individual who expanded his liberty at the expense of his weaker neighbor.

Democracy suggests liberty, but, say Mr. Hughes, Democracy has its own capacity for tyranny. Power is dangerous and may by law impose on the liberty of minorities. Mr. Hughes fears the spirit of majority intolerance which would impose its decrees, nay even its opinions, on individuals and minorities. It threatens to strike down that "Freedom of learning that is the vital breath of Democracy and progress, perhaps the most precious privilege of liberty."

Crimes have often been committed in the name of liberty—crimes that have furnished a precedent for the turning by the oppressed of the tables on the oppressors.

A man with a lot of money has a lot of frieids, but when a lot of his money is lost a lot of his friends are lost.

SOUTH CAROLINA IN CHARLOTTE.

(Charlotte Observer.)

The Columbia State has been figuring on the matter of the number of South Carolina people now domiciled in other States. Its estimate ie 332,-022. The State places 15,000 of these in New York, 11,122 in Atlanta and 2,310 in Birmingham. It gives 9,000 to Philadelphia and 1,000 each to Boston and Los Angeles. Just why The State called in its census short of Charlotet is not explained, for this is a great center of native-born and descendants. The native population of Charlotte, that is of, the people who constituted the town of 30 years ago, forms but a small colony. Incomers from the State and from the neighbor State on the south constitute the bulk of the population today. Next in importance comes the New England colony, which makes up in quality what it may lack in numbers. But on a rough guess we would say that South Carolina is responsible for a little more than one-third of the population of Charlotte.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By James Davis.

A number of the boys unloaded a car of coal last week.

The shoe shop has again resumed operation and a number of shoes have been repaired.

The boys are glad to see Mr. Roy Long well again and back at his position.

Mrs. M. W. Fetzer, matron of the second cottage, has returned from her vacation. She spent part of her vacation in Boston, Massachusetts.

As it is getting dark early the boys have to spend some of their time after supper in the sitting-room.

Mr. Paul Owensby, band director, has charge of the bakery during the absence of Mr. Spaugh, our regular baker.

Miss Eva Greenlee, teacher of one of the primary grades, has returned from her vacation. She spent part of her vacation in the western part of the United States.

Mrs. Olivia K. Duckett has returned from her vacation and is teaching school again. During her absence Mr. Edmund Poole taught her room.

Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Spaugh, cottage officer and matron of the twelfth cottage, are away on their vacation. During their absence

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Morris will have their cottage.

Mr. Leon Godown, printing director and officer of the sixth cottage, is away on his vacation. Mr. Godown will spend his vacation in New Jersey.

Horse shoe pitching is still quite a popular game among the boys. There are a number of good pitchers, but no champion has been picked out yet.

The School's orchestra and several members of the school journeyed to Harrisburg to a community meeting last Thursday night. All reported a good time.

Raymond Kennedy and Charles Crossman, members of the sixth and seventh cottages, were paroled during the past week. Kennedy worked in the laundry and Crossman was a former linotype operator.

The boys that were visited by friends and relatives were: Mack Wentz, Robert McDaniel, Lionel McMahan, Joe Stevens, Herbert Poteat, William Goss, Ralph Martin, Calvin Forbush and Earnest Levy.

Rev. W. C. Lyerly, pastor of the Reformed Church, of Concord, conducted the services in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. He took his text from Acts 11:24. Barnabas was a good man, full of the holy spirit and of faith. He delivered a very interesting sermon on this text and everyone enjoyed it.

The Training School team lost another ball game to the Flowe's Store team last Saturday by the score of 6 to 3. Russell got off a bad start in the first inning when the first man up singled the next walked and then Morris cleaned the bases with a home run over the left field embankment. Two more successive singles were useless as the next three batters were easy outs. The locals first run came in the third the result of a hit, a sacrifice and a error. Another came in the fifth on two hits and a infield out. The visitors sewed up the game in the seventh, Miller's single and Garmon's round tripper accounted for two more. The locals threatened in the ninth but they were able to push only one across Bost pitched a fine game for the visitors, he allowed only six scattered hits and retired nine by the strikeout route.

A fast double play executed by the locals, cut short a threatened rally in the eighth.

This was probagly the last game of the season.

The Training School Band played a concert program last Friday evening at Stewart Park in the town of Mooresville. Since the present band was organized last September by Mr. Owensby, it has attracted attention at the school and elsewhere, and it is always in demand at the school when there is "something doing." The boys have been away on several trips, but until Friday evening they had not played a straight concert pro-

gram. If the Mooresville folks didn't think it was a success, they didn't by so much as a gentle hint permit the boys to find it out. Chairs had been placed in the pavilion, and the crowd left just room enough for the band. All other available space in the pavilion and in the grove outside was crowded with people who had come out for the special purpose of hearing that band. The boys played well, and the program was a credit to them and to their director. The whole affair was an evidence of the big-hearted hospitality of the town. From the beginning, the concert had been sponsored by Mr. Harry Deaton of the Mooresville Enterprise, Mr. Hugh L. Sloop, and Mr. Con Johnston, Post Commander of the American Legion. Apparently everybody in the community fell in line to give the boys not only an opportunity to play a program but to have a downright good time while they were about it. The Boy Scouts did fine work in the way of advertising and helping in other ways. The ladies of the Lutheran church provided enough sandwiches and cake to feed several bands if they had been present, and the men of the town, not to be outdone, sent ice-cream in proportion. Perhaps the crowning joy of the whole evening was a quarter of an hour in the nice clean swimming pool, right-of-way, bathing suits and towels all provided through the courtesy of Mr. Johnston. Aside from all this, the band brought home a nice sum for incidental expenses. Generally speaking, it seems that "a nice time was had by all present."

TALKING SENSE.

Play grounds will not take the place of home training, avers the Winston-Salem Journal. It sometimes appears to the onlooker that some folks regard the play ground as a successor to home training.—Salisbury Post.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SCHEDULE

South Bound

No.	29	2:35 A. M.
"	31	6:07 A. M.
"	11	8:05 A. M.
"	33	8:25 A. M.
"	45	3:55 P. M.
"	135	8:35 P. M.
"	35	10:12 P. M.

North Bound

No.	30	2:00 A. M.
"	136	5:00 A. M.
"	36	10:25 A. M.
"	46	3:15 P. M.
"	34	4:43 P. M.
"	12	7:10 P. M.
"	32	8:36 P. M.
"	40	9:28 P. M.

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THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XIII CONCORD, N. C., SEPTEMBER 19, 1925 No. 43

AGE OF CHIVALRY.

Some say the age of chilvary is past. The age of chivalry is never past, so long as there is a wrong left unredressed on earth, or a man or woman left to say, "I will redress that wrong or spend my life in the attempt."—Charles Kingsley.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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JUDGE WILLIAM ALEXANDER HOKE.

Judge Hoke, late Chief Justice of the North Carolina Supreme Court, died Sunday morning in a Raleigh hospital, after several months of declining health. It will do no good now to say of the distinguished gentleman what could have been truthfully said about him while yet in the flesh. He is gone to the great beyond—the state of immortality in which he believed and entertained not a single doubt about its reality.

He was a gentle gentleman, great jurist, wise statesman and carried always about with him a truly democratic heart. For 19 years he served on the Supreme Court, following fourteen years in the service of the Superior Court. Respected of all men, who confided in his integrity, his ability and his devotion to the people of the state, which he honored, Judge Hoke easily may be counted one of the state's greatest citizens.

His remains were interred in his home town, Lincolnton, the long-time home of the distinguished family of Hokes.

The News & Observer's beautiful measure of the distinguished gentleman is in these words:

> "But, just as the artist is greater than his greatest picture and the poet above his masterpiece, William Alexander Hoke, the man, the human being, the friend, the husband, the father, the lover of his kind, was above all his judicial opinions. They will remain in the volumes to be read by and to influence the legal profession, but the spirit of the man and his incarnation of righteousness will live longest and invite

to higher emulation. He walked humbly with his fellows, and with dignity and love, and he walked reverently before his God. His life was sweetened and blessed by his Christian faith."

* * * * * * * * * *

HOW DEPENDENT IS MAN.

Man feels his importance when everything seems to turn in his favor. He is a weak creature, hence he feels he is strong. Not every man, of course, feels that way about it, but the reader will perhaps admit that as a species man is inclined that way when that fat of the land is his. He is so apt to consider himself endowed with great ability, and not infrequently credits himself with being largely responsible for such fortunate endowment. The Man of Galilee understood man when He gave us the story of the prosperous man and his bulging barns. He called him a fool.

But when the heavens dry up and leaden skies turn to copper; when the heat beats down fiercely day after day and the dust is driven upward into his nostrils, and morning finds him unrefreshed from the night's effort to rest, man is inclined to consider whether after all he is self-sufficient. He wonders whether he should longer believe he is "master of his own soul" or the "architect of his own destiny." If in the day of prosperity he will read that story of the self-satisfied man and apply it to himself he is not so likely to become stiff-necked. Since he doesn't always keep the lesson in mind, it may be that drouth and threat of famine are used as nature's method of "operating for the big-head," as a prominent man recently put it. And the same man added that "she uses no anaesthetic" when this operation is undertaken.

One thing seems to have been accomplished by the severe drouth that has affected so much of the nation during the past summer; man's sense on dependence has been deepened and as a whole his faith in a God who is mindful of all His creatures has been strengthened. The father who chastises his wilful child does not love him the less.—Lexington Dispatch.

* * * * * * * * * *

PRETTIER COUNTRY HOMES.

Forsyth County is to have prettier and more attractive looking country homes as the result of the efforts of a home beautification organization in Winston-Salem, reports The Journal. A woman heads the movement to which a county commissioner contributes $100 as a prize for the rural home

which shows the most improvement in appearance in a certain period.

That $100 is not of course the best prize. This will be the added beauty that purposeful effort will produce, as The Journal adds, every home can win the bestprize. Nevertheless the definite prize will be worth striving for, and will be an incentive to the competition which will get the results desired.

In this Twin-City move is perhaps a suggestion for the civic clubs which are always looking to aid in community betterment. The Journal says:

There is opportunity for ingenious originality in making country homes prettier. Each home is an individual thing. In the city there is apt to be a sameness that jars. This is true especially of the homes located on a certain street or in a certain section. There is not much variety of setting. Each home is too much like all the others in that neighborhood. But out in the country there are all sorts of variety elements. These can be used to excellent advantages. Nearly every rural home can be made prettier without much expense. In some cases a little paint is needed. In other instances, a few trees ought to be planted. Walks, can be arranged and lawns seeded and kept green.

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THE BRYAN MEMORIAL.

Hon Josephus Daniels has been selected to lead the movement which has in view a material memorial to William Jennings Bryan. That is a worthy undertaking, but, after all, there is nothing in stone, mortar or marble, which will surpass the esteem in which he is held by millons of Americans.

The "white face of the dead" even stopped those who sought to belittle the great Commoner merely to show their smartness—it hushed everybody except the brutal Baltimore correspondent.

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The County Board of Education of Cabarrus, as now composed, seems determined to move up from the tail-end of the educational revival that has been going on in the state. It has decided on the erection of suitable buildings for and maintaining High Schools at different places in the county. A very sensible move. It has been observed, however, that one of the initital places to be favored with such an institution should, in reason and justice, be at Mt. Pleasant.

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"Incidentally," a column in the Raleigh News & Observer, which is the

product of a bright young woman, seems happiest here-of-late in singing the praises of Dr. Poteat's espousal of evolution, or saying something that shocks us out of our boots. If Smith College, way up in Yankeedom, ever turned out a brighter scholar or a severer critic than this lover of thrills, why, in the language of the immortal Venus, of Rowan county, "just trot her out."

* * * * * * * * * * *

And the slaughter continues. Human life is becoming cheaper. The moment a life is snuffed out by reckless driving, by conspiracies, by plots and the ever-ready pistol, at once begins the effort to manufacture by word of mouth, through correspondence and otherwise a chain of testimony by which justice may be defeated and the offender go scott free.

* * * * * * * * * * *

A Chautauqua speaker rises up and proclaims that girls should learn to cook at home instead of going to school for that purpose. Ah, how wrong some people may become. The average home is where we sometimes sleep, or as Jesphus Daniels observed, "the filling station."

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North Carolina, in the not far distance, will probably have as many "judges" as Kentucky was full of "Colonels" prior to the Volstead act.

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HOW A SNAKE DRINKS WATER.

By Jim Reddick.

I detest snakes — not exactly afraid of them but I think so little of their business that I never tarry around where a snake might be. But they are a part of the inhabitants of the earth, and, while we may never know of any particular service they render in making the world a better place in which to live, it adds to our knowledge of natural history to know of some of their habits—say, for instance, how they drink water.

Out in No. 11 township lives A. F. McEachern. He was working on the banks of Big Cold Water Creek, from whence Concord gets its water supply. Growing weary in the heat of one of our recent hot days, he sat down on the edge of the stream under a willow. Just across he spied a black snake (it looked powerfully big to him and he kept a close watch on the reptile's movements.) His snakeship was hot, too, and was in search of a cool place and water as evidenced by what followed. The snake took himself close to McEachern's feet and there in a pool stuck his head and drank like a "pigeon drinks, and a pigeon drinks like a mule," declared McEachern in describing how a snake drinks water.

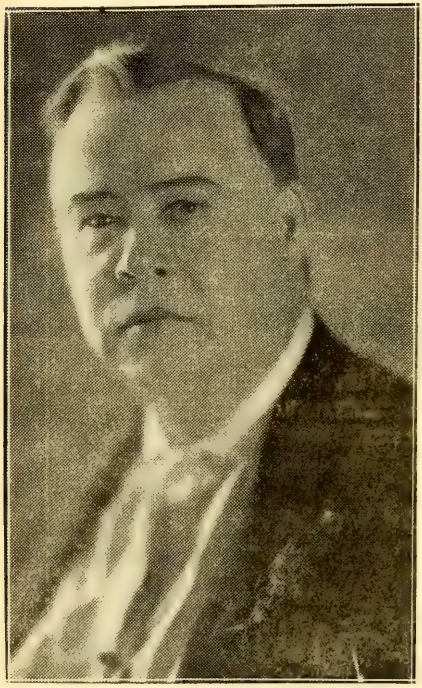
The old fellow, that is the snake, felt mightily refreshed and then rested himself leasurely near the foot of a small willow. Just about the time he got himself comfortably coiled about a lower limb, he made a sudden spring. That was exciting. Mr. McEachern remained on the scene long enough to learn that what really attracted and held in a quiet mood the black snake was his knowledge of the presence of a tree-frog, which the snake sensed on a limb just above him. The cause of that sudden dash by the snake? Why, the frog made a jump, and the "snake caught him or her on the fly as gracefully as Babe Ruth could have done." The snake quickly swallowed the frog and then scampered or wiggled off through the weeds.

It is a little late in the season to tell snake stories, but inasmuch as nobody has ever involved the snake into consideration when he tries to make himself look smart in declaring his allegiance to the evolution rot, it is not in bad taste to give this story that tells how a snake drinks water—like a pigeon.

Evolution alone is responsible for the proposed change of name of America's famous "Bean City" to "Onion City." Dr. Chance, of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, says Boston consumes 25 pounds of onions per capita annually—by far the largest per capita consumption of any city in the United States.

JUDGE COLLINS AS A WITNESS.

Greensboro has a common sense man for judge of her Recorder's Court. We have enjoyed the acquaintance of this interesting character—not in his court, but personally—and some months ago, impressed by his great genius in dealing with law-breakers and the spirit of justice that controlled him in handing out judgments, The Uplift carried a sketch of this popular Greensboro citizen. Sunday's News had him on the witness stand and this is what grew out of his testimony:



JUDGE D. H. COLLINS

The average age of lawbreakers has decreased by at least five years, in the opinion of Judge D. H. Collins, of the Greensboro municipal court.

A decadence of home life, with less restraint imposed by parents; the great demand for "freedom" and self-expression; desire for easy money; and an urge for a life of ease, pleasure and do-as-you-please are given as reasons for the breaking down of barriers and for making court dockets thick, fat books.

But the judge sees one indication of improvement, and, strangely enough, he is at variance with the people who rail at what they call the greater license afforded girls. He finds that there are fewer women, proportionately in his court, than formerly. The women are not as bad, he finds, as they have been pictured.

All Kinds, Many of Them.

Judge Collins ought to know. The sinners come to his court in flocks, not willingly but brought in by the police. Black and white, rich and poor, the highly placed and the very dregs of humanity—they are brought before him for decision. Day after day, with Monday a day of double work because of the Sabbath recess of courts, they crowd the courtroom, popping up to tell their stories and down again to make room for another offender. The judge is a working man and he sees the seamy side, the sordid; hears tales of violence, greed, degredation, infringement by some on the rights of others; bootleg tales, all the undercurrent of vice and hatred that swirls under the ap-

parently placid streams of life in a big city.

For more than four years now, Judge Collins has held sway in the municipal court, being elected to that office by the city council in 1921. For years before that he was—and still is—a magistrate, and if there is any type of offender who hasn't been brought before him it would be hard to find it.

The common sense justice, he is called. He is not a lawyer, and technicalities mean little or nothing to him. He brushes those aside and looks at the matter from a common sense viewpoint, with the idea of reformation where possible. He is not a hard boiled tyrant, like the older school of police court judges. Some of those called cases every half minute and took a delight in throwing a man in jail—the mere fact that he had been arrested was sufficient proof of guilt, and in to the dungeons wretches were hustled, with no more show than a worm before a voracious, red wattled rooster. When a defendant went into such a court he didn't go into a court of justice; it was a little corner of hell, extra hot.

Not All Criminals.

But Judge Collins takes the view that most of those who come before him are not criminals; they have fractured some ordinance, some traffic law. A man gets lit up and pulls his wife's hand—a dirty thing to do, but when the wife herself asks mercy and refuses to testify against her husband, what is the judge to do? That man isn't a criminal; he just loves his booze. Two families living in the same house pass bitter words over the child of one being accused of having, while in the common bathroom, used the soap of one of the parties. The lie is passed and there is a charge of assault on female, but one couldn't send the man to jail. Traffic violators, youths speeding automobiles; a boozer caught with half a pint of liquor in his pocket; trespass cases; affrays—much of the work before the court is just misdeameanor stuff and the judge doesn't believe in clapping a fellow in jail for that.

Of course there is much of more serious crime, such as larceny, assauls with deadly weapons, killings, bootlegging on a big scale and the like, and there Judge Collins bears down heavily. He has sense enough however, to know that the first jail term may ruin a young person and does not lightly take a chance on making a criminal out of a misdeameanant.

But the judge doesn t like the tendency reduction in age of first offenders. He does not handle any cases of persons under 16 years of age; they are for the juvenile court. Still, he gets them young enough.

"There are more young men, between the ages of 21 and 25, who come into municipal court than any other class," he said. That class has increased greatly in the past few years. They don't seem to realize into what they are getting, into the near-criminal class. Graduation is easy from that into the regular professional criminal."

Liquor, Autos, Women

Liquor, automobiles and women are the chief reasons for these young fellows swelling the police court docket. That is a combination that

breaks many a young man. Any one of the corners of the triangle is sufficient to do that; two are nearly certain to do it and when a man combines the three he is practically certain to go on the rocks—figuratively and literally. There has always been a sufficiency of reckless young fellows but the judge never saw as many before, never had as many to call upon him. They don't care; they are in a hurry to break the law; they do not consider it as much of a barrier to their pursuits.

And there are as many whites as negroes, he finds, although the white population is far in excess of the negro population here. The judge thinks there is less pride of race than formerly in the matter of getting arrested and hauled before a judge and many o man falls because he hasn't self-respect enough to hold himself up. Of course bad company takes its toll, as always; late hours and rowdy roisterers, in need of money for liquor, automobile parties and women—always expensive things.

The one good symptom the judge discerns is the lessening number of women offenders, especially where the charge is that the moral code has been broken. There are not as many girls and young women brought into the court now as were a few years ago. Time was when nearly every morning drab creatures were taken from the courtroom to the county jail to serve sentences. These soiled doves were in many instances just over the age of 16. The judge couldn't do much for them. The law called for sentence; the evidence was plain; and when the jail doors swung behind them they were practically ruined for life. It may be that the "Peeping Tom," law, which prohibits anybody, even a policeman, from peering into a room, has something to do with the lessening of the charges in that direction, but Judge Collins thinks that there is actually less of the crime. The figures bear him out. There are still some who come and hear the stories of their shame recited before an audience that pacts the courtroom, straining to hear every word, but they do not get as much satisfaction as formerly. They may ruin a whole morning on the off chance of hearing some dirty testimony.

Intently Eyes Witnesses.

Evidence in many cases of many sorts in conflicting, of course. The prosecuting witness and the defend- and tell opposite stories. While they testify Judge Collins leans over and eyes them intently. He seems to be searching their very hearts while they glibly talk. He fastens his eyes on them and it is a hardened liar who can look into the sharp orbs of the judge and keep on realing lies at the rate of 20 per minute. The judge has to determine who is lying and how much, which story is more credible, and when he gives his decision he doesn't hesistate.

"Bound over," he says, after the lawyers have finished with the last word. Or, "Guilty," or "Not guilty and prosecuting witness pay the costs." It doesn't take him long to make up his mind.

Among the amusing matters that wives have called the police, in a hurry, to make their husbands behave. Assaults on female is the

charge, but by morning the women have changed their minds. When husband turned over the table and slung a dish at her, or slapped her face, why "We were just playing. We didn't get mad," some of the women say, and it is a matter of payment of the costs. The man may not have the money but the woman has managed to raise it and the woman pays. Very affectionately the couple will leave the courtroom, the wife hanging on the arm of her lord, who solicitously pilots her across the traffic lanes.

It's a great life, this being a municipal court judge, but a man must be able to make up his mind quick and be able to spot a liar the minute the latter lifts his voice. Also, it is a working job.

COL. AL FAIRBROTHER ON BRYAN.

What concerns me just now is the fact—and I assert it unqualifiedly—the coming, the staying and the going—and viewed by the eyes of Faith the glory of it all—that William Jennings Bryan bore all the semblance of one whose soul communed with God—who walked with God as truly as Enoch ever did, and was as much under the divine direction as any character—save One—in sacred history.

If you can believe than angels like a mighty host appeared to Elisha; if a voice was heard by Hagar to save her child from thirst! If Gabriel put on an incarnate form to be a messenger from God; if radiant beings sang hallelujahs in the skies and called the startled shepherds to Bethlehem; if angel hands drew back the prison bars to give release to Peter; if God handed Moses the moral code of civilization; if a serpent beguilded Eve; if Mary Magdalene met Christ arisen in the garb of a workman and denounced him as a desecrator of the tomb; if Paul was stricken blind by a flash and heard God in a complaining cloud while on his way to Damascus—if John on lonely Patmos beheld so many strange visions, then believe me that William Jennings Bryan as his immortal soul was released from its earthbound trappings glimpsed the Eternal City—not made with hands. And as joy struck with its potent plectrum the quivering chords of that departing and unimprisoned soul there was stamped on his face that smile of heavenly joy which all who saw him noted—he knew he was on the "star-lit way between the companionships of yesterday and the reunions of tomorrow."

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

I passed a store the other day and in front was a sign hand-painted, it looked like it was done with axle grease, in these words: "Selling out cheap." It reminded me of the story I heard a short time ago, that went something like this: Ikey had been to the woods, and on his return, he very excitedly told his father, "Fadder, I was in de wood just now an' I saw a nest of young birds, an' dey did nodding but sing, 'Cheep! Cheep!'" "Mine gracious, Ikey," replied his father, "Get all dem birds you can. I'll hang dem in der front of de store and let dem holler 'bout der goods we haf to sell."

Buying blue sky and wildcat shares of stock is not the popular indoor sport it was a few years ago. People are learing more and more the wisdom of consulting a bank with a good reputation before making investments and handing out their hard-earned money. National distribution of the better class of investments has become a modern science, and in a great nation like ours, with enormous accessions of newly created wealth, it is very important that those who buy securities know what they are getting. There are many good investments in all lines of activity, and all that a buyer needs do is use ordinary prudence and consult with responsible banking or investments houses, and millions of dollors will be saved from loss.

It sometimes happens, or I may say, more properly, comes to pass, that some people in the exuberance of their enthusiasm to help farming, as they think, kill off a lot of birds, and thus kill the farmer's friend. A farmer in Iowa complained that the pleasants were eating his corn. The game department killed two of the birds, examined their crops, and found 200 cut worms—and no corn. Almost without exception, when the scientists investigate such cases they find the same result. The farmer owes his crop to the feathered police that keep down the bugs, insects and worms. With continuing slaughter of every form of bird life, the insect loss will be heavier and farm work harder. The nation could train an army of riflemen in a comparatively short time, but it couldn't in a century restore the bird armies that are the farmers' allies in raising food to feed the country.

There are some things so simple in this life that we wonder at their simplicity. A Durham husband made inquiry of his wife and wanted to know what made their living so expensive. His wife very sweetly replied that she didn't know, unless it was the expenses. And he is still pondering over his wife's reply.

J. J. Baldwin had an experience the other night that sounds like he was in a circus, trying to ride two night-mares at one and the same time. Anyway he had a dream. He dreamed a negro was in the house, and he was making a desperate effort to get his gun, which he could not

reach. He made such a to-do in his sleep that his wife woke him up and wanted to know what in the world was the matter. He told her he was dreaming, and what it was about. He got up and got a drink of water. He went back to sleep, and dreamed the very same dream, and went through the same antics as in the first dream. His wife woke him up again and he told her it was the same old dream over again. Now Joe Baldwin had in his garden a fine grape arbor, loaded down with the most delicious fruit of the vine, and he was counting on gathering them in on the morning after he had his double same dream. But the next morning, when he went out to gather the grapes, lo, and behold, the vines had been visited that night and stripped of the grapes. Not even a small basketful was left. Hitching two and two togather who can say that the thieves in the vineyard that night did not have some bearing on the two dreams Joe Baldwin dreamed, or some invisible premonition was working on the sleeper while the thief, or thieves, plucked the grapes? Who can tell?

I like to see a fellow put enthusiasm into his work. Enthusiasm is always back of every great achievement. The fellow who really enjoys his work will accomplish twice as much as the fellow who drags along in order to fill up his time. The man who loves to render service, even to the humblest and lowliest, will be amply rewarded. There is nothing in the world that brings as much real pleasure and happiness as to render real service. Make every word and every act count for success. While you are helping others, you, yourself, are being lifted up.

It was a "general knowlelge" lesson, and the teacher was telling the children about the names of things and how they came to be given. "There is quite a number of plants and flowers which have names beginning with 'dog,'" she said. "For instance, dog-rose and dog-violet. Can any of you children think of another?" After a second or two of silence a child put up his hand and piped, "Please, teachers, collie flower."

They used to think in the old days that anyone who died with his boots on was a bad man, but the opinion is expressed that today he is only a pedestrian. Which reminds me of how one of our Sunday school teachers asked the scholars the meaning of "the quick and the dead," when one little boy piped up: "Please ma'am, the man as gets out of the way of the motor car is quick, and the man as doesn't is dead."

The rediculousness of some contentions, and the absurdity of some arguments is typified in the following conversation, overheard a night or two ago, in front of the Trust building. A party of gentlemen were in conversation when a yellow taxi went by. Said one, "You reckon the yellow taxis are making money?" "Yes," responded another one of the party. "Of course they are making money. They belong to a rich corporation. They belong to the Catholics. "How is that? Never heard of that before," ventured the first speaker. "Well, yellow is their

color," went on the knowing one. "Yellow is the church color, known to all Catholics. You see the water hydrants about town, with their tops painted yellow? That's a sign to all Catholics coming to town that a Catholic is in power somewhere in the government, that can give aid and help to members of his church if they wish it," the second speaker averred. "Well, I'll be— jumped up," replied the first speaker, "Never knew that before." And the yellow taxi conversation ended at this point. Can't you hear some funny things as you pass along, and "listen in."

It is "love's labor lost" with some people to overhaul, remodel and renovated a lot of folks all at once. Don't do it. It breaks up friendships. Do your overhauling by degrees, in a tactful manner, and don't try too big a hunk at one time. The ideal condition in a home are soon broken up if a husband is always trying to force his wife to do things his way, when hers is just as sensible—and may be more so. And no husband wants his wife ever and always complaining and nagging him about this that and the other. These two conditions are nerve racking. There are a lot of meddlesome folks who meddle in a variety of thing that are none of their business; trouble ensues; happiness is destroyed. The people you can get along best with are those who like you, faults and all. Your honest-to-goodness friends like you "because you're you." There are some reformers you should turn in and help to reform.

A story of the ingenuity of a tourist comes up from Norfolk. I give it as I heard it. A tourist had occasion to have his watch repaired. It was closing time with the jeweler, but he told the tourist he would do the work and to come back at 8 o'clock. The tourist on his way to the jeweler, in the shades of the evening, was confronted by a highwayman, and at the point of a pistol, was told to hold "hands up." The tourist broke out in a hearty laugh. "What are you laughing at?" inquired the bandit. "Why I'm working this side of the street myself," replied the tourist, and the highwayman slunk away in the shadows. Clever trick.

"I have not bruised myself against it, nor tried to use it ignobly. While I gathered its bread and meat for my body, I did not neglect to gather its bread and meat for my soul. I have climbed its mountains, roamed its forests, the oppression of its heats, the drench of its rains, the fury of its winds, and always have beauty and joy waited upon my goings and comings."—John Burroughs.

A HERO IN A WELL.

When Tom Terry called for help the alarm was sent out and H. B. Thomas went to the rescue. He left wife, children, home, and comfort to save his neighbor and friend. Greater love hath no man.

While some stood spell bound this giant in strength went to the well of death and tied up the stricken man and stood there in the jaws of death waiting his turn. But the rope or something else gave way and they both perished. The one who went there to earn his daily bread, and the other went to save the life of his friend.

I knew H. B. Thomas. He was a good man and lived his religion. He lived it every day and not just big meeting time. I have had dealings with him which were satisfactory. He would pay you; his word was his bond and he met his obligations like the man he was. I know his father. He is a good man and his grief for his son will be hard to bear. May he have the strength to bear it.

I consider this sacrifice one close akin to the miraculous. Deeds are pictured to us by great writers. But this one enacted right under our eyes and we stand with bared heads admiring the hero. I believe God will take notice of this sacrifice and reward accordingly.

Now we go to back to his home, to this widow and orphan children. We tarry with them long enough to say in our belief that it is well with this man. We see them as they look at us through bedimmed eyes, with their very souls crushed and bleeding. But one consolation I wish to suggest. He lived right and he died to save his friend. It was a supreme sacrifice.—T. B. Laney.

And Editor Beasley, of the Monroe Journal, treats the subject of this tragic death as follows:

"Recorded it with your high and worthy deeds,
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it."

All men admire bravery, but sometimes with our faulty standards of judgment, we make a mistake in appraising bravery. Unable to see into the hearts of men, we often misread their motives and misjudge their actions. So God Almighty's omnipotent eyes alone is able to justly measure human conduct.

When the terrified screams for help rent the neighborhood air in Buford township yesterday, Bunyan Thomas was engaged in the commonplace act of plowing his turnip patch. But those screams called from him an act as brave as any that grace the annals of heroism.

He jumped upon his mule, flew to the spot whence came the screams, and went to the bottom of a 32-foot well to drag out the body of another whose fate was already sealed, and whose attempted rescue turned out to be his own death. He neither halted nor debated, but went to the rescue and to death.

Was Bunyan Thomas a brave man?

The answer comes affirmatively from the souls of countless other men in the world's history who gave their lives for others as they welcome him to theirs ranks, and their answer will be re-echoed in the coming years by countless others who will give their lives in like manner so long as the human race remains what it has been and is today. Such men no doubt are among the choicest throngs of Heaven s most blessed immortals.

Unlike Mr. Laney who writes about him in this issue, the writer did not know Bunyan Thomas, for which we now account ourselves the loser. In the world war he was drafted in the army. But he belonged to a sect whose religious principles account it a sin to engage in war. Against the popular contumely, against the military discipline and actual punishment, he held to his principles and to his idea of his conscientious duty, and refused to fight. His commader in chief had said before the war began that our nation was too proud to fight. Bunyan Thomas' religion told him that it was wrong to fight under any pretect and he had the courage of his convictions. Yet no doubt this very courage was wrongly assessed as cowardice. If it were, let the tongue of condemnation apologize for its mistake. Who can say now that Bunyan Thomas was not braver in refusing to fight and taking the consequences whatever they might be, than in surrendering his religious and conscientious objections and falling in with the prevailing sentiment?

Nobody loves a coward, and nobody honors the man who gives way to fear. But sometimes it takes greater courage to follow one's convictions than it does to fire a gun. It is not for us to pass upon the judgment or the principles that lead men to take this view in time of war, but it is for us to praise and honor a man, not because he defies his country's will, but because he is brave enough to stand true to his professions in the face of all the world, and at the price of so fearful a danger of being forever misjudged.

There is physical courage and there is moral courage and the latter is esteemed, when properly understood, as superior of the two. It is said that on the eve of battle a soldier was repremanded by his superior officer for showing signs of fear. "I am afraid," was the reply, "and if you were as afraid as I am you might run away." The physical courage of that soldier trembled, but his moral courage which held him to his duty was supreme.

If, by reason of his war record, any one doubted the courage of Bunyan Thomas, such judgment may now be revised. The record has now been set straight. The final action of Bunyan Hhomas' life has left no room for doubt.

Somebory has discovered that there's a risk in going bare-headed, but at any rate it is not the risk of going broke from paying hat-check fees.

RAIN IN ANSWER TO PRAYER.

By C. W. Hunt.

Perhaps there is nothing that takes place in all the universe that so impresses man with his weakness, as a long continued drought, like that which encompasses a greater part of the country at this time. Too much rain does not bring the calamity that the withholding of rain brings. In this wonderful Blowing Rock section, where the rainy and foggy day has been proverbial for centuries, the want of rain has dried springs and wells that the oldest inhabitants never saw dry before, and one witnesses the sight of men, women and children gathering at wells and springs that are still flowing asking for water to drink, and to cook with. Makes man feel and know there is nothing he can do materially.

That God can make rain or make it dry, at Hie will, no one who believes in an Alwise Creator will deny; but those who believe in God differ as to rainfall and its causes. When this writer was just entering young manhood, one day there came an old fashioned country rain on a wheat threshing out in an open field; a big black cloud, then the lighter color under the black, and a downpour of rain that drenched everything and rained about all the afternoon. The man in charge of the thresher, a highly respected and intelligent man, said, when the matter of rain was being discussed, as we lay under the canvass sheets: "I believe God made this earth, made the elements that bring rain, and turned these loose, and they are controlled by natural laws." At that time this writer did not know whether he believed that or not, but it made an impression that later in life became a conviction.

At this time we read of calls for prayer for rain; we hear of meetings called to pray for rain, and of apparent answers to that prayer or prayers. South Carolina's good governor called upon all the people to pray for rain on Sept 6th, and a few scattered showers fell, but not a drought breaker. In God's own time rain will fall again. Prayer and rain conditions might meet; on the other hand prayer and dry conditions might meet: the first would get an answer, the second would not, and the believer in atmospheric conditions controlling rain would feel vindicated. Don't understand that the writer would limit God's power to send rain or anything else He desires, but if rain fell when atmospheric conditions were unfavorable for rain, God would have to perform a miracle in order to answer such a prayer, be it personal or congregational.

There are recorded many instances where prayer seemed to be answered when made for rain; and we are taught in God's direc twords to ask for anything in faith and get it. In that word faith is the crux of the whole discussion, prayer in faith, faith to believe and expect God will give it; bring rain today, though the "heavends appear as brass."

The writer's father told this incident, which is understood he witness-

ed: A pioneer Methodist preacher, Rev. Henry Gray, was at a camp-meeting in eastern North Carolina. It was smooth cloudy and very still, these clouds were dark and lowering. The preacher for the eleven o'clock hour had taken his text, while a great throng of people sat under a brush arbor, and drops of rain, a forerunner of a down-pour, began to fall and people began to move for the tents, when Henry Gray rose and said: "Be quiet people, I will pray for the rain to stop." With that he fell on his knees alone, and the preacher proceeded. No more rain fell until the sermon was over, when such a rain fell as is seldom seen. This man's prayers were feared by the wicked where-ever he went.

It is told that a severe drought was raging in a certain section, when a Baptist traveling preacher stopped for a nooneday meal with a widow lady farmer, who told him of the suffering crops, and asked that he make a special prayer for rain after the meal, which he did, and went on his way. It was not many hours before a heavy cloud arose rapidly, and a storm was on before the good lady realized it was so near. Going out she found a young calf that needed shelter, a hen and chicks there that must be put up, another brood out there in the field, a bunch of young turkeys sure to drown in another part of the yard, and as she hurried, was not half through the errands of mercy the rain broke, when she exclaimed: "That's the way of these Baptist preachers; they never know when they have enough."

Soon after the war between the States the Northern Methodists organized a little church with discontents, in a neighborhood in Mecklenburg county; and it was generally understood that they were of small consequences; in fact stood poorly in the neighborhood. One Summer there came a dry spell, which was becoming alarming, and the pastor of this unlikely flock called a prayer meeting for rain. There lived in the community a loyal Southerner, who had little use for the church organization in question, who was told of the call of the meeting, and jeeringly remarked: "There will be nothing to come of that." That night a copious shower fell. Next day this same party met the loyal Southerner, saying. How about it now Mr. Blank?" and was greeted with: "Change of the moon, change of the moon!"

These stories are neither here nor there, but are illustrations of different characters, but God in His wisdom does all things as seems best to Him. He can produce rain out of a clear sky. He can withhold it. This writer feels that to do either, when well known data showed that either was contrary to natural law, would be a miracle.

Blowing Rock.

America: A nation which settles its coal strikes on the principle that the time to vaccinate is after the patient is put to bed.—Detroit News.

REV. J. H. BARNHARDT'S VACATION.

(Greensboro Advocate.)

Sooner or later some expert is sure to go to every son of Adam and inform him that he is a fit subject for an operation, a padded cell, or—a vacation. One of the three will surely get him, perhaps all of them. And so, in the ongoing of the days, my official board which, by the way, is one of the very best in Methodist circles anywhere, voted me a vacation, not because they wanted me to go but because other congregations were doing it and they did not wish to appear selfish. I still think that had I been present in the meeting I might have averted their action and saved them from the embarrassment of my absence from the city.

Anyway, they said go and I went. I have learned long ago that it is better for a fellow to go when there is a chance for him to come back than for him to stick around until they tell him to go permanently. Some editors, elders, connectionals, pastors, et cetera, haven't learned that yet. But give them time, give them time.

Imagine a fellow with a vacation on his hands, and not wanting one. If there is anything in this country that has been overworked it is the vacation fad. It is a boon for the weary and a blessing for the weak, but I have seen so many hefty yearlings who haven't done anything but loaf all the year going around from one resort to another until I have become suspicious of the whole exaggerated business. But a brief resting spell for most people has its advantages. It at least gets them away from home for awhile, which isn't so bad when you come to think about it.

Somebody has said that the great question now before the American people is "where to park your automobile," but almost as great is the question: Where shall I spend my vacation? A man who has read the daily papers of any given date has already seen everything, and there isn't any place for him to go. Still, anybody is willing to take a chance sometimes. I have escaped delirium tremens so far, and according to a character in one of Irvin Cobb's stories, a person has never been anywhere nor seen anything until he has had 'em. I didn't go to the mountains in search of that experience, but they do say that in certain section of that much heralded region one may still acquire the background for some exciting imaginary explorations. No, Edyth, not all the bootlegging is done in the congested centers of our towns and cities. Some of it is done in the country still.

That isn't the kind of exhilaration you get, however, at Lake Junaluska, where I finally landed. It just seems that wherever I may start in the summer time, I always land at Junaluska. It is a delightful place to be, and so fascinating is the whole layout around there that one is apt to prolong his stay beyond the allotted limits and forget to come home at all. I know some preachers and

others who went there near the beginning of the season who are still there.

Lakeside Lodge was there bigger and better than ever. This is the hostelery built by our enterprising citizen, Mr. J. B. Ivey, to which so many of us find our way each summer and where we find a most congenial and attractive environment for rest and relaxation under almost ideal conditions. Mr. and Mrs. George Foard of Statesville are hard to beat when it comes to playing host to a crowd of raw tourists gathered from the four corners. George is the comedian of the place. He was there this year in all his glory, but like all the stars, on different days, he "differs in glory." He is agin' evolution every day, and claims to be embarrassingly self-conscious when you talk about monkeys. When I suggested that the people a thousand years from now might deny that they had descended from us he said that he intended leaving his picture so that they could draw their own conclusions.

Not a-meanin' Junaluska, of course, but the average summer resort is a corking good place to study human nature and—human anatomy. Both subjects are amply exposed, and the concensus of opinion is that the latter appears to better advantage than the former. Staid business men who at would congeal your blood by a single glance, and conventional housewives who at home regularly chase from their doors a flock of agent with assumed countenances which would shrivel a cocoanut, to say nothing of the more or less younger generation representing every shade of color and tint of the spectrum, these all turn loose of every semblance of artificiality and hark back to primal living. It was a happy, jovial group from many quarters of the map who found themselves projected into my midst at Lakeside Lodge from August 6 to 17.

JUDGE HOKE.

A distinguished lawyer who speaks from many years of professional relation and personal contact rates Justice Hoke as having ranked in the combination of gentleman, jurist, statesman and humanitarian. William Alexander Hoke was of that body to which lawyers now refer as "the old court." It was notable as an aggregation of great abilities, and distinctive abilities; it was the great tribunal of the state's history. and perhaps Justice Hoke in poise was the greatest of that remarkable bench.—Greensboro News.

TRAVELLING CROSS COUNTRY.

By Fred A. Olds.

There are 2,750,000 folks in our North Carolina. How many of these do you think have seen the ocean and how many the mountains? The writer asked about 50 very intelligent men to make an estimate. The average of the estimates was that not over 500,000 had seen the mountains, not even the smaller ones, and that not over 300,000 had seen the ocean. This, if a good estimate, shows that most of our folks do not wander far from home. It might be also construed to mean that a great many of them either have no desire to wonder and see their state, or else are so poor they cannot get about.

As for himself, the writer, while not a globetrotter, is certainly a state-trotter, and knows the way about North Carolina "as well as a martin knows the way towards its gourd," as the country folks say. North Carolina is very open-handed now in the way of roads, and one can go economically in a "Lizzie" all over the mountains, and in a snapper, as the down-esters call a gasolene boat, over nearly 2,000 miles of waterways, constructed by God and not by Frank Page, So let's go!

The writer and his esteemed friend, Dr. Verne Caviness, left Raleigh the first of July, after the writer had "done" the eastern waters; left Raleigh in the doctor's Hupmobile, bound for the high-places, taking highway route No. 10, which traveres the territory between Beaufort and Murphey, or rather to some miles west of Murphey, on the Georgia line.

That Hupmobile was, like Newt's horse, "Rearing to go," and she went 35 miles an hour. A few miles out of Raleigh the writer saw with no little emotion the house where he and Walter Page, (Frank's brother) were prepared for school, in those stirring times in 1865, just after the war had ended. At this house the old stage road was seen, like a mere track, on which one went to Pittsboro, the county seat of Chatham. A mile further on, at Morrisville, the old stage road for Chapel Hill turned out. It is 12 miles from Raleigh to Morrisville and 14 from that place to Chapel Hill, making the whole distance 26 miles, so that really Chapel Hill is no farther from Raleigh than Durham. Several Presidents of these United States have ridden in the stages along this old road to the State University.

Walter Page's home was at Cary, then called Page's and named for his father, Frank Page, who later named it Cary, after a widely known preacher he greatly liked. In those days Durham was a flag station. Until a good many years after the war it did all its business through a Raleigh bank. In 1865 a preacher named MacMannen had a small factory at Durham, which made machines to remove smut from wheat. The only other enterprize in the town was "Uncle Wash" Duke's tobacco factory which looked very much like a small barn. "Uncle Wash" had several boys and he and they were hard workers. The reader has no doubt

heard of "Uncle Wash," whose statue sits serenely in the campus of what used to be Trinity College but is now Duke University. The reader has also heard of one of his boys who has quite lately made a little gift of $40,000,000 to that University and some other things.

Further on Hillsboro was reached, with its pretty courthouse, built in 1844 but having in its belfry the clock and bell which King George the Third presented to the town and which still "ring's true.' The entrance to Hillsboro is unique and effective, crossing the Eno river not far from the trail along its bank known for 175 years as the "Dark Walk," along which Lord Cornwallis, General Alex and Leslie and other officers promenaded as they talked in 1781 of the bad plight of His Majesty's troops in North Carolina. It was a sad hour for my Lord Cornwallis, in that month of March, after what had happened at the battle of Guildford Courthouse. (Folks now wrongly spell it Guilford.)

Mebane, a notable furniture manufacturing place, had the honor of holding in June, 1917, the first Community Day' ever observed in North Carolina, Governor Bickett making a notable speech; also the first moving picture ever made and put on by any State being shown in a tobacco warehouse. It was a great day. Next came Greensboro, made known afar by the tallest building in North Caroline. People do say that the Burlington folks brought suit against the building because it shut off their sunsets, and that the High Point people brought suit because they could no longer see the sunrise.

Not far from Greensboro is the battle-ground of Guilford Courthouse. The highway led past Greensboro Female College, which some folks think will be blended into the great Female Department of Duke University, for which a $4,000,000 contract has just been let for new buildings, and next it passed the great State College for Women. It sung westward, barely missing High Point, a town which as a native delightedly informed us, "Makes Everything and Anything." Next came Winston-Salem and then we went northwestward toward Elkin, passing by East Bend, in Yadkin county making a detour and missing Yadkinville, the county seat. All along the way we had been looking at splendid public schools, not the wooden variety any more, but those of brick, generally of striking designs. Route No. 10 is marked by many such. The piedmont region's activities are operated by white-coal, namely hydro-electric power, and are innumerable.

At Elkin we were the happy guests of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Chatham. He is known far and near as "Mr. Rich." We had come out of the torrid heat which so savagely marked the summer in the eastern middle sections, but there, looking over the blue grass of his lawn, high above the town, we caught the blessed breath of the Blue Ridge, rolling down like a wave of air. There were only two things to do, eat and sleep, and a blanket was mighty comfortable before daylight. From the rear yard you could see the Blue Ridge itself, like a wall of soft grey, 17 miles away.

At Elkin we saw the largest blan-

ket mill in the United States, that of the Chatham Manufacturing Company, which ships its products to all cold countries and which just now is making Scotch plaid ones, which are the "rage." There is also one of the largest shoe factories in all the South in the hustling town.

We struck out for Roaring Gap, on the peak of the Blue Ridge, and to the writer it really seemed funny to be riding, when in other days he had always tramped along the road, pack on back, with happy groups of his boy friends, and when Elkin was usually the starting point for tramps of hundred of miles in our Appalachian world, of which so little of down-state North Carolina knows anything at all. The road is admirably paved and soon wide views began to be delighted. Presently there was Roaring Gap, with an army of men at work building the hotel of a dark grey stone, found right at hand, in unlimited quantities; making a big lake; laying out streets, sidewalks, etc., in other words preparing a $2,000,000 project, in which Leonard Tufts of Pinehurst has joined company with Winston-Salem men who "think in millions." It is to be a wonderful resort. The late Chief Justice Clark declared it would be the finest place in all the mountains. They say that good folds of Washington, North Carolina, go to Ocracoke Island when they die and that the good ones from Edenton and Elizabeth City go to Nag's Head, and now the good Winston-Salem people when they pass away can look forward to Roaring Gap, which they love so much. It is a very fine prospect for all hands.

The State has a fish-hatchery at Roaring Gap, admirably constructed and turning out great numbers of baby brook trout and black bass. There are other such hatcheries at Boone, Marion, Waynesville, etc., and from these the depleted mountain streams are being replenished. In 1880 the State had a fish hatchery at Raleigh which was a large producer. The United States had one for shad at Edenton, and at this the shad fry are propagated, not only for this side of the United States but also for the Pacific ocean, to which great numbers were sent. There they grow for the first time, and are twice as large as those in the eastern waters.

The splendid road leads on to Sparta, and is hard-surfaced. That charming little town we entered and we met our friends, whom the mountaineers call "Rufe Doughton's folks." With them we got two things; first a warm welcome and second a mighty nice lunch. Then we bore away for Jefferson, the county seat of Ashe. From the time we left Elkin we had been revelling in the splendid flowers of the rhododendron, which were in full bloom; the glory of the mountains. The kalmia or laurel, (which most of the mountaineers erroneously call "ivy,") was nearly gone, but we saw a little, and also a trifle of that most beautiful of the azaleas, the yellow or flame-colored, which does not grow below the 2000 foot level and which the down-country does not know. We were to see the rhododendron day after day for two glorious weeks, in county after county in that Appalachian world, the "Land of the Sky," as Miss Fisher of Salisbury so charmingly named it in 1870.

"I WAS IN PRISON AND YE CAME UNTO ME."

Maude Woddell in News & Observer.

In 1900 the International Prison Congress was held in St. Petersburg. One feels twinges of "gallows humor" when one thinks of these congresses, with their papers and receptions and other diversions, and then lets the mind travel away to the gloomy prisons themselves with their myriad inmates. The greatest jailer of all, the Tsar of all the Russians, the Turnkey of the great icy dungeon Siberia, opened the sessions. Grand dukes and other notables of Russia high society were present in force. There were gala dinners, and all the rest. At one section a French sociologist in evening dress read a paper on incorrigibles. It shown in faultness rhetoric. "The class of criminals are hopelessly sick. No reclamation is possible. All that can be done is to render them harmless in one or another way."

When the last word had fallen a sight figure was seen making her way to the platform. She asked the indulgence of the chairman, and then, in a silvery voice, speaking in French, she said:

"There is, gentlemen, one agency by which every criminal can be transformed, even one who is, as they say incorrigible. That is the power of God. Laws and systems cannot change the heart of a single criminal, but God can. I am persuaded that we ought above all to occupy ourselves with the souls of prisoners and their spiritual life."

The congress applauded. Itwas a message which social congressists do not often hear, but which they would do well to heed.

The apparation was Miss Mathilda Wrede, the Baroness Wrede, in fact though she never seemed concerned about her title. She bears a more unique title—"The Angel of the Prisons." Also the "Happy Saint."

Her father was the provincial governor of Vasa, Finland. She first became interested in the imprisoned by watching some of them who came to make repairs on the governor's house, and grounds, men under guard and of gloomy countenance. Again as a little girl, she saw by accident the smith welding redhot irons on a group of prisoners. After that the lovel birch furniture of her chamber which her father had given her as a present failed to satisfy. It was prison made. She was brought up in a world of culture, educated carefully with the lovely training of the Scandinavian schools, and was a gifted musician. One evening in which she had planned to go with her father to a society function she went instead to a revival meeting in which a layman was preaching. His text was John 3:16 and Mathilda Wrede capitulated, as tens of thousands have done before, to the golden words. It was an embarrassment to her father and his entourage but in her own heart the hallelujah bird was singing. Some days after a prisoner came to her home to repair a lock, and in con-

versing with him she told him of the great things that God has done for her. "Ah, Miss," he answered, "you should come out and tell us prisoners about it, we need it enough."

MITCHELL.

By James Hay, Jr., in Asheville Citizen.

Washington, the national capital, the place where the Big Men do the Great Work of this powerful republic, is thickly populated by gentlemen with hinges in their knees.

The "Yes" men are on every hand, because nearly everybody is trying to stand in with somebody higher up so as to get a bigger job and a better hold on the Government payroll. You have to drop down to the sub-celler to find a man who, back of his fine front and in the midst of his pretentious speech, is not all tensed up with the effort to discover the right time and place to say "Me, too!" to the person who stands ten dollars a month ahead of him.

Consequently, the abiding place of statesmanship, diplomacy and military genius is thronged with past masters in the art of agreeing, conforming and dovetailing. It is cluttered up with concurrence, concord and compatibility. Start an opinion in the Agriculture Department, and by the time it rolls up the Mall to the White House, it has several hundred clerks, chiefs, assistant chiefs and division heads clinging to it.

And nowhere are the "Me too!" boys so loud and vociferous as in the Army and Navy departments. Among those doughty and bespurred warriors there are neither quarrels, disputes nor contradictions. They are as fond of bucking the man higher up as a hare is of leaping headforemost into a loaded shotgun. When, after a period of several years, one of them does indulge in a thundering negative, all the rest of them leap from their swivel chairs and rush to the door to see the world collapse.

That is why this Colonel William Mitchell is such an engaging figure. It is also why he has the ear and admiration of the civilian population from coast to coast.

As an army officer conforming with the regulations, the colonel is at present a large and conspicuous dub. But as a patriot, he takes his stand among the stem-winders of history.

He expects to get nothing from his defiance of his superiors. Anybody who has talked with the man knows that the oftprinted story of his wanting to be head of the aviation department which he recommends, is a gross slander. He knows, as a lot of other people know, that military aviation in this country is a long way from what he should be. And, having this knowledge, he would not be William Mitchell if he did not do his best to correct the situation. He is absolutely fearless. His are among the few knees that have no

hinges in them. Because of his private income, he is dependent of his salary. The son of a brilliant army officer, he entered the service with the highest ideals of what it should be and of what attitude toward it he should assume under all conditions.

From the very start he was an enthusiast about the aeroplane. He has studied aviation ever since the Wright brothers sent their first machine aloft. When stationed in Washington, he did his utmost, in newspaper interviews, in speeches to Congressional ccommittees and in conferences with his brother officers, to make the American air service the best on earth.

And from the first he had a hard fight on his hands. Old fogeyism, as he says, has many resting places in the United States Army. Wherever there are many "Yes" men, there is hostility for the new idea. Army officers were indifferent in many instances. Congressmen took their cue from the heads of bureaus in the War Department. But Mitchell, shaking off discouragement, kept pounding away. He is a brilliant as well as a courageous man. He made enemies—and kept on fighting.

The thing got hotter and hotter. Mitchell, an expert flyer himself, a man who knew what it was to fight for life in the cloud against either weath or Germans, kept abreast of every development in aviation. The officers in Washington, most of them instinctively hanging back against the new thing, did not keep up with it.

Mitchell grew more and more deperate. His talk was franker and franker, his charges against the aviation authorities rougher and rougher. And at last they "got" him. He was demoted and sent down to the solitudes and serenity of a Texas station.

"That," said the old graybeards, "is the last of Mitchell."

"That," said the "Yes" men, "is the last of Mitchell."

But it was not the last of Mitchell. The Shenandoah fell and officers and men were killed in the fall. Mitchell, declaring that he expected to be arrested for what he said, gave out such a statement as has seldom, if ever, blistered superior officers. He went against all army regulations when he did it. He was emphatic in his claims of mismanagement and maladministration by the War and Navy Departments.

But he spoke as he did because he was willing to sacrifice his career and himself for what he believed to be right. Because there isn't a "Me too!" in him, he was glad to go down fighting for his opinions rather than keep his mouth shut when confronted by what he thought to be viciously wrong and hopelessly incompetent and out of date.

What happens to Colonel William Mitchell as a result of his conduct is incidental. What great improvement comes to this country's military aviation because of his charges, is the one big eventuality. The individual whose mouth has made that improvement possible, is apparently headed for punishment.

And that is why Colonel William

Mitchell, offending army officer, a Regular Fellow. His knee is still stands out as a lion-like patriot and unhinged.

KISSED A MARRIED MAN.

By Arthur D. Gore in News & Observer.

The man who thought that an education, topped off with a college diploma, was all he needed to make a success of his life went and sat with his ignorant neighbor on the porch after supper. A rose bush in the light of the moon gave rise to this sort of start-off:

"I grew up with grasshoppers, mockingbirds and lightning-bugs in the folks of a swamp where corn-shuckings and protracted meetings were all the excitement a fellow had. But that rose bush and the scent of it reminds me....."

The ignorant neighbor reached for a match to light his sweet-smelling tobacco with which he had loaded his shiny corncob bowl. Said he, clenching the reed stem between brown teeth:

"I was a-thinkin' the same thing myself when you spoke. Only it was violets in my case. That caused all the excitement I consider worth a cent in my history."

"Violets! You make me smile!" the educated man laughed. "You had quite a blue time I suppose."

The ignorant host said: "I had roses mixed with my violets and it wasn't so bad after all." The two looked around lest they might be overheard, and then the one continued: "Back in '98 when Hobson was tryin' to bottle up Cervera with the battleship Merrimac I was a brown-shanked brat in my 'teens an' the only reputation I had was for the good backwoods hollerin' voice I had. I'd never seen her until one day when I tuck a bag of watermelons to her daddy's new home an' happened to glimpse 'er lookin' at me through a winder. He bought the melons an' I sold myself that pair o' brown eyes then an' there. After that I did a lot o' hollerin' and backwoods singin'. Her daddy had been an acrobat in Europe an' he called it yodlin'. Said that was what the Swiss called it in the Alps. He liked me but he didn't remain in our neighborhood but a year, as I s'pose things looked too gloomy on the wiregrass ridges for a man like him. But I hollored myself into his brown-eyed gal's recollection. She called me her yodler an' said if I were in Bohemia or Switzerland I could make a fortune hollerin'.

"An' one day back of a rosebush I made 'er blush. I said, 'Will you git married to a feller that hollers?' She didn't say a word but just swallowed out loud an' tears come in 'er big brown eyes. She backed herself to pluck red petals and roll them in 'er long fingers, lookin' down towards two bare feet. We didn't wear shoes in them days, nor bobbed hair an' think it was a rose bush like that bush there. Had such a sweet fragrance.

The whole world had a sweet odor that evening. Love perfumes whatever it touches. Memories even are covered with the yellow pollen of love's young springtime.''

The educated guest took out a cigar. ''Hush before you grow eloquent—before you get sentimental!''

''Then she went away an' left me with nothin' to do but yodle an' cut her name in the bark of trees, for I couldn't write an' if I could have I didn't dare, because we didn't have money to buy postage then. So she went out o' my sight like a sunset.''

Then said the educated guest, ''Ever see her again?''

''I did. Saw her under the finest circumstances that you could imagine, exceptin' that I had gone an' married an' couldn't even do a thing about it except jest look at her an' take it all out in thinkin'. But before I get to that: after she first went away an' stayed on the Pacific coast we struck up a correspondence after a half a dozen years. What do you s'pose we were doin'? Why, she was on the stage an' I was still on the waitin' list. We renewed things in general and some things in particular an' it went that way four years, then all of a sudden the subject died out like an aurora borealis, an' I didn't know what become of 'er until after I married in 1918 and had gone through France, Belguim, Luxembourg and stopped on the Rhine in Germany.''

''Under what circumstances then?'' the inquisitive guest asked. ''Behind another rose bush?''

''Not exactly. I married the week before I embarked for oversea an' naturally never had wimmen on my mind, an' 'specially in such a grim bizness as fightin' Boche, so it sure did take me by supprize the onexpected way I run up with 'er. Cox an' I was billeted in an old German woman's house who didn't have anybody 'ceptin' her little gran'child about ten years old. This child was bright an' helped me learn German so's I could carry on a conversation an' I learned her the English language, so we got great friends an' her old gran'mother asked me to go with the child to a German opera in a theatre in Coblenz one night, the evenin' before we was scheduled to leave Germany for back home.''

''You haven't mentioned violets since we began this narrative,'' the educated guest reminded his host.

''Salright about the violets..... It was the night o' the 13th of July, 1919.....We could see the shadows shimmerin' softly in the fast Rhine as it swept underneath the wide steel bridge between Pfaffendorf and Coblenz.....The steeples of an old cathedral leaned their shadows far out over the water.....The moon was just like tonight, bright, an' the odor of roses was strong on many garden walls.''

''No violets over there at that season?'' the educated listener threw in, partly breaking the speaker's romantic voice.

''We enjoyed the opera.....the little German girl like the wonderful dancing an' I enjoyed the music an' costumes. 'Long towards the end out come a lady what brought the house to its feet with a concert of hand-clapping and cheers, who put a Egyptian urn on 'er shoulder an' capered all over the stage like a snake's

shadow.....Her dress was made of Oriental beads an' gems.....So, as we were leavin' the theater door, I asked the little German girl who was the dancin' lady with the vase an' bead dress.....she reaches out about the same moment an' grabs the woman's hand next 'er an' says, 'Mooder, hier iss ze Meester Weltkinson, a nice mahn who came mit me to opera!'.. At which moment I looked smack into a pair of eyes I had not seen since 1899, exactly 20 years before.....I seized 'er hand as she tossed back her opera cloak, exposin, a beady, bejeweled arm, an' exclaimed, 'Oh Violet! Oh Violet!' An' the wicked dancer kissed a married man who used to yodle an' sing for her back in '98.''

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Stanley Armstrong.

Some of the boys have been cutting corn during the past week.

The boys have been getting tomatoes nearly every day.

Some of the school rooms have been working during the past week.

Vernon Tarlton, ex-training school boy, paid the institntion a visit during the past week.

The work on the ditch for the new water line to Coddle Creek is progressing rapidly.

A good many of the small boys have been picking cotton during the past week.

Travis Browning, former boy at the institution, visited the school last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Hudson, officer and matron of the fourth cottage, have returned to the institution after an absence of a week.

Mrs. Emma Eagle, sewing room director, had charge of the fourth cottage during the absence of Mrs. J. G. Hudson.

Theodore Wallace, member of the ninth cottage, received his parole last Saturday afternoon. He was a member of the printing department.

Dr. J. V. Davis, of Concord, and a nurse are out at the school working on some of the boys teeth. The boys are glad to get their teeth repaired.

As the baseball season is over, the boys have nothing to do but play ball, tennis and shoot marbles. The boys on the big diamond had a good ball game. The score for the evening was 18 to 17.

The Training School band, under the direction of Mr. Paul Owensby, has been practicing on a drill to be

used in a street parade.

John and Davis Seagle, Jack Stevens, Jimmie Stevenson and Roy Proctor, were made happy last Wednesday by a visit from relatives and friends.

James Poplin, member of the ninth cottage, received his parole last Tuesday. Poplin was a member of the laundry force and also one of the ball players.

A good number of the boys were vaccinated for typhoid fever last Saturday morning. This vaccinating was done by Dr. S. E. Buchannan, of Concord.

Miss Arlene Fitzgerald, matron of the seventh cottage, left the institution to take her position in the schools of Polkton. She will teach music.

Julian Strickland and James Davis, members of the first and seventh cottages, received their paroles last Friday afternoon. Strickland was a member of the dairy force and band, being a good trombone player and Davis a member of the printing department and the ball team, playing third base.

Rev. L. A. Thomas, pastor of St. James Lutheran Church, of Concord, conducted the services in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. He read for the scipture lesson from Ruth 2:1-17. He talked on the big heart of Boaz. Everybody present enjoyed the sermon, for it was one of the best heard in a long time.

It is a prevailing custom to hold religious services in the Auditorium of the Jackson Training School, each Sunday afternoon. The auditorium is used because the seating capacity of the Chapel will not accommodate the student body. Mr. J. J. Barnhardt voluntarily and faithfully secures a preacher or layman for each of these services. He informs us that Rev. Mr. Higgins, of the Forest Hill M. E. Church, will preach here Sunday at 3 P. M.

SEEKING KNOWLEDGE.

Miss Mary G. Shotwell, who has been inspecting the child-caring institutions in the State, has been granted a year's leave of absence by the State Board of Charities and Public Welfare for study at the New York School of Social Work.—Public Welfare Progress.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SCHEDULE

South Bound

No.	29	2:35 A. M.
"	31	6:07 A. M.
"	11	8:05 A. M.
"	33	8:25 A. M.
"	45	3:55 P. M.
"	135	8:35 P. M.
"	35	10:12 P. M.

North Bound

No.	30	2:00 A. M.
"	136	5:00 A. M.
"	36	10:25 A. M.
"	46	3:15 P. M.
"	34	4:43 P. M.
"	12	7:10 P. M.
"	32	8:36 P. M.
"	40	9:28 P. M.

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NOW.

NOW is one of the greatest words in the English language. It is likewise one of the greatest in your life. Now is the time for doing good deeds; speaking kind words; doing what you have to do with diligence. ''Putting off things'' is an insidious, subtle temptation that is ruinous. Procrastination is more than merely the ''thief of time.'' It is a millstone around the neck of progress.—Old Hurrygraph.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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So long as we love, we serve; so long as we are loved by others I would say that we are indispensable; and no man is useless while he has a friend.

R. L. Stevenson.

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AND SHE IS RIGHT.

The frontispiece of the issue of The Uplift of the 12th carried a statement which purported to quote a distinguished retired educator of the state who thought that North Carolina had produced only two great men. It was a wholly pessimistic survey. The selection of the two filled entirely the measurement of greatness, but there were and are others.

A fine, good lady friend and regular reader of The Uplift, who at other times has aided us in keeping history straight, accepts the selection made by the educator but she insists, and properly so, that the list should include Vance and Aycock and others.

When "Old Hurrygraph" quoted this educator his purpose was to emphasize the proof that no mistake had been made in the selection of the two: one had literally given his life for the education and growth of the common people and died beloved of all men; and the other, the greatest genius North Carolina has produced, a captain of industry, a many-times millionaire, who being shown the statement of the educator modestly replied that he did not

exactly know why it was, but he regarded himself as the custodian of a wealth and the same should be administered to the benefit of the people. And he is doing it—forty millions being placed upon the altar of service at one act attests the greatness of the man.

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THE WEATHER.

Everybody talks about the weather.

It is always an easy topic. The reason is that everybody is affected by the weather. It helps or hinders us in our plans. Our days are pleasant or otherwise because of the weather. Our purposes are carried through or they fail because of the weather. The weather has its effects on each of us personally. When the weather pleases us we please everybody. Our cheeriness frequently is dependent on the clearness of the weather. The dark, dreary, grey days cast gloom over us. Not many folks prefer drab days. About the weather we complain with brazen inconsiderateness. We denounce the sun for the hot weather. We speak ill of the water because the air is humid and hot and sticky. We lambast the air because it is too windy. Somehow we forget that the excesses of heat, and moisture, and wind, come from the most essential factors of our physical life. What if the denounced sun would cease to be, and the despised water would dry up and the dreadful wind would fold up all the air and hurry away with it? Then what of life? Besides, heat and humidity and wind are needed to keep the earth fruitful and habitable. The weather has a value for us greater than we think. It has its disappointments and its discomforts at times. But, when the rain halts our plans it may be helping the plans of others. When the heat is vexing us, it may be coaxing growing grain to maturity. When the wind is twisting our clothing all awry, it may be driving cheer and comfort to thousands who need it. After all, we need about all the weather gives us. However it comes, it helps somebody. Most of us can adjust ourselves to the weather as we find it and will be happier and easier to live with by doing so.

—Young Folks.

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THE POWER OF CHOICE.

We are often unmindful of the blessings that are ours. We just accept them as a matter of course. That man was made a free moral agent, with the power of making his own choice as to his course, is not only a high privilege accorded him but at the same time a most responsible one.

In this connection an observant student of man and his ways delivers himself as follows:

One of the finest powers we have is the ability to choose. More depends on our use of this ability than most of us think. All of us are subject to the choices other folks make. What one man chooses may result in a blessing or a disaster for a community. This power to choose is a boon or a curse, depending on how it is employed. Some choices are crucial. That means that they result in experiences that are continuous; their effect lasts a long time. A young man and woman choose to migrate to the West; later their son becomes a leader in the great West. What relation their choice had on their son's career can't be told. A youth chooses to enter a trade and learn it. Years afterwards he is master of an industry centering around that trade. A girl chooses medicine for her life work and before she is forty is a widely known surgeon giving her skill to the unfortunate sufferers in a heathen land, a noted medical missionary. Crucial choices we are making day by day. Mere trifles some of these choices may appear as they pass. But, it takes but a slight disturbance to send the drop of water hesitating on the top of a water-shed either to one ocean or another. A slight influence may be exerted by what seems in a small matter of choice, but it may turn the course of a life. "Crucial choices, such as the deciding of one's vocation, choices regarding education, the selection of a life companion, the selection of one's associates—any one of these may radically affect the whole future direction of one's life."

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TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

Twenty five years ago yesterday, says the News and Observer, there were only four automobiles in North Carolina. E. G. Davis, of Henderson, and S. P. McNair, of Wilmington, each had one, and there were two in Charlotte. Today there are 400,000 automobiles and they are estimated to be worth $200,000,000, and they consumed gasoline last year to the value of $36,250,000.

What a change in transportation and in living this quarter of a century has seen. Two incidents will show the change of sentiment. Less than twenty five years ago the Jefferson Standard Life Insurance Company was organized in Raleigh. Two of the officers, P. D. and Charles W. Gold brought with them from Wilson their automobiles. They were the only business men in Raleigh who rode in autos. A home life insurance company was thought by some people to be an experiment and the possession of one a piece of great extravagance. The late Col. Charles E. Johnson, vice presi-

dent of the insurance company, and deeply interested in its success, advised the Golds to sell their autos. "This is a very conservative town and your having automobiles will be prejudicial to the success of the company," he said. These men sold their cars and walked to prevent any injury to the company. Within a short time Colonel Johnson, president of a leading bank, had purchased an automobile. The Golds could not understand why it would hurt an insurance company for its officers to ride while it did not militate against a bank for its president to ride.

About the same time the late Ashley Horne, rich business man and manufacturer, said he would not deposit his money in a bank if the officers kept automobiles. Today is any bank officer without his auto?

Twenty five years hence—what? Will we all use flying machines? If so, as in the early days they will be regarded as an extravagance and then necessities to keep up with the age.

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GREAT WISDOM.

Hon. O. Max Gardner, by invitation, made an address at Chapel Hill last week. It breathes the soul of sincerity and eternal truth. No man could give better testimony in sustaining his position than does the popular and beloved statesman. It must have been a moving inspiration to the student body. And we make bold to say what has been done in the past is entirely capable of being repeated in the present by those who are not seduced by the many unhappy environments that surround the youth of today.

The Uplift has a liking for such speeches, which sound the notes of hope and success, and we pass it along to our readers.

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THE LAND OF RUINS.

I picked up a book today, a book I had never seen before, a book written by one of the ablest of modern scholars, and it fell open at the beginning of a chapter the first sentence of which is "Palestine is a land of ruins." The statement struck me forcibly, though I knew it to be true. "Palestine is a land of ruins." But what land as old as Palestine is not largely a land of ruins? Age is partly responsible for its present condition. The normal wear and tear of the centuries has made it possible to write such a tragic sentence over it. Wars, too, have helped make it so. Palestine has been one of the great battlefields of the ages. Armies have walked to and fro over it. Its land has been soaked with the blood of soldiers and citizens.

Its inhabitants have not often been privileged to sit under their vine and fig-tree in peace. But chief among the causes for the desolation of Palestine has been the cruel ruling hand of the Turk and the Moslem. The religion that places Mohammed above Christ, and lacks the genius of government as well as the passion of brotherhood, and under whose rule the natives of Palestine could never hope to do more than eke out a bare existence, make it unreasonable to except much more than ruins in that land. But even the ruins are magnificent. They speak of a past both beautiful and glorious. The tenacity with which millions of hearts cling to its sacred places that now have nothing to adorn them recalls to mind an age when the Gospel covered that land and made forever memorable the places that were associated with the establishment of the Church. Palestine still has a message to give and a voice to teach.—Selected.

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Union county, from all reports and by the testimony of his neighbors, has a sheriff that ranks high. Cliff Fowler can qualify for a detective. The ugly and depraved act occurring in Union, and which brought forth much comment and criticism, turned out just as the brave and energetic official was alleged to have forecast. A real sheriff can do much to prevent crime, or, when committed, ferret out the guilty ones. We imagine that road houses and other places stuck about in way-places and in the bushes, where crime is the chief program, would have a hard time operating for much of a season in Folwer's county. All sheriffs could do the same, if they were amind to do so.

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Hon. O. Max Gardner has accepted the chairmanship of the campaign having in charge the sale of Christmas seals. No better selection could have been made.

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PLAY THE GAME FAIRLY.

Alumni address delivered by Hon. O. Max Gardner before the student body of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill Friday night, September 18 entitled "Play The Game Fairly."

My first suggestion to you, young men, is that you try to find out what you are out to do, what your job is, and then unremittingly prepare yourself to go to it. The example of Saint Paul is one of the finest I know of unswerving devotion to an ideal. I commend his intellectual life, his courageous preserverance and his undiluted gospel to your emulation and adoption.

However, I am not here to preach a sermon, or to lay down abstract propositions of social conduct. I am here for the purpose, if I may, of directing your formative minds into the channel of wholesome living, which, after all, is the epitome of intellectual growth, moral righteousness and spiritual aspiration.

It is not necessary for me to say that the college men of today are to be the leaders of tomorrow. If I knew the processes entering into the moulding and shaping of the lives of our college boys of today, I could portray with accuracy the status of North Carolina in 1950.

Most of you are interested in some form of athletics, and in order that I may touch your immediate interest, I propose to briefly dramatize the athletics field tonight and try to realize it to the forum of world affairs, in which you are soon to play an important part. I propose to show that the environment and conduct of young men, as displayed on the athletic field, is essentially interwoven with the intricate environment and conduct of the individual in the mass formation of civil society. I have always believed in exercise, recreation and athletics for young people. When I was a student at this University a young lady turned me down because she said her father was convinced that I would wind up my career as a prize fighter. It seemed that I had slightly overtrained in athletics, socially speaking, at least. This is one trouble. We can become too athletic in college life. When the desire to make the college team outstrips the desire to make the college grade, college life is misdirected and the real purpose of education is sapped and undermind. I say therefore unhesitatingly that if athletics tends to supersede your books and you canot harmonize the two, give up athletics. I believe, however, that the principles of athletic training are highly useful in solving many of the problems of every day life. If I were to ask the mothers and fathers of this magnificent body of young men to name their chiefest ambitions for each of you, I believe they would largely respond: "I want my boy always to be clean." I reply by saying that no boy can be a good athlete without the surrender of his body to the imperative demands of clean living. A clean mind and a clean body are the stuff touchdowns and home runs are make of. Ask the Fetzer.

The mothers and fathers say, too,

"I want my boy to be trained to do his duty in every common cause for the common good." I answer that no boy can successfully play in any athletic game without the cultivation of the spirit of absolute unselfishness, without the development of cordial cooperation, which is but another name for team-play. One weakness of our people is that we have always been too individualistic. Most of us want to carry the ball. Only a few are willing to run the interference. We need to learn in North Carolina the football slogan, the baseball system:

"All for one, one for all;
United we win, divided we fall."

I can hear this challenging parental chorus too, "I want my boy to be on the square. I do not want him to cut the corners of life." I respond by saying: "Your boy has got to play fairly in athletics or be put out of the game. There is no room for a thug on any North Carolina college team. So many young men and old men too try to cut the corners, try to get around the circuit without touching all the bases. There is no short cut, young man, to the home base of the well rounded, useful and honorable life. You have got to go all the way around. Some will go faster than others, but every man has got to touch second base before he can touch third. If he outs the corners, the umpire calls him out. This is not only true in baseball, it is true in every business, occupation and profession; except that in the game of life public opinion is the umpire.

There is one other feature of athletic training that has been of great benefit to me in my professional and political life. That is the treating of one's adversaries. It is fundamental in athletics that no true sport will deliberately spike or slug his opponent. This is considered both common and mean. "Never strike below the belt" is the golden rule of manly contest everywhere and in everything.

In the language of Oliver Wendell Holmes, I leave with you as the splendid blue print of aproved human conduct. I wish we might all commit it to memory.

"To brag little, to show up well, to crow gently when in luck; to own up, ot pay up, to shut up, when beaten."

Let me beg you, in conclusion, to play the game of life as Ty Cobb plays the game of baseball,—honestly, fairlessly, fairly, intelligently, and tenaciously. It will be the Ty Cobbs of this class, and not the Babe Ruths, whose names will adorn the brightest pages of North Carolina character and service. Work for your state. preach its progressive policies, fight its battles, preserve its traditions and exemplify its high ideals. To this happy end let us strive in the spirit of generous rivalry that North Carolina may be welded into a great and growing civilization welcoming the dawn of a greater day and the building by you and for you a finer and nobler commonwealth.

A woman's face that was once her fortune has now become the druggist's chief source of revenue.—Monroe Enquirer.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

A man who inherited ten millions died the other day, after 45 years of life devoted to sport and pleasure from his college days. With his huge income of $500,000 a year, it is said that he was not a very happy man. A man must do something worth while to be happy when he goes to bed and when he awakens in the morning. Dollars are great things to help service, but service is the greatest of them all.

Some people think they are great comforts in this old world of sorrow. They seem to think, also, that they are great sympathizers. They will visit a sick room and deliberately enumerate all the people they ever hard of who died from the disease the patient they are visiting is afflicted, and keep the conversation on that line. Of course to hear these things, when a fellow is down and can't help himself, is very consoling. It is likely to cause him to give up the fight, and prepare his mind for death. Keep such people out of the sick room if you would keep the patient in an optimistic frame of mind.

Vacation days are over. People are getting down to sane living again. It would be interesting reading to have stories of his or her greatest vacation thrills. Of course there are some who would not dare to put their thrills in print; but there are some experiences that would be intensely interesting. But we have thrills at home as well. Especially like the young husband, seeing the nurse tip-toeing out of the room, inquired, "Is is a boy or a girl?" The nurse replied, "It's a them." He knew then he was a father by a large majority.

Two spinsters were discussing the late announcement of those stockings made of silk so thin that it floated in the air like cob-webs, and cost $300 a pair, when the subject turned to the thoughts of Christmas, and one asked the other, "Mary Jane, would a long stocking hold all you'd want for Christmas?" The response came promptly, "No; but a pair of socks would." Very gentlemanly put.

A sentimental man tells me he always is saddened by the approach of autumn and the signs of death in nature. He's got it down wrong. He's looking through blue glasses. Nature is simply preparing for a long rest after eight months of good hard work and productivity. It is not a sign of death when a tired man goes to bed, but of restored vigor to follow sleep.

Have you not often watched the crowds that throng the streets in passing to and fro; seen the different expressions on the countenances of the passers-by and wondered what lies beneath the surface in their lives? In the life of every one there is much that is hidden from the public gaze—much of sorrow and bitter disappointment, and sometimes

less noble emotions. A few persons are able to read and understand the hearts of others without having passed through any disturbing experience themselves. This contemplation of others often lifts one out of their own sorrows and disappointments. After all, sorrows and disappointments are common to all. The person who feels for others, radiates a warmth of spirit that comforts, though they may not utter an audible word of sympathy.

I heard a man say the other day, speaking of some rather old bread he had bought, "That's hard tack." I asked him if he knew what a "hard-tack" was. He expressed ignorance, except that it was hard. "Well," says I, "you should have been living during the War Between the States and eaten, or tried to eat, what they called 'hard-tack' in those days, and were furnished the Southern Soldiers." They were crackers, about five or six inches square, made of dough, without salt or soda, baked hard; and they were as hard as shingles. They had to be soaked in water to be eaten with any degree of satisfaction. They were generally shipped to the soldiers, at various points, in hogsheads, and I have seen whole train loads of these hogsheads, in cattle cars, on their way to their destination. Occasionally a hogshead would be broken, and these 'hard-tacks' would spill out. We boys, in those days, would then get a supply that would last for several weeks with us in playing soldiers. They were put up that way in order to carry conveniently, and would last longer, because you would think you were eating, when in reality you would be knawing on it like knawing on a bone, and the thoughts of getting something would help to assauge your hunger. That's 'hard-tack.'

The best one I have heard in a long time is the girl and her sweetheart, who were sitting all alone—just those two—in front of a wireless radio set which had recently been installed in the parlor at the girl's home. They were sitting very close together, and would occasionally, in the "stand by" periods, snath a kiss. In the midst of a particularly long embrace, the radio voice announced, "Take Those Lips Away." "Oh, George" gasped the girl, blushing and drawing away, "Oh, George! They saw us!"

Going about I see a lot of folks that look sour; and talk sour. Apparently bored and dissatisfied people. They look upon life as a dreary task to be gotten through, with as little trouble as possible. I do not wonder at it. One cannot satisfy an immortal soul with movies and supper parties, and Sunday supplements, and joy rides. The soul has a thirst these things cannot quench. What they really need is living water. But they do not ask for it, which is all they have to do. Simply turn your back on sin; ask God's forgiveness, and for the living water, and the burden will soon roll away, and you will walk a free name in the newness of life.

Speaking in my last Rambles about Joe Baldwin and his two dreams of the same thing, reminds me that Mrs. "Hurrygraph" broke me from dreaming. It was some time ago, when I

was sleeping just as peacefully as I knew how, and as well as I can remember, since the jaw-y shock, was dreaming golden dreams—they were mighty bright, anyway when there came a pop, a smack, or a hurricane, I don't know which, on my right jaw; and I jumped up in bed and excitedly inquired: "What in the world is the matter; is it an earthquake; and is the house falling down?" There was silence as pronounced as that of a graveyard; but there was a quivering of the bed spread like a bowl of jelly. Finally, my better two-thirds very jovially informed me that she was dreaming that a man was in the room, ((and there was) and she was endeavoring to knock him out (and she did.) I still have a sneaking doubt about her dream; but I have not dreamed anything to amount to anything since.

Have you noticed that the one of the most important men in steel construction work is the bucker-up. Upon his ability and speed depends the income of the riveter. Upon his reliability and honesty depends the security of those who use the structure. Some folks think anyone can be a bucker-up. That's open to question. The bucker-up must be where the rivet is or the work fails. More than that he must buck up the rivet or the machine rattles in vain. That's typical of life. The days of of one-man effort have long since passed. Team work is the slogan of success. One works the machine, another bucks up the rivet. The result is a structure worthy of the age. The world has its great appeals. War workers were prone to boast about the number of rivets in a day. Are you a bucker-up in what you are doing?

It is stated that the government is having somewhat of a hard time to get its $2 bills into wide circulation. Uncle Sam can easily overcome that difficulty if he will send them down here to me. I'll see that his Williams are widely circulated, if I have to buy real estate in Durham, Florida and California. Some folks think they are "unlucky." They are "unlucky" to me when I can't get them.

A reader has suggested to me that if Uncle Sam will print them with a border of horseshoes, four-leaf clovers and inner circle of rabbit feet, of the graveyard variety—that this would take the curse off and the superstitious ones would grab for the bills instead of refusing to take them. "What fools we mortals be."

In other men we faults can spy,
Each little speck and blemish find,
And blame the mote that dims their eye;
To our stronger errors blind.—Gay.

DEVELOPED WATER POWER.

The folowing table, based on a recent report issued by the federal Department of Commerce, ranks the states according to developed water power in each state.

New York ranks first in developed water power with 1,731,551 horse power. North Carolina ranks fourth with 534,600 horse power, or more than five per cent of all power developed in the United States. The states that rank ahead of us in developed power are New York, California and Washington.

Rank	State	Developed Water Power
1	New York	1,713,551
2	California	1,531,480
3	Washington	560,693
4	**North Carolina**	**534,600**
5	South Carolina	507,215
6	Maine	476,627
7	Wisconsin	412,715
8	Georgia	394,794
9	Montana	360,040
10	Massachusetts	344,439
11	Michigan	304,520
12	Idaho	298,837
13	Minnesota	262,786
14	Oregon	244,227
15	New Hampshire	243,310
16	Alabama	229,188
17	Pennsylvania	225,996
18	Iowa	177,280
19	Vermont	167,816
20	Tennessee	166,347
21	Connecticut	136,423
22	Virginia	117,869
23	Utah	115,329
24	Colorado	90,536
25	Illinois	86,679
26	Indiana	51,276
27	Arizona	49,360
28	Rhode Island	30,188
29	Ohio	29,570
30	Nebreska	20,837
31	Missouri	19,970
32	South Dokato	19,171
33	New Jersey	18,902
24	Arkansas	15,549
35	West Virginia	14,711
36	Kansas	14,464
37	Texas	13,820
38	Nevada	13,635
39	Florida	9,086
40	Wyoming	7,886
41	Maryland	7,230
42	Deleware	3,133
43	Oklohoma	1,948
44	New Mexico	1,455
45	Kentucky	1,256
46	North Dakota	245
47	Louisiana	0
48	Mississippi	0

The federal Department of Commerce has recently issued a report on developed and undeveloped water power in the states of the Union. The table appearing elsewhere shows how the states of the Union rank in developed water power. In this particular North Carolina takes a very high rank, there being only three states in the Union with more water power already developed. Only New York in the east, and California and Washington in the west, rank ahead of North Carolina in developed water power.

In water power resources, that is in power capable of development, North Carolina does not rank so well. No one can say with any authority what the water power resources of North Carolina are. Statistics on potential power are neither com-

parable nor reliable. Some states with power developments licensed by the federal government make fuller reports than other states where the companies can report as they please, or not report at all.

Potential Power

According to this report the water power resources of the state capable of development fifty per cent of the time are 816,000 horse power, with West Virginia, Georgia and Oklahoma ranking slightly ahead of us. In the reports for two of these states storage data were considered, while no such data were considered, while North Carolina. The data for North Carolina were simply flow and fall data. The leading southern authority on water power resources says that undoubtedly North Carolina has better storage facilities than any other southern state, and that from the two main points of view, (1) on the basis of stream flow and fall, (2) and with storage, North Carolina ranks first in the South in water power resources, and second only to New York of all the eastern states.

The Hub Of Power

But of even greater consequence than our immediate local power is the fact that North Carolina is in the very center of the vast water power resources of the Southern Appalachian country. The South possesses a large part of the water power resources of the naiton, and the states ni which this power is mainly located are West Virginia, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and Alabama. A glance at the map will show that North Carolina is centrally located amid these states. In other words, if we think of these states as a wheel, North Carolina becomes the hub. With the coming of a super power system for the South, North Carolina will be the logical state into which the transmission lines will be directed and nucleated.

The states listed above contain about seven million potential horse power, with no storage data considered in most cases. Thus it is seen that, while our local power is limited in a sense, our strategic location makes us the center of vast and almost unlimited water power.

North Carolina is already a great industrial state, with a clear lead in the South. Since cheap power is such a big factor in industry it seems that she is likely to widen her margin of leadership as time passes.

The mosquito is like a child. When he stops making a noise you know he's getting into something.—Albanq (Ore.) Herald.

DEVILMENT OF MAIL-ORDER HOUSES.

By Ben Dixon MacNeill.

The mail order houses have ruined romance. They have denatured the picturesque. They have reduced the population of the republic to inane sameness. And on the other hand, they have brought within reach of the damsels of far places the same festive joy that belonged in the pre-mail order era to only the people of exclusive place, of independent wealth. Somebody will no doubt presently write a solemn treatise upon the matter.

But—

Does the grand dame in a Park Avenue mansion conspire with an artisan to fashion for her a string of beads the like of which no woman in Manhattan can boast, not a week passes before her beads are duplicated a million times and sold in the Woolworth stores for ten cents per string. In another week the mail order houses have got out special bulletins to the women living in Mashoes.

Does a Parisian artist in hats, after great travail, bring forth such a bonnet as will cause the other designers of hats to writhe in agony, not another night shall fall before the milliners of christendom have made themselves hats like unto it, and the same processes bring it to the flappers of Gray's Creek township, Cumberland county. Millions of them are manufactured instantly, and the mail order strategists cover the heads of the entire female population with them.

Exclusiveness is a dead thing. Though the grand dame of Park Avenue may spend thousands on a string of beads, though she bedevil her husband until he invests a quarter of a million in pearls—the alchemists of the ten cent stores and the mail order houses are able to turn out instantly a thing that, to the undiscriminating eye, is not different from it; and sell it for a pittance that brings it within the reach of the humblest scullery wench.

I have seen the women of the remotest villiages in North Carolina arrayed for a holiday, and I have seen the women of such effete centers of exclusiveness as Asheville similarly armored for pleasure. There is no difference, outwardly, in their appearance. I have seen the girls of the most remote villages in Dare as well dressed as any who go to and fro in the streets of Raleigh. They were complete even to the little devices of current vogue. The shop windows of Manteo are the shop windows of Greensboro.

Time was when there was a certain distinctive individuality in the dress of the people in varying localities. There was a romance about it, a picturesque that is gone. The mail order catalogues have done their work, and no woman need fear to go from one place to another, because her clothes are out of style—unless they change while she is en route.

But I wonder if it has not taken a lot of natural joy out of the lives of these women. Had they not a gentle stirring of the soul when they

fashioned their own clothes, and the little garments for their children? Did they not work into them something of the joy that comes from within, and do they not miss it in these clothes that they get from the shops?

HER PLACE.

In 1790 Edenton, Washington, New Bern and Wilmington were the only postoffices in North Carolina. As late as 1812 there was not a newspaper west of Raleigh. In 1787 Charlotte was a village with 276 inhabitants—153 whites and 123 colored. The industries consisted of a saw mill, a flour mill, blacksmith shop and three stores. And this phenomenal growth was the result of an impetus given the community by establishing the county seat three in 1774 and by the erection of Liberty Academy in 1777. Eighty-five years ago which is within the memory of some people still alive, New Bern had a population of only 3,699, Wilmington 4,747, Fayetteville 4,285, Raleigh 2,244 and Charlotte was slightly larger than Raleigh, while Greensboro and Salisbury followed close behind the state capital numerically. And these were, at that time the largest towns in the state. All others were mere country villages with a few stores, a blacksmith shop or two, and the county seats had a court house, a jail and a whipping post. Is it any wonder that the following became a familiar saying, ''North Carolina is a vale of humility between two mountains of conceit—South Carolina and Virginia.'' But look at the Old North State today. Her chief products are no longar ''tar, pitch and turpentine,'' as the older geographies put it, but in agriculture, in manufacture, and in all lines of commercial progress she occupies a place in the front ranks of the sisterhood of states.—Greensboro Advocate.

DOCTRINE OF DR. CHASE.

(Charlote Observer.)

We read in the headlines that Dr. Chase, president of the North Carolina University, advised the newly-assembled students to keep in their hearts "the faith of the Fathers." A study of the text, however, fails to disclose specification, but the president must have meant that, for what other kind of "faith" is there? It is remembered that at the outbreak of the controversy about the doctrines preached by contributors to The Social Forces, one of the intellectual young men on the staff of that paper made inquiry in rather contemptuous tone of The Observer to tell him "What is this faith of the fathers, anyhow?" Doctor Chase answers that question inferentially, at least, for he insisted that the greatest task the University—any university—is called upon to perform, is that of "maintaining in the hearts of men the enduring spiritual values upon which alone any stable civilization can be built." We might take that as a good illustration of "the faith of the fathers." Another definition of faith, as declared by Doctor Chase, is that a world that increases knowledge, that organizes knowledge, and yet lacks "the spirit of Christ," is "a world of selfish advantage, of hostile camps and of gross materialism." Doctor Chase evidently prepared his address with a thoughtful mind. His language is not couched in that of the class in the primary reader, and yet it is clear and of easy analysis. He is an advocate of the religion that is based on the spirit of Christianity. The cynic never made a civilization, and the man without religion and without the spirit of Christianity in his heart cannot be a safe guide for the people.

Perhaps Doctor Chase had in mind some of the criticisms directed against the University on account of magazine publications when he brought the example of Paul into evidence. There is a great statement of particular significance for us today summed up by Paul. "I will pray," said he, "with the spirit, and I will pray with the understanding, also." Thus was the science and philosophy of Paul's time woven into the pattern of Christianity. "The understanding and the spirit were joined in common plan that uplifted thought and faith into one great dynamic impulse that the world might be saved."

Then Doctor Chase pleads for a unification that takes account of our knowledge and renews and deepens our faith. Occasion is presented for "open-mindedness, for wide and tolerant sympathy in a great cause." For success in that direction there must be "an atmosphere of informed and sympathetic and patient discussion, that keeps always in mind the end to be achieved." We might accept this as explanation and defense of the policies upon which the University is embarked.

One thing Doctor Chase does not want the University to do is to turn out into the world "men of understanding, but without faith." That would be only to help along the

wreckage of modern civilization. He has known men to go out of a university in that condition, but these men lost themselves, "not because of their environment, but in spite of it." He wants his students to "vivify their knowledge with faith." We might find in Doctor Chase's declarations encouragement for men to stop the controversies that have grown so troublesome in late years, for he seems to write them down as profitless. Why, indeed, should we continue discussions of problems that crowd upon us, discussion of which "seems only to create new difficulties greater than those with which we began?" The more the current of "modern thought" is stirred up, the deeper the note of pessimism and uncertainty." Is not that in discouragement of further engagement in religious controversy?

Better, then, for the University to address itself to the task of "aiding the salvation of men and democracy;" to stick by "what is known," and further its organization and unification; to further promote co-operation between knowledge and faith. And abiding by "what is known," the University men might well accept the president's advice to bear themselves "in the spirt of men who are trying to make of themselves whole men, men of understanding and men of faith, men of knowledge animated by religion to do God's work in the world."

WAYWARD YOUTH.

By Arch Honeycutt.

The ways of youth are not entirely vain—
The tender stalk can not bear ripened grain,
But age and growth bring out the golden ears,
So native truth thrives with the passing years.

We must pass March along his blustery way
E'er we can have the rosy flush of May,
The summer heat with drougths that scorch and sear
Must come before the fruitage of the year.

Remember man, you too, were once a lad,
Mis-understood, men often called you bad,
'Twas but a flood of youthful zeal and fire
Tha tover-ran, at times, your best desire.

GOD ON THE ROCK.

By Laura Wade Rice.

By canoe and dog trains missionaries used to travel over Canadian wilds to cary the Bible with its messages from the Great Spirit to the Indians of the plains and forests. They went all through what your grandmother's geography called Hudson Bay Territory.

The Rev. James Evans, one of the early missionaries, invented a sign alphabet. He knew he could be with the Indians only a short time and that if he went away they would soon forget the words he had spoken unless he could leave something with them to remind them of all he had taught them. None of them could read his Bible, so he arranged with the American Bible Society to print the Bible in his Indian sign alphabet. The Bible societies are the best helpers of all missionaries and very soon they sent back to him his sign alphabet Bible.

How the Indians, who had never before had books they could read, did love those Bibles. They kept them all the time. The trail might be rough and food hard to carry, but the Bible was never left out of the pack.

One day Dr. Egerton R. Young, one of the great missionaries who worked among the Indianse, started off in his canoe with a load it had never held before. The sign word Bibles had come and he was on his way to see some Indians to whom he had preached and who, he felt, were ready for more knowledge of God. Those who had never heard of Him were afraid of the book. It was "great medicine," they said, but only for the white man.

After he had greeted his friends, talked and eaten with them, Dr. Young said:

"I have a Book for you. It is full messages from the great Spirit, God. If you want to read it for yourselves, I will teach you the way."

"We do, we do," was the hearty answer. Dr. Young selected a large rock for his blackboard. He took a burnt stick from the fire for his crayon. The Indians sat or stood around, smoking their pipes, the blankets, fur, feathers, and the leather of their clothing making a strange, wild picture.

When Dr. Young told his friends about what happened, he said:

"I began to teach the characters. The Indians were like a lot of primary children beginning with A, B, C. Over and over we said A, E, OO, AH, and the other characters I drew on the rock."

There they sat, old men of eighty or more, boys and girls of six and eight, and all ages between. At first they paid the best of attention. But those simple brains were not used to such exercise. Many grew tired, lit their pipes and walked about. Then Dr. Young stopped teaching and told some pleasant stories for a while.

"At last," said he, "I marked out some simple words such as 'pa-pa' (two angles at the upper corner of rock) 'Ma-ma' (LL's below it,) "Oo-me-me' (pigeon, three characters at

upper left hand corner of rock.) Thus I showed them how to join the signs to make words. This very much interested them. At last came the moment I had been working and waiting for. With the stick freshly burnt I marked L O) Mane-to (God, or the Great Spirit.)

"I looked at the once stolid faces. They fairly shone with excitement. They could hardly believe their eyes that before them was Maneto, the great spirit. He whom they heard in the thunder and the storm, whose power they had seen in the lightning flash, about whom with reverence and awe they had talked in their wigwams and at their campfires—Maneto! Here made by a burnt stick on a rock was that name God on the Rock. Something fired and thrilled them as I have never before or since seen Indians thrilled. For a time I could only keep quiet and rejoice as I looked at them. They rubbed their eyes, saying to each other, "Is it Maneto to you?"

"There was no more inattention. Every pipe went out and every eye followed me as I wrote 'God is Love.' After talking of this for a while, I wrote 'God loves You,' and told them the blessed story of His love."

Down to the canoe ran the Christian Indian helper. Quickly the bundles of books were opened and given to the delighted scholars. The first words they read was the first verse of Genesis, the rough voices soon pronounced them:

"Ma wache nistum kaesa-maneto keoose-to koesik mena-askee." (In the begining God created the heaven and the earth).

Amazement, joy, delight were in the sounds that followed.

"Ah, now we know about it," shouted some braves. "The kaesa-maneto (Great God) made all these things we see, the heaven and the earth."

"Our father talked about it in their wigwams," said others, "and I wondered how these things came to be as they are; but they had to confess that they were in darkness and knew nothing. But now we know it! We know it!"

For ten days Dr. Young stayed and "kept school." By that time the brightest Indians could read easily the Word of God and were ready to help the backward ones.

Some women are so fond of fiction that they will even spend their time reading cook books.—Illinois State Journal.

SARAH'S LONG NAME.

By Greta Gaskin Bidlake.

Sarah had moved to a new city. It was a lovely place and she was very happy, but for one thing—she was afraid the children would find out her name! And what was her name? you ask. Well, you see, Sarah had been named for her two grandmothers who had each promised to leave her something very nice from a store of heirlooms, so she had been christened Sarah Allan Louise Montgomery Campbell. All of that! Wasn't it a long name for one small girl? No wonder Sarah was worried!

"It'll be awful when I start school," she told herself. "The children wil laugh, I know they will, and it's getting nearer every day. Mother says I must begin next week. Oh, how shall I ever do it? I don't know any of the children and even if I never tell my name some of the grown-ups are sure to call me right out by the whole five of 'em some time. Oh, dear isn't it dreadful!"

True enough, Grandmother Montgomery had put two hundred dollars in the bank for her on her first birthday which was to stay there drawing interest for her till she was ready to go to college, when it would pay her way. And then Grandmother Allan had given her a beautiful old-fashioned diamond brooch that Mother was keeping for her till she grew up. None of the children she knew had anything like that, yet Sarah Allan Louise Montgomery Campbell was a most unhappy little girl.

Of course the children found out. Sarah Allan Louise wouldn't ask the grown-ups not to tell, for they might only think it amusing—you never could tell what big people would take for a joke. The very first Saturday she lived in the new city—and she had to go to school on Monday—some boys and girls came over from the neighbors' houses to play. They had great fun in the big backyard—Sarah's house had the best backyard ing on the porch—at her, of course! ing house, attacked by the Indians, or hide-and-seek. Then they went over to the doorstep of the back porch and sat down while colored Miranda, the cook, handed them out gingersnaps, one apiece, hot and spicy. Just as Sarah came into the kitchen for a drink Aunt Sarah spied her.

"Sarah Allan Louise Montgomery Campbell, do you mean to tell me you've torn a hole in the knees of your clean stockings?" she asked.

The screen door was open and every single one of the children could hear!

"Oh, Aunt Mabel, please. Please don't say it so loud. I'm sorry I tore them, but there's a nail in the fence and Chief Roaring Buffalo was after me and I had to hurry. I'll run and tell Mother this minute."

She could hear her playmates laughing o nthe porch—at her, of course!

She found her mother in the sitting-room darning socks. It didn't seem to be just the right time for a little girl to mention having torn hers, but Sarah went ahead with her confesion.

"Very well, Sarah, but you know you are too careless," her mother

answered after she had listened to Sarah's explanation. "That makes two pairs this week so, mind, if you tear the third pair, to bed you will have to go. You might remember sometimes and try to be more careful."

Sarah felt as if she didn't much care. She would just as soon go to bed as not if the children were going to tease her, but then she was sorry to make mending for her mother.

"You needn't take them off now, it's so nearly dinner time," her mother went on, "and you'll have to have clean ones when your dress is changed this afternoon, anyway. Now run along and play, dear. I want you to have a good time but remember to be careful, won't you?"

"Yes, mother, I will." Sarah kissed her mother as she promised.

She could hear the children still laughing as she came back into the kitchen.

"Allan," she could hear Elizabeth Squires saying, "yes, Allan, and Montgomery too; she said 'em both."

"She's got 'em all—five names altogether. I'm just as sure as sure. I counted," Charlotte was saying.

Oh, dear, now she was in for it! If only the grown-ups wouldn't. "Oh, Sarah, is your name really Sarah Allan Louise Montgomery Campbell?" 'Nita hurled at her as she came through the door.

"Yes," admitted Sarah, flushing and stepping out on the porch. "It's all that," and she tried to toss her head back as if she didn't care.

Then you're cousins to us," cried Elizabeth. "Really own truly cousins. Nita's an Allan and Charlotte's got Montgomery in the middle of her name, and I'm an Allan too and Charlotte's a cousin to me so you must be cousins to all of us or to some of us anyway. Ask your mother," rattled off Elizabeth.

But Miranda heard the talk and came to the door.

"Miranda, is Nita Allan and me cousins?—and Charlotte and Elizabeth?" Sarah asked, forgetting grammar in her excitement.

"For the land's sake! I'll warrant you is. Who was your pa, honey?" she questioned Nita.

Miranda went into the family history thoroughly, finding out everything she could about their relations from the children.

"They's your second cousins, Sarah," she announced at length. "Leastways Nita Allan is and I reckon the other two's only third."

"'But it's cousins just the same!" cried the girls.

"Course it is. You jist ask your ma," agreed Miranda, turning to Sarah, as she waddled back into the house to look after her cooking. "I mind Elizabeth's pa well. I used to see him lots of times when they was all young folks together," she added, disappearing inside the doorway.

"What school are you going to, Sarah? And what grade?" asked Nita.

"The one two blocks down and around the corner. Grade three, my permit says."

"Hooray! Oh, goody, goody, goody! You'll be in the same room with Elizabeth and me," exclaimed Nita. "It's Miss Watson's. Charlotte's only in grade two," she ex-

plained, "'cause she isn't so old. We'll be cousins together and I'll help you know all the girls and show you our games and how we do our lessons and everything."

How very nice! And when Sarah asked her mother she found out it was true that they were cousins.

"They're only a kind of cousins though," she explained. "Their grandfathers were half brothers of the old stock of the family. They're not quite as close as your other cousins."

But Sarah made no such fine distinctions. "They're cousins anyway," she asserted firmly.

Then she told her mother how afraid she had been that the children would make fun of her name, and they both laughed together to think how it had found her friends instead!

ON THE 9:10 EXPRESS.

By Frank Herbert Sweet.

As the 9:10 train began to pul' away from the Alexandria station, an old, white-haired negro hurried across the platform and swung himself on the rear car. He was very black and very dusty, and the single occupants of seats looked a little apprehensive as he shuffled diffidently through the car. But he did not offer to sit down. When he reached the opposite end he took hold of a seat to steady himself and gazed around curiously, his big wondering eyes roving from one face to another with the eager scrutiny of a child.

Evidently he was very tired, for his shoulders began to slope, and every few minutes he shifted his feet as though they hurt him.

At length a young man lowered his newspaper.

"Here is a seat, uncle," he called. "You look tired."

The negro shuffled forward eagerly.

"Yes, sah! t'ank yo', sah!" he said gratefully, as he sank down. "I'se plumb beat. Done walk mons'rous long way dis mawnin'. Yo' see," as the young man folded his paper and sliped it into his pocket, "'Marse Henery an' me lib over in Prince George county, an' larst week Marse Henery he up an' dided. Dat lef' me by myse'f."

"I see, and you are going south to look for work."

"No, sah; goin' back home—goin' back to ole Georgy." Into his eyes came a look of ecstatic joy, and he stroked the back of the seat softly as though it were his old home in far away Georgia.

"I ain' een dar in I don't know how long," he went on slowly—"not since de Linkum men tuk we all's niggers. Dar was a whole passle of 'em, but dey done bruk away. Den de sheriff sol' de plantation, and' dar wa'n' nutten lef' we all but de Norf for wuk. We's bleeged to had money to lib."

"And you stuck to Marse Henery?"

The old negro looked at him in surprise.

"Ob co'se," he answered, simply. "I'se de body sarbent, an' Marse

Henery couldn' git 'long 'thout me. He's a gen'leman, an' 'pended on bein' tuk car' ob. But Ise bleeged to be way in de day time case I'se a cyarpenter an' allers had plenty wuk.''

''What did Marse Henery do?''

''Marse Henery!'' indignantly. ''Why, he's gen'leman I tells you. He ain' do nutten. He ain' nebber learn do t'ings like common w'ite folks. He hab niggers for dat.''

''You don't mean that you have supported him ever since the war?''

The negro drew himself up with unconscious dignity.

''Yo, goin' talk like dat, I ain' nutten mo' to 'splain.''

''I beg your pardon,'' said the young man, hastily. ''Please go on.''

The black face relaxed.

''Yo' ain' know Marse Henery,'' commiseratingly, ''so yo' don't uner'stan'. Ob co'se I wuk for him. He car' for me befo' de war, didn' he? What nigger good for but wuk, I like to know?''

A boy came through the car with a basket of sandwiches. The young man bought two and handed them to his companion. The old negro's eyes gleamed.

''T'ank yo', massa! t'ank you', sah!'' he said, gratefully. ''I did 'n had no breafas', an money's too scase to buy t'ings on de road. I wos 'lowin' to fill up arter I reach Georgy.''

A few minutes later there was a slight riple through the car. The conductor had entered and was calling for tickets.

The young man produced his and held it in readiness. The negro fumbled anxiously through several pockets, and finally remembered that he had pinned his to his hat lining.

''Done tuk ebery cent I could scrape up to buy dat,'' he said, triumphantly, as he produced it. ''But dat's all right. I kin wuk, an fo'ks don't need money when dey's home. Money's for trabblin'.''

In the seat behind them was a shabbily dressed woman, whose face had an anxious, frightened expression. Crowded on the seat beside her were several bundles, and in her arms was a white-faced big-eyed baby. When the conductor touched her shoulder she shivered uneasily.

''Ticket, please.''

A red flush of shame spread over the woman's face; then it disappeared, leaving her white and dogged. ''I haven't any.''

The conductor grew stern.

''Very well. If you get off at the next station it will save us the trouble of putting you off,'' and he turned to the opposite seat.

The woman's eyes grew big with terror as she sprang up and caught his arm.

''Don't do that, sir! For God's sake don't put me off!'' she implored, hoarsely. ''I've got to go! My husband has written for me to come. He's—he's dying,'' and a great sob rose to her white lips, but was resolutely choked back. ''I tried to raise money,'' lowering her voice so the other passengers should not hear, ''but couldn't. We sold everything we had so he could go South, as the doctor ordered. And now he's—he's —oh, my God! My God!'' She turned from him and sank weakly into her seat. The conductor shook his head.

"I'm sorry, madam," he said, kindly, "but we have only one rule. You must pay or get off. I can't risk breaking the rules. Ticket please."

The old negro rose slowly to his feet.

"I'se 'feared yo'll hab to put me oq, too, boss," he said humbly. "Hit's mons'rous hard wuk for pore nigger like me to raise money for ticket."

"Off at the next station," broke in the conductor harshly. "We'll be there in a minute. If it was not so near I'd slow the train and put you off. This poor woman has some excuse, but you—pah!"

The young man half rose to make a protest, but something in the old negro's face restrained him.

Before the conductor reached the end of the car the speed began to slacken. The old negro rose and turned to his companion.

"Reckon I better be leabin'," he said. "T'ank yo' for dem san'-wiches, an' I hope yo'll 'member me kin'ly. Here, missy," to the woman, who was gazing stonily from the window, and dropping his ticket into her lap, "here's yo' ticket. I reckon yo' done drap hit. I hope you' fin' dat husban' ain' so bad as yo' t'ink," and before she could recover from her bewilderment, he had left the car and was shiffling down the platform.

As the train moved out, the old negro was trudging along beside the track, evidently still bound for Georgia.

THE MISSING WORD.

(A Sermon by Rev. B. Frank White, D. D., Ocean Grove, New Jersey.)

The Bible is a most remarkable Book. As the word means it is "The Book." To be convinced that it is more than a man-made book one has only to read it with open mind and a willing disposition to believe its message. It is full of new and startling revelations. In reading it one comes across surprises- surprises in the most familiar and oft read portions—perhaps that is what makes the study of the book so entrancing, so thrilling. One such surprise we ran across recently in the discovery that one of the most familiar of all our words, a very ordinary and yet a very meaningful word, does not appear anywhere in The Book.

Is it not surprising that the word reality does not occur in the Bible? Of all words this is the one word we would naturally expect to find in the Bible for if it does anything at all it deals with the most real things in the world, speaks of the most real things, emphasises the most real thing. And yet the word reality does not appear in The Book. Remarkable, is it not? All over the pages we see this invisible word and yet the actual word is not there. The one word that might most fittingly describe the Bible does not occur in it at all. There is reality about the things spoken of in this book, that is what makes the book valuable to us, indispensable to us. The Book would have us know the things that have reality, believe them, live them and

fashion our lives after their message.

God is a reality in the book. Men many speculate about there being a God, they may even decree that there is no God, but when we come to this book and listen to its message God becomes a great reality to us. In the very first verse of the Bible it is stated, "In the beginning God"—and in the last verse of the Bible it is written, "The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ be with you." Between these two verses there is the unfolding of the fact of God, the nature of God, the attributes of God, the relation of God to man and what God requires of man. Indeed, about all we know about God is found in this book. Men in all ages of the past have believed that there is a God, and they have formulated ideas and notions about him, but it is only in the Bible that we have him clearly, intelligently, accurately defined for us. Here He is the great I am the Creator, the ruler, the All-Father, the Loving, compassionate One. We hear a great deal about science today, but what has science told us about God that the Bible has not been telling us all through the centuries. What does the scientist know about God that he has not gotten from The Book?

Sin is a great reality in the Bible. The fact of sin is everywhere asserted in The Book; it is one of its outstanding facts. We live in a day when it is not popular to talk about sin: today men belittle the idea of sin, condone the character of sin, try to wipe out all thought of sin. It is not popular for even a minister of the Word to talk much about sin, and yet the reality, the heinousness, the guilt and condemnation of sin is asserted to be the most appalling reality in the world. We would have no Bible were it not for the fact and nature of sin: there would have been no need for it had there been no sin or had sin been a light, trivial, non-destructive thing. The primary purposeof The Book is to point the way out of sin, to reveal a sin-destroyer, to offer us a deliverer from the condemnation and eternal destruction that sin brings. Let us not be led astray by this modern tendency to ignore sin, white-wash it, obscure the very fact of sin. Let us not be fooled by this modern soft sounding, empty prattle so often heard in our pulpits about man being naturally good, man being divine, etc. Man is a sinner and, if he will study the Bible honestly and in an unbiased manner, he will hear his sin smitten soul crying in the darkness of sin, "God be merciful to me the sinner."

The love of God for the sinner is another great reality of the Bible. Coleridge said, "The Bible finds us," and it does but it does more; it finds for us a loving, gracious All-Father who is not willing that we should perish, victims of our own sins and the sins of our forebears. This is the sublimest of all the realities of this Book—God's love for the sinner. He loves with a passionate love, a love that gives, gives a Son, an only Son, that through the life and death of of that Son, poor, erring, sinful man on the road to death and destruction might be saved. This explains the birth of Christ, the life of urrection and ascension of Christ Christ, the death of Christ, the res—the love of God for a lost soul. Blot out the fact of sin and you blot out the expression of Di-

vine love for the sinner for, if our Lord came for anything at all, He came to demonstrate the love of God for sinful man. This love-note runs all through the Book: this entreaty of the loving All-Father is everywhere heard in the Bible. Yes, God's love for the sinner is a great reality—the Book says so, and my heart confirms the assertion.

That the sinner receives new life and becomes a recipient of new power by the exercise of saving faith in Jesus Christ is another great reality of the Bible. There is such a thing as a saved man, a recreated man. There is reality about salvation. Today it is true that in the judgment of the enemies of our Lord concerning the fact of salvation, the new birth of the soul by faith in Him, "Their rock is not as our rock." There is a difference between the man out of Christ, who has never accepted Him as a personel Saviour, and the man who casting all aside threw himself upon the Lord by faith as the hope of his soul. To the latter "old things have passed away," and he has become "a new creation in Christ Jesus." That is what Paul meant when he said, "I live, yet not I, Chirst liveth in me." That is what Luther meant when he said, "Luther is dead, Jesus Christ lives in this body." It's a reality, this new life in the Saviour. The pertinent question is can we lay claim to this reality? Have we been born again? Have we actually become New Creations in Him?

The providential supervision of the lives of his people is another great reality of the Bible. We sing, "His eye is on the swallow and I know He cares for me" but do we mean it, do we realize that it is a reality? That God does watch over his own and control every detail of their experience is affirmed by assertion and implication to be a great reality. This means daily provision for all our needs as well as the protective care of our bodies. Have you ever known an industrious, Holy Spirit-filled man to beg for his bread? One of old said, "Once I was young, now I am old, yet have I never seen God's children forsaken or their seed begging bread." Have you? Have you ever known a man to deal honestly with God in the matter of the distribution of his possessions who was not blessed in so doing? A leading magazine has offered a prize of $500 for a genuine, authenticated case of a man having given the tithe and lost thereby. Is it not significent that no one has come forward to claim the offer?

This supervision of the life of the believer is what puts joy, peace and soul-happiness into the life—another great reality. Out yonder on the rim of the universe you will find a young woman whose face is radiant with such a smile and whose heart is thrilled with such a peace as the man of the world knows nothing about. What is the explanation? Is it not to be found in the consciousness of an indwelling presence that brings joy, peace and happiness to the soul? Yonder, on a sick bed, lies a woman who has not walked a step in ten years. Her face is bright, her voice is sweet, her spirit is light. What is the explanation? Is it not, "I am His and He is mine and His love keeps me singing all the day through." Beneath the sombre veil that shades the face of that lonely

soul, who "sighs for the touch of a vanished hand," I see written an expression of resignation and peace and, look as I may, I can find no explanation for it except in the reality of His keeping, sustaining, comforting grace. Yes these things are realities—great realities.

"I smiled to think God's goodness flowed
Around our incompleteness:
Round our restlessness, His rest."
—Mrs. Browning.

May we not entertain the hope that some day it will be revealed to us that there is reality about the far-off things of the believing, trustful soul? In my heart there is a yearning for life; conscious life, life blessed with fellowship of kindred spirits, those "we have loved and lost awhile." May we not believe that when we finish our tasks here and go home, these things will also become great realities to us? May we not believe that there will be reality about the things that await us beyond the river? When we think of heaven, the home of the redeemed, we seem to lose all sense of place and relationship, fact and reality. Should we not believe that in the end it will be found that there is reality about the things of the life to come also? That, in that land of cloudless day, we shall find our lost, "The Missing Word," in the reality of the hopes and anticipation fostered by the Book.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Stanly Armstrong.

The boys in the higher grades are practicing on drawing maps for the Fair.

The shoe shop boys have plenty to do now, as the leather for soles came last week.

Quite a number of new boys came to the institution during the past month.

The boys are still working on the new water line. They are over half through now.

Quite a few interesting ball games have been played after school during the past week.

The boys are looking forward to the opening of the Cabarrus County Fair, for they will get to see it.

A number of people from the school attended the circus in Concord last Friday.

The boys all had a fine time last Saturday evening at the ball ground, playing ball, shooting marbles, playing tennis, and other games.

Albert Jarmon, member of the fourth cottage, received his parole last Saturday afternoon. Jarmon was a member of the laundry force.

Some of the boys in the primary

grades have been practicing drawing during the past few weeks. The best copies will be exhibited at the Fair.

Some of the boys have been canning tomatoes during the past week. This will be a great help to feed the boys during the coming winter.

The boys are again refilling the silo for the coming winter. This will be a great help towards feeding the cows.

The School's band has not had much practice during the past two weeks, as Mr. Owensby is busy assuming the position as baker.

Miss Vernie Goodman, Superintendent's secretary, is away on a short vacation. She is visiting her parents in Mooresville.

James Watson O'Quinn, member of the second cottage, was permitted to spend a few days with his people in Lillington.

There was a good rain at the institution last Tuesday night This rain probably killed the great drought. This was the first real rain since fourth of July.

Rev. P. E. Lindley, pastor of the Methodist Protestant Church, of Concord, will conduct the services in the auditorium next Sunday afternoon at 3 P. M.

Prof. W. M. Crook, officer of the second cottage and one of the teachers, is again at his position, after being absent a few days on account of illness.

Dr. S. E. Buchanan, of the county health department, of Concord, came out to the school last Saturday and again vaccinated about 100 boys for typhoid fever.

The smaller boys of the institution are all grateful to the Ruth-Kessler Shoe Company, of Concord, for the marbles and jack-rocks which were distributed among them last Monday evening.

During the storm that visited the institution last Tuesday night, two of the motors were burned out by lightning, these were repaired the next day by an electrician from Charlotte.

The boys that composed the "Happy Squad" last Wednesday, by a visit from their relatives and friends were: Mack Wentz, Jack Wilson, Frank Pettus, Brevard Bradshaw, James Torrence and Ralph Martin.

Rev. Thomas F. Higgins, pastor of the Forest Hill Methodist Church of Concord, conducted the services in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. Rev. Higgins read for his Scripture Lesson part of the twelfth chapter of Hebrews. He took for his text "Running the Race of Life." This was a very interesting sermon and was enjoyed by all pre-

sent. Rev. Higgins was accompanied to the school by his Sunday School Class, who wanted to hear the boys sing.

Roby Moore, former boy at the institution, came out to the school last Thursday night to pull off some good tricks for the boys. And they certainly were tricks. After Supt. Boger introduced him he made several somersaults, bent himself double, danced on his knees, turned somersaults with his elbows, walked on his hands, and other various things. This gave the boys a pretty good thrill. We hope that he will come again and do these things over. We want to thank him very much for the entertainment.

From the begining of our history the people of western North Carolina have been partial to their beautiful mountains—a section that is rapidly becoming the summer playground of the South and East. An early illustration of this partiality for that choice section of the state occurred at Beal's meeting house in Davie county long years ago when the preacher after a moving sermon walked down into the congregation and laying his hand upon the head of an old man said, ''My friend, don't you want to go to heaven?'' Whereupon the elderly stranger replied, ''Man, for God's sake, go off and leave me alone; I don't live here: I live away up in the mountains.''—Christian Advocate.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SCHEDULE

South Bound

No.	29	2:35 A. M.
"	31	6:07 A. M.
"	11	8:05 A. M.
"	33	8:25 A. M.
"	45	3:55 P. M.
"	135	8:35 P. M.
"	35	10:12 P. M.

North Bound

No.	30	2:00 A. M.
"	136	5:00 A. M.
"	36	10:25 A. M.
"	46	3:15 P. M.
"	34	4:43 P. M.
"	12	7:10 P. M.
"	32	8:36 P. M.
"	40	9:28 P. M.

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Southern Railway

Concord, N. C

THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XIII CONCORD, N. C. No.45

INVENTORY AND APPRAISE.

It is a notorious fact that some people when alone with themselves are in mighty bad company. But it is well for every one to be alone some times—get acquainted with one's self. Inventory and appraise our own qualifications, and strenghten the weak ones. Cultivate the habit of reflection; give the mind leisure to receive and record impressions clearly. The sensitized plate of the camera must have a time limit fixed to record the detail of impressions. The human mind must not only gather its impressions but record and analyze them also. It is not possible for the human mind ever to understand itself, but its first impressions remain longest. The character we establish early in life will be ours in old age; we must live with it and, dying, leave it as our tribute to the world.—Old Hurrygraph.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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THE MOTTO.

I sought from Socrates the sage,
Whose thoughts will live through every age,
A motto to direct my life,
A hero make me in the strife;
And Socrates said, "Know thyself."

To know myself did not suffice
To make me useful, true and wise;
I sought Aurelius, good and great,
Wise ruler of the Roman state;
Aurelius said, "Control thyself."

O Nazarene, Thou who didst give
Thy life that man might fully live,
What message didst Thou leave for me,
That I might truly follow Thee?
The Saviour said, "Deny thyself."

CHARMING GUESTS.

It was the good fortune of the Jackson Training School to have as its

guests, on Friday for a period all too short, the delegates to the Annual Convention of the North Carolina Branch of The King's Daughters, being held in Salisbury, who stopped long enough to make a flying visit to us.

These people were welcomed not alone on account of their splendid selves and their great work but also because we look upon them as our benefactors.

When the Board of Trustees were struggling to plant this institution safely and firmly, to the end that it might serve well its mission, it invoked the aid and help of this noble organization. They responded promptly and graciously. They aided in buildnig the first cottage home; they built outright our beautiful stone chapel and the artistic memorial bridge that spans the National Highway, and the local circle started our band, donating splended instruments —these were generous deeds that at the time were most heartening and time and distance are powerless to diminish our joy in them and appreciation of the fine and helpful spirit manifested by this noble organization that seeks "not to be ministered unto but to minister."

The boys, under the direction of Miss Goodman, rendered a short program, which was followed by a luncheon served on the athletic field.

It was indeed an inspiring occasion.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

THE FAMILY ALTAR.

To read the article in this issue entitled "The Family Altar" is inviting some sober thinking. At this particular time thoughtful men and women are deeply concerned over the wave of crime sweeping over the land, and particularly in our own state. It is nothing less than the effect of a cause. What is that cause? With the older ones, it may be the restless spirit of trying to get rich, having a "good time" without hindrance, or to get something for nothing. With the young, among when the crime war seems largely confined, it is probably occasioned by a different motive, if motive it be.

Years ago the family altar had a conspicuous place in the furnishings of the average home; certain parental restrictions held sway; the parents and not the children were the directing head of the household; daily at periods the mother gathered her little flock together and taught them the beautiful Bible stories that have had much to do with civilization and right living.

Today parental restraint seems to have been lifted; religious training left entirely with Sunday Schools; and freedom of the streets and public places lavished upon them at most any hour of day or night. Even the girls, thinly and many times immodestly, if not vulgarly, dressed parade the streets and

hang around, it seems disregarding those rules that attained among the dear old mothers of the past in the rearing and training of their daughters.

As long as men are careless in their words and deeds in all presences, the streets are not fit places for the young—boys and girls—to roam at will and promiscuously.

The young who are contributing to the evil today are not wholly to blame—somebody higher-up is responsible.

* * * * * * * * * * *

IS IT A WARNING.

Much has been said in the press about the terrible drouth through which we have been passing for months, and at this writing the end of the drouth is not in sight.

We were assured by certain weather prophets that at such a time we might confidently expect a sufficiency of rain, because "the moon changes in the morning." These prophets fell down.

Another class of weath prognosticators assured us that the "autumnal equinox would end the drouth." It, too, failed.

We have divine record of plagues and punishments having been sent upon a hard-hearted people.

Are we not hard-hearted? Have we not been drunk on prosperity? Have we not run wild in our counsels and confidence in our inpregnable position in life—to such an extent that we have ignored, if not forgotten, God and his rulership of the world? It is enough to cause us to think deeply on these things. Is it not, at least, a warning sent upon us—this drouth?

* * * * * * * * * * *

A TOWN BLESSED.

The "Made-in-the-Carolinas" Exposition where Charlotte makes an annual feast of fine things is closed. It was a most worthy expression of the ability and capacity of the two states.

Enough of this. We started out to speak of a most entertaining treat at the exposition on Wednesday when Scotland County turned out good and strong. On the stage that afternoon was a crowd of boys and girls armed with harps, violins, trombones, saxophones, fifes and drums. And accompanied by an expert pianoist, this band dispensed the sweetest and most inspiring music.

The cause: we learned that the little town of Gibson is blessed with the

citizenship of a woman, who loves music, loves the people and is a leader. This aggregation of young musicians is the work and training of Mrs. Myra T. Gibson. She directed them in Drum-major style so perfectly and gracefully, that general admiration was expressed in applause unrestrained. What a blessing a good woman is to any community when she can assume leadership and whip into form the scattered talents in her midst and make of them a blessing and a joy to her community.

The Uplift votes Mrs. Myra T. Gibson, of Gibson, Scotland county, N. C., a worth while leader, and Gibson ought to be proud.

* * * * * * * * * *

"Aunt Het," a production in picture and words, by Robert Quillen, a South Carolinian by adoption, the same appearing daily in the Charlotte Observer is a fine old sister. Her philosophy is sound and her sense of observation is unerring. "Aunt Het" declared recently: "I don't see much difference in women since they got the vote except they cross their legs more."

* * * * * * * * * * *

All eyes of the state today are centered on the little city of Rockingham. Judge Findley is presiding over a special term of court, which has met to decide the case of W. B. Cole, who stands indicted for the murder of W. W. Ormond, in August last. A morbid curiosity possesses the people. May full justice be done.

THE OLD CROAK.

Once by the edge of a pleasant pool
Under the bank where 'twas dark and cool.
Just where the brook flowed out of the bog,
There lived a gouty and mean old frog,
Who'd sit all day in the mud and soak
And do just nothing but croak and croak.

'Till a blackbird whistled, "I say, you know,
What are your troubles down there below;
Are you in sorrow or pain or what?"
The frog said, "Mine is a grewsome lot,
Nothing but mud and dirt and slime
For me to look at the live-long time,
'Tis a dismal world," so he sadly spoke,
And still continued to croak and croak.

"But you're looking down!" the blackbird said.
"Look at the blossoms overhead,
Look at the lovely summer skies.
Look at the bees and the butterflies,
Look up old fellow! Why bless your soul!
You're looking down into a muskrat's hole!
But still with his gurgling sob and choke,
The frog continued to croak and croak!

And a wise old turtle who boarded near,
Said to the blackbird, "My friend, see here!
Don't shed tears over him for he
Is wretched just because he likes to be.
He is one of the kind that won't be glad;
It makes him happy to think he's sad.
I'll tell you something and it's no joke,
Don't waste your pity on those who croak!

—Selected.

THE ALTAR FAMILY.

Mrs. S. D. Daughtery.

Many and notable have been the utterances in press and on platform, udring recent months, on the issue that underlies all other problems of throbing national interest—the American home. On its behalf are warning and pleadings and prophecies; against it are strictures and arraignments dire and dreadful. A religious journalist of international experience expressed convictions thus:

"We utter the solemn warning to the men and women of America: This nation will decay and perish when American homes cease to revere God."

Judge Lindsey, of the Denver Juvenile Court, in commenting on the most shocking crime of the ages, said, "Let the fathers and mothers of America awake. The children's crime of this generation calls you to action. Let it impress upon parents the terrific task that rests upon them to know and understand their children and how in turn to keep their children know and understand themselves. This tragedy of modern youth is the tragedy of modern parenthood."

A prominent educator in a lecture to teachers this past summer expressed his faith in the boys and girls of today, declaring there never was a truer, finer body of youth than the youth of our country today. But he exhorted parents and teachers thus: "The only thing is, the youth of today are different—because they are living in a different world, under different conditions as typified by the auto, the radio, the aeroplane and other modern devices. I beg to warn you that there was never a time when the youth of the world needed your help as they need it today!"

Crime is increasing all over the world. An eminent Judge has shown that it is increasing more rapidly in the United States than in any other nation. A leading news-paper commented thus on this conclusion: "If the United States really is the most lawless among lands, it behooves all of us to take a greater interest in our own children of others, strenuously to strive to do our utmost part in the work of intensive moral culture and reform in the homes and schools of the nation."

Geo. W. Elliot, Assistant Director of Public Saftey of Philadelphia, holds that the growing disregard of all basic fundamentals of law and order by the parents and other adults is to blame for the great wave of unrest and misbehavior in this city and in the entire country.

Mrs. Lucretia Blankenburg, a club woman of note, in an address at a rally of missionary women, laid the prevalence of dishonesty among children today not only to the lack of parental teaching of honesty, but to the many practices petty dishonesty on the part of parents themselves.

The following pronouncement of the Committee of Moral and Social Welfare of the U. L. C. at its last biennial Convention is worthy of reiteration here:

"The home is unquestioably directly responsible in the marjority of

instances for the startling lack of morality enforcement, Mothers must be held responsible, not Parisian modistes, for the kind of dresses their daughters wear. Mothers must be held responsible for painted and powdered faces and the unearthly hours their daughters are allowed to keep. Fathers must be held responsible for their sons.''

It is estimated that there are in America 24,000,000 mothers. It is largely in their hands that the destiny of our country lies. How many of these mothers realize the vital truth uttered by another famous public lecturer: ''The greatest lawgiver in the land is not the President, not the U. S. Congress, not the State governor, but the mother in the home!''

That the fate of our nation will be determined, not by the greatness of its culture and its civilization, but by the character of its homes, cannot be gain said.

That the old-fashioned home is disappearing; that there is a lack of religions restraint and training even in Christian homes; that there is woeful failure in the exercise of parental authority; that fathers and mothers are themselves largely responsible for the laxity of morals, and the defiance of law on the part of the youth of to-day—these are conditions only tii patent to the thoughtful observer. Add to this the perils that confront the American home because of the divorce evil and the loose views concerning marriage —who can deny that the situation is grave and summons to action every Christian patriot!

What then is the remedy! Let the one whom we quoted at the beginning of this article answer:

''The solution of American family problems is contained in one word—CHRIST.

''Christ at the marriage altar.

''Christ on the bridal journey.

''Christ when the home is set up.

''Christ when the baby comes.

''Christ when the baby dies.

''Christ in the pinching times.

''Christ in the days of plenty.

''Christ when the wedded pair walk toward the sunset gates.

''Christ when one is taken and the other left.

''Christ for time, Christ for eternity—this is the secret of a happy home life.''

How grave then the responsibility resting upon the Christian families of our nation. First, Christian parents must look well to the ways of their own households. Second, it must be the holy purpose of members of these Christian families to labor and to serve, that all non-Christian homes of America—whether it be the alien home or that of the native American—become homes that recognize, revere, and serve the Lord Jesus Christ.

To this end we need that every Christian family be an ''altar family.'' Abraham, when he started a new nation, began by building an altar to Jehovah. Some one has called attention to the fact that all other nations, however great or glorious, have come and gone; but that nation that started with a built altar is still with us. In our own nation those families who became ''leading families'' were ''altar families'' at the start. Those families which have

run down are those which in their prosperity forsook God and allowed the altar in their homes to fall into ruin.

THE TONGUE.

"The boneless tongue, so small and weak,
Can crush and kill," declared the Greek.

"The tongue destroys a greater horde,"
The Turk asserts, "then does the sword."

The Persian proverb wisely saith,
"A lengthy tongue, an early death."

Or sometimes takes this form instead,
"Don't let your tongue cut off your head."

"The tongue can speak a word whose speed,"
Says the Chinese, "outstrips the steed."

While Arab sages this impart,
"The tongue's great storehouse is the heart."

From Hebrew wit the maxim sprung,
"Though feet should slip, ne'er let the tongue.'

The sacred writer crowns the whole,
"Who keeps his tongue doth keep his soul."

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

I read in the papers that the Prince of Wales ran into a snow storm in Chile. What could he expect in a country with such a name. While a thought of the Prince is upon my mind, it reminds me that in America we have a lot of babies that are the real prince of "wails," over here, and in the good old times, when the rod was not spared, and the child was not spoiled, I know many of the fathers were the prince of "whales."

New form of healthful exercise is being developed in Durham and other places. It is riding up town in your car, and then walking to the office after you have found a place to park.

It is stated that Mr. Ziegfeld is importing an English lady who has the most beautiful back in the country. This must be coming fashionable. I heard a lady say, no longer than yesterday, to another who had just returned from her summer vacation, "I'm so glad to see you're back." So we have some beautiful "backs" in Durham.

I see that the hunters in Ohio are writing to the governor of that state lamenting the scarcity of squirrels in their commonwealth. It may be that they have all gone to Florida to make their millions.

It is told that at a wireless exhibit in New York recently, a wireless scientist lit a lamp through a man's head. When you come to think about it, possibly there is not so much to marvel at in this exhibit of wireless. The man might have been light-headed in the first place.

Prohibition is the law of the land, and if people will persist in violating this law, more power will have to be invoked to enforce the law. But let there be no fanaticism in its enforcement. Investigation is now being made of the death of a farmer in Cedar Rapids, Ia., who died the other day after drinking home-brew liquor into which dry agents had poured kerosene to render it unfit for use. If the liquor caused death there probably will be prosecution for manslaughter. And there should be. Even the most ardent prohibition sympathizer is fair enough to acknowledge that dry agents frequently overstep themselves.

The thought has come to me by observation and hearing to this effect: What a great reform would come to this world if we knew as much about ourselves as our neighbors do about us.

After all that is said and done it seems that the world is divided into two classes—those rushing in the pursuit of happiness; and those fleeing from trouble.

When the genuine, out-for-business book agent gets hold of you, you might as well calm down and "listen

in'' on his speil, for he is going to get it off, come what will. They usually wear a coat of books, as an armor for attacking the unsuspecting and innocent victim that falls into the web of their arguments. One got me the other day and I barely escaped with my pocket-book, which is the only book I am subscribing to at the present time. But it was different with a female agent around some time ago, that nearly scared the life out of a lady she had quietly tackled to subscribe for some of the books she represented. The feminine agent had already produced quite a number of volumes from various parts of the jacket she wore without results, but when she elevated her skirt, for the purpose of laying another supply before her victim, the lady patient in this charge of the book brigade thought the female agent was reaching for a pistol to shoot her, and she nearly collapsed, until she saw several good-size books drawn upon her; then she breathed easier and regained her lost breath. The ways of the book agent are past finding out.

Talking about effeminate men—and you do see some sometimes—what about a mere boy giving the energy of his young life to the practices of the younger opposite sex? I saw a boy, not half way in his teens, the other day take out his little compact, and powder his nose, and then give a brush or two to his cheeks. Then he pulled out a lip-stick and touched up his lips with carmine, and penciled his eye-brows a little blacker. He sure did look like a baby. Bah! In fact two or three bahs, like a young billy-goat calling its mother. It reminded me that some years ago a small fellow in Lenoir, of about 120 pounds weight, would insist on dyeing his mustache a coal black; and he carried around with him a powder and puff box, which he used with high-colored powder, in putting his face and cheeks in the rosy glow of the fashionable style among femininity who have an idea they can beat nature in their make-up. This dandy, powdered up old fellow, who thought he was making himself young and fooling Old Father Time, did actualy fall in love and married a girl of about 250 troy or Lenoir weight. She sat down upon him one day and pressed him flat for his feminate ways, and he threw away his compact, and kit of facial tools. You see what a fellow gets by being too feminate. He never resorted to powder again to improve his personal appearance; and he lives to ''dye'' no more.

Don't you, about this time of the year, catch yourself looking kind of dreamily out of the window, more than once during the day? You get restless. Haven't you been out and tried to walk it off, and pass two or three shoe shine shops or places where Victrolas and phonographs are rolling out jazz music that puts your nerves on edge and you feel like jumping through the earth to China or Japan, and whipping out the whole caboodle. Then, you pass on, as quickly as possibly, as if fleeing from a pestilence, and you will pass a music store, or some quiet residence, and hear a piano or a phonograph playing a sweet, soft gripping tune, and you stop in spite of yourself and ''listen in.'' When you leave, you feel like

a different person. Music has this effect on almost every one of the human race. It seems to be what is termed our musical sense. There are phonographs that are loud and coarse; there are pianos that have not the soft lullaby air; but when we are out of sorts with the world, we seem not to notice the difference—still there is a difference.

Alphonsus Cobb tells me a good one, which is a kind of echo of the world war. He was one of the listers during the period when enlistment was going on. A colored man by the name of Alexander Johnston presented himself, and Mr. Cobb put the usual question: "What is your name?" Mr. Johnston, with all the diginity of a patriot going to die for his country, and proud of the fact, replied, "My name is Zander Johnston—Alex Zander Johnston, Sir!" The emphasis was on Zander as a new name in the annals of the army, and the listers were much pleased over the new discovery that one name could be made into two, so euphoniously.

Money is made to spend; not to hoard. If everybody saved every penny he earned, there would soon be no more money to earn or spend. No one needs to be cautioned how to earn money. The thief, the gambler, the extortioner and the usurer are all social outcasts. The man who publicly steals expects adequate punishment. He also must make restitution. The extortioner and the usurer evoke the frowns of society, and the gambler bears the stigma of his calling. But there is some need for caution in spending money. Some people spend it recklessly. Some watch their work and calculate each penny due. When it comes to spending there are no strings attached to it. Just spend all of it; that's all.

One of the wisest messages delivered this year was sent out by C. C. Spaulding, president of the North Carolina Mutual Life Insurance company, of this city, the largest negro insurance company in the world. Asked by a group of his men for advice on business matters, he declared: "Watch your dollars after they are spent." There's much in that. Maybe you are spending your dollars with out of town concerns, that care nothing for you only what they can get out of you, when there are at your elbow home stores selling the same goods and seeking your patronage. To make a long argument short, maybe you are spending money with a fellow who thinks himself too good to spend any money with you. If you are, you are not watching your dollars after they are spent. You are not making them bring in dividens to yourself or your community. Spaulding's words are wise and far-reaching.

Four things belong to a judge: to hear courteously, to answer wisely, to consider soberly, and to decide impartially.—Socrates.

THE PARABLE OF THE PROGICAL FATHER.

A CERTAIN man had two sons and the younger of them said to the father, "Father, give me the portion of thy time, and thy attention, and thy companionship, and thy counsel, which falleth to me."

AND HE divided unto them his living in that he paid the boy's bills, and sent him to a select preparatory school, and to a dancing school, and to college, and tried to believe that he was doing his full duty by the boy.

AND NOT many days after, the father gathered all his interests and aspirations and ambitions, and took his journey into a far country, into a land of stocks and bonds and securities which do not interest a boy; and there he wasted his precious opportunity of being a chum to his own son.

AND WHEN he had spent the very best of his life and had gained money but had failed to find satisfaction, there arose a mighty famine in his heart; and he began to be in want of sympathy and real companionship.

AND HE went and joined himself to one of the clubs of that country; and they elected him chairman of the house committee and president of the club, and sent him to Congress. And he would fain have satisfied himself with the husks that other men did eat, and no man gave unto him any real friendship.

BUT WHEN he came to himself he said, "How many men of my acquaintance have boys whom they understand and who understand them, who talk about their boys and associate with their boys and seem perfectly happy in comradship of their sons, and will say to him, 'Son, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight; I am no more worthy to be called thy father: make me as one of thy acquaintances."

AND HE arose and came to his son. But while he was yet afar off, his son saw him and was moved with astonishment, and instead of running and falling on his neck he drew back and was ill at ease.

AND THE father said unto him, "Son, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight; I am no more worthy to be called thy father. Forgive me now and let me be your friend."

BUT THE son said, "Not so. I wish it were possible but it is too late. There was a time when I wanted to know things, when I wanted companionship. But I got the wrong kind, and now, alas, I am wrecked in soul and body and there is nothing you can do for me. It is too late, too late, too late."—Selected.

THE BIBLE IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF CHARLOTTE.

J. G. G. in Presbyterion Standard.

As the city schools of Charlotte, N. C., opened this fall, the pupils of the Central High School found a new sort of teacher ensconced in her own room, with atlas, dictionary, maps, reference books and other necessary paraphernalia surrounding her, and the text-book was a very familiar old volume of which John Ruskin said: "All that I have taught of art, everything that I have written, every greatness there has been in any thought of mine, whatever I have done in my life, has simply been due to the fact that when I was a child my mother daily read with me a part of the Bible and daily made me learn a part of it by heart." Thees old-fashioned mothers are not as numerous as they ought to be, and sad to say society and criminal courts are registering a terrible evidence of immoral and criminal conditions, which our authorities, judges, jailors and social workers are attributing to the decline of Bible study and religion in American homes. The moral foundations of the republic are crumbling, and the only remedy for it is the Word of God, and if the homes do not supply this remedy, the only other resource is the public school, the main factor of child training outside the home. It is a question of the Bible in the schools and national preservation, or irreligion and national decay.

We are not ashamed to admit, though perhaps we ought to be, that the enterprise just matured in this city is the work of the women. They got the inspiration for it from the successful effort in Chattanooga, Tenn., by which the Bible was placed in the schools of that city, and any persons desiring to know about Chattanooga's work may obtain the information by writing for "The Bible in the Public Schools," a pamphlet published by the Committee of Men's Work, Provident Building, Chattanooga, Tenn. It will be a fine help in installing the Bible in public schools anywhere. But this example was not all. The women, in 1923, were studying in their mission study course, "'The Child and America's Future," in the Interdenominational Union. At last, a meeting of representative women of a number of churches representing different denominations, was called. No organization was made, but the spirit of this body of women kept warm the subject. One of their number was asked to visit women's organizations, talk about the Bible in the public schools, and get the reactions. Finally 29 womaen's societies registered approval. This from the churches, and other bodies also approved, including the Ministers' Association and the Christion Men's Club. The ministers also appointed a committee of three to promote the plan. Finally, 31 recommendations from as many organizations were presented to the city school board, requesting a regular Bible course to be added to the High School curriculum. The school board

agreed unanimously, provided they elect the teacher, and the churches bear the expense, as they proposed.

Negotations having proceeded thus far, all churches willing to co-operate were invited to send representatives, and 21 churches responded. These people were formed into a promoting committee, a strong layman was chosen as president, the churches were invited to subscribe to the salary at proportions involving their membership and financial power. The salary was raised for one teacher as an experiment, with a budget of expense, and a plan formulated and laid before the school board, which was adopted, in outline as follows: The school commissioners elect the teacher, subject t othe approval of the promoting committee, which secures the salary, which salary was fixed as equivalent to that of a high school teacher. A budget of $2,000 was adopted for one year. An executive committee was chosen to be the agent of the larger central body. The 21 churches increased to 26, and so the work was growing.

It was decided that the Bible should be the text-book, and everything of a denominational nature was to be excluded, and credits are to be given as in other high school courses, which are to be accepted as units for college entrance. The choice of a teacher was very fortunate. This was Mrs. W. J. Bryan, well worth of kinship, though not claiming it, with one of that name now honored and revered for his championship of the Bible. The Virginia Bible Course for public schools was adopted. This course was compiled by a committee consisting of Protestants, Catholics and Jews. It is known as the Official Syllabus of Bible Study and furnishes two sets of lessons in the Old Testament, adapted for Jews, and one in the New Testament, which is adaptel for study either in the King James or the Douay Version. Ninety lessons will fill the first term and 90 the second term, thus running every day for the whole year. Of course, the whole matter is elective by students, but already about 100 have declared their intention to take the course.

It is interesting to know that about 1,000 towns and cities in the United States have adopted a Bible Study Course in the public schools, at least four being in North Carolina—Wilmington, Statesville, Reidsville and Charlotte. But we shall let Dr. Lapsley tell us more of the growth of the movement.

"And you say that your wife obeys you implicitly?"

"I should say so. I told her on our wedding day to do just as she pleased."—Oxford University Hogan's Alley.

TRUTH AND LOVE.

Men build lastingly, not by the power of money, not by the whirring wheels of industry, not by the strength of armies and fleets, not by the power of domineering groups and classes, but by the eternal power of truth and love.

About twenty-three hundred years ago, there lived in Athens a penniless stone-cutter, named Socrates, who, among men who hugged lies and delusions to their bosoms, dared to speak and defend the truth. By adroit questioning and flawless reasoning he exposed the fallacy and absurdity of his opponents' ideas. Frenzied with hate and fear when thus dragged face to face with truth, they threw Socrates into prison, tried him unceremoniously and put him to death as an enemy to the state.

Somewhat later there lived in Syria a humble carpenter named Jesus, who, in a world that was teeming with hate, greed, lust and gross materialism, went about doing good to rich and poor alike, urging all men to love one another as they loved themselves, and to do unto others as they would have others do unto them. He also taught the fearful, unwelcome truth that life does not end at the tomb, but continues without end, and that "as a man soweth, so shall he reap." He, too, was put to death as an enemy of the state, and a religioue disturber.

Nearly twenty centuries have elapsed sonce the death of these two men. Not one line of writing by either is in existence. There is not known to exist a single object which either owned. Both were wretchedly poor, despised, ridiculed, hated, feared and done to death as depraved criminals.

Yet of all the men who have lived on this planet since the beginning of time, no two are held in higher esteem or greater reverence by the cultured people of the world, each in his own sphere, than that of Socrates, the moral philosopher, and Jesus, the divine Teacher.

The stone-cutter of Athens taught men how to think; the carpenter of Nazareth taught men how to live.

UNITED STATES MARINE HOSPITAL NO. 66.

There is not another hospital like it in the United States. If you look at it in one way it seems the saddest of all he hospitals, but if you look at it in another way it is the gladdest and most beautiful of all. Every patient in hospital No. 66 is a leper.

You know that the Lord Jesus, when He walked on earth, never forgot the lepers, but for a long time the Christian people in the United States forgot all about them. Many of us didn't even know that there were hundreds of lepers in our land, and when we did happen to hear of a leper living near us everyone got

very much excited and scared. Only three states had hospitals for lepers. In the other states there wasn't a hospial that would take a leper in and care for him.

Only a few people were thinking about the men and the women and the little children in the United States who were lepers. They kept on thinking and praying and working and telling the Congress of the United States about it until in the year 1916, Congress made an appropriation of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to buy land and build homes and a hospital for lepers in the United States.

Even when the money was ready it was not easy to buy land. Most people thought of themselves first. They didn't want lepers for their neighbors. They forgot to think about the lepers who had no place to go. After the friends of the lepers had looked and looked, and tried and tried, for about four years, they finally found, in Louisiana, four hundred acres of land which they could buy. It was on the east bank of the Mississippi about sixty miles north of New Orleans, near the village Carville. Louisiana was one of the three states that had a hospital for lepers and there were a number of buildings on this site ready for use.

If you visit hospital No. 66 today you will find a wonderfully happy family living there even though they are lepers. The patients who are not sick enough to be in bed live in cottages. Each cottage has a hall, a screened porch and separate rooms for ten patients. At first there was room for only about one hundred and seventy-five patients, but as soon as lepers all over the United States began to hear about hospital No. 66 they wrote to ask to be taken in, and in 1923 Congress made another appropriation of six hundred and fifty thousand dollars, for more cottages and larger buildings so that now there is room for four hundred, and every month new patients are being admitted. They have come from almost every state.

Since all of us are happier when we have some useful work to do all of the patients of hospital No. 66 who can work are kept as busy as can be. The cottages have little gardens, with vegetables and flowers and melons growing. Some of the stronger patients do truck farming. There is a carpenter shop in which several of the men work. One of the patients mends the watches and clocks for the entire colony. One Greek has a little restaurant, and several firms sell dry goods to the other patients. Two of the women are dressmakers and there are two clothes pressing shops that do a good business.

There is no outside trade because no one would buy anything made by lepers except the lepers themselves. Twice a week there are moving pictures and frequently there are games of baseball, tennis, and pool. A brass band helps to make good cheer and there is a club named "What Cheer Club" to which many of the patients belong.

The large dining room has attractive little alcoves in which various groups may eat together. The evening meal is served early and often some of the patients gather in tents

later on for a melon feast. Sometimes there are afternoon teas and chicken barbecues. A fine herd of cows furnish milk for all the colony.

The most beautiful of all the buildings is the new church which was given by members of Protestant churches of every denomination throughout America. It has comfortable seats with plenty of room for the wheel chairs of the patients who cannot walk. There is also a gallery for visitors, with a door for the staff and the visitors. There is another door for patients, and a gateway for wheel chairs. Dr. W. M. Phillips, a Presbyterian minister, is the chaplain and isn't it interesting to know that his salary is paid by the Women's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Church and that in his leper congregation he has Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Lutherans, Methodists, and Seventh Day Adventists. There is also a Roman Catholic Church. On one Sunday Chaplain Phillips baptized two war veterans, a Jew, two Chinese and a negro. Six of the patients are elders of the church and six of them are ushers.

On Thanksgiving Day, a special service was held. The President's Proclamation was read, and there was no more thankful congregation anywhere. On several occasionh they have made special thank-offerings. Once they gave from their scanty savings, one hundred and one dollars for lepers in China who had very little care, and last Easter they agreed to adopt four children of lepers in China who could be saved from leprosy if some one could care for them.

The most joyous of all the seasons is Christmas. Last year Dr. Phillips said was "More like Christmas than any Christmas I ever rememered." It was his first Christmas at hospital No. 66. There was much joy in getting ready. Each patient was told to wish for something that didn't cost more than two dollars. The wishes went all the way from postage stamps to watches, belt buckles, fountain pens, and dress goods. A large fir tree was placed in the recreation hall. Its branches glittered with tinsel and colored lights. Around the trunk of the tree the gifts were piled. Mrs. Phillips had wrapped the packages and tied and sealed them with Christmas seals. As the gifts were distributed there were cries of delight and happy laughter.

In the church there was a joyous Christmas service with hymns and prayers and another tree with the distribution of gifts sent by the churches. One old negro woman said happily, "Seems like Christmas's getting better and better every year." On the last night of the year there was a Watch Night Service and as the New Year dawned the patients who were able to walk formed a line of parade, and marched around the hospital blowing bugles as if they were school boys.

Now you see why hospital No. 66 is the saddest of all the hospitals and the gladdest too. The American Mission to Lepers has built the church and arranged to have Chaplain and Mrs. Phillips to help care for the lepers.

How Good heightens beauty!—Hannah Moore.

WE TOP CHICAGO.

R. R. Clark in Greensboro News.

Those of us who have been viewing with horror Chicago's carnival of crime might find additional cause for alarm by a closer inspection of our own premises, as intimated in some remarks in this column on the 31st ult. Colonel Chamberlain, director of the Chicago crime commission, was quoted as saying that Chicago's murder record is "more than one a day." Latest estimate available of Chicago's population is 2,942,605. Official criminal statistics published a year ago, giving the record for the previous year, showed that the number of homicide cases in North Carolina, actually disposed of in the courts, averaged one a day for the year. This took no account of cases not heard in the courts, of which there must have been quite number. In fact it is believed that if all the killings in the state that year had been nearer 400 than 365. Our estibeen nearer 400 than 365. Our estimated population this year is 2,759,-014. Make your own figures.

Whether the Chicago homicide record reported at "more than one a day" would figure out an average of 1 1-2 or 1 3-4, more or less, records are not available to show. But it is assumed that in saying "more than one a day" the head of the Chicago crime commission, who must have known what he was talking about, meant that it was less than 2 per day. Possibly the average was only a little more than one per day. The official North Carolin record for year before last was one a day, omitting those not officially disposed of. Statistics for the past year are not yet available, but there is no reason to believe that the number of killings has decreased. Now take the Chicago excess in population over North Carolina—200,000 in round numbers—consider the character of Chicago's population, many foreigners of the worst criminal type, and especially consider the congestion of the population, and the fact that vice and crime flourish in congested districts. Then compare these conditions with North Carolina, a rural state, few foreigners and no congested areas, and what have you?

The unbiased conclusion must be that North Carolina is keeping pace with Chicago in the number of homicides, if in fact we are not ahead, all things considered. In any event, our homicide record, under the conditions makes a worse showing for us than the Chicago record does for Chicago. And we've had the nerve to talk about crimes in chicago.

"Among the things that this day brings
Will come to you a call
The which, unless you're listening in
You may not hear at all:
Lest it be very soft and low,
Whate'er you do, where'er you go,
Be listening in."

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER AND HIS DOGS.

By Willametta Preston.

I am sure you have all seen copies of these beautiful pictures of dogs for which this artist was most noted. No one else has ever painted them with such loving attention to the slightest detail. He belongs almost to your own time, instead of the far past, as he was an English lad born into an artistic family in 1802.

When he was a very little child, hardly six years old, his governess used to lift him over the stile into the field where cows and sheep were feeding, and he would sketch a cow or a sheep, rather than play with his brother. As soon as they would trust him to go by himself, he would spend the whole afternoon in that way. His father was an engraver, and when the little Edwin was seven years old he drew and etched heads of a lion and a tiger so accurately that even the tiger's whiskers curled upward.

When he was thirteen, he drew a great St. Bernard dog that was being led through one of the London streets. It was over six feet long and two and a half feet tall, one of the finest drawings ever made of a dog. A live dog admitted to the room with this dog, was very much excited.

This same year, when he was thirteen he exhibited two pictures at the Royal Academy. One a picture of his favorite dog, Buster, lying at the full length of his chain, near a red dish. Often the keeper of the academy would come in and look over the students and ask, "Where is my little dog-boy?" He was a fine, manly, courteous boy, diligent in his work.

When he was sixteen he painted "Fighting Dogs Getting their Wind," which made a great sensation. Also a "White Horse in a Stable." This was stolen from the studio and found, twenty-four years later, in a hay-loft.

The next year, he painted his first cat picture, showing a cat chased to the upper part of the stable by an angry dog. About this time a lion in the menagerie died and Edwin succeeded in getting the body to dissect and study. From these studies came his three lion pictures: "A Lion Enjoying his Repast," "Lion Disturbed at his Repast," "A Prowling Lion."

The next year, he painted "The Rat-Catchers"—four dogs chasing and catching rats in an old barn. His dogs were alert, bounding, playing upon the canvas as if almost alive. No one has ever so understood and interpreted dog-nature as this boy who loved them so. This same year he painted "Pointers To-Ho," a hunting scene, with several dogs.

He won a prize, when he was twenty, $750, over much older competitors, for "The Larder invaded." He painted eighteen other pictures that same year.

The most famous of his early works is the "Cat's Paw," which sold at the time for $500, but is now worth over $15000. The scene of this is a large laundry or ironing room but the woman has left her flat-iron on the hot stove where some chestnuts are roasting. A monkey, dragging his chain and ringing his bell, stands by the stove holding a cat he has snatched rudely from the clothes-

basket where she was tending her kittens. The frightened faces of the kits and the torn rages show how he had to tear her away. The monkey is holding the struggling cat with one foot and hand, balancing himself upon the other foot,while with the other hand, he stretches out puss's velvety paw to snatch the hot nuts.

The expression of the faces of monkey, puss and kittens tell the whole story of the struggle. Hence the saying, "He was made a cat's paw."

Soon after this picture was completed, Sir Walter Scott came and took the young artist to Abbotsford with him. After that, he paid a yearly visit there, enjoying the country, pinting the poet's dogs and listening to stories of the past which Sir Walter loved to tell. From one of these stories, Edwin painted "Chevy Chase," which gained him admittance as an associate member of the Royal Academy at twenty-four—the youngest member ever admitted. But he was elected to full membership at th age of thirty—again the youngest member of the association.

His leading picture of the year signalized by "Chevy Chase," was the "Traveled Monkey." The monkey has evidently just returned from extensive travels, is resplendid in cocked hat, laced coat, wide cravat, breeches, buckeled shoes and—wonder of all wonders—a pendant eyeglass, which so astonishes the rest of his monkey friends that they are almost paralyzed.

Another notable picture was "The Chief's Return from Deer-stalking." A young chieftain and a mountaineer, stand beside two horses, a black and a white—each with a dog at his side. Upon the back of each horse is bound an antlered deer. Other dogs are in the foreground, one nosing the skull of a deer.

He also painted a pair of pictures, "High Life" and "Low Life," the first a slender, graceful staghound in front of a beautiful home, the other a brawny bull-dog before a hovel.

It is said that at a large dinner party, after the guests had returned to the drawing room, one of the ladies remarked that there was one thing no artist, however talented, had ever been able to do, to draw two different things at the same time, one with either hand. Landseer smiled. "Oh that is easy. Get me pencils and paper." He sat down and, a pencil in each hand, he drew simulaneously, with one hand, the profile of a stag's head with antlers complete—with the other, the perfect profile of a horse's head. Of course they were not as carefully finished, for lack of time, but as outlines they were equal to his usual work. But this abilityi had required years of study, of intensive training. He who would succeed, in whatever line his choice must expect hard work and patient study.

Other pictures of Landseer's are of palace life, but always there may be found a dog in them—The Princess Royal and her pony and dog, Islay the Queen's pet terrier. Princess Alice in a cradle, her dog Dandie Dinmont watching over her, and so forth.

He was knighted in 1850, when he was forty-eight years old. He was then painting a series of scenes from Shakespeare.

Famous as a painter of dogs, who

loved him as he loved them, he was equally good as a painter of deer, his "Highland Stag" being the finest of all.

INDIAN LEGENDS.

The lore of the red man is rich in tradition and legend. The Olympic gods of Greek mythology performed no more wonderful feats than did the spirits worshiped by the native tribes of our own continent. These spirits took an intimate and active interest in the daily lives of the Indians, rewarding industry and virtue and punishing indolence and wickedness.

The folks tales of the Algonquins are particularly numerous, although it is no easy task to persuade one of their sachems to narrate them. Occasionally, however, the gift of a knife or a gay neck scarf may loosen his tongue. Then he will relate, in vivid, picturesque language, rich in figurative expressions and metaphors drawn from the natural world about him, some tale of remote ages when the world was young.

In translation, unfortunately, much of the beauty of these myths is lost. The Indian language is too barren for the rules of rhetoric; yet their speech attains an emotional intensity and beauty of style that our own tongue, in apite of its larger vocabulary and oratorical devices, often woefully lacks. Hence, transposed to our matter-of-fact English, their quaint folk tales seem quite commonplace—or even rude.

In olden days before the Indians had learned to make woolen clothing, they wore deer-skin garments only. Cleaning the leather was not so simple a process as washing modern apparel; but the squaws managed to accomplish it with good deal of eortff. They would scrape off the mud, then wash the leather in lukewarm water, using as soap vegetable juices found nearby. Lastly, they resmoked the garments, to keep the deer skin soft and pliable and to darken it, so that stains would not be so visible.

In one of the Algonquin tribes there lived at that time an Indian called Pug-a-mah-kon. His work was hard and kept him in dirt places, consequently his clothes soon became stained and muddy. His wife was expected to keep them clean; but she was a lazy squaw and shamefully neglected her household duties. In their early married life Pug-a-mah-kon tried to perusade her, by scolding and coaxing, to be more tidy; but he had finally given up in despair.

Then one day, the Indian learned that Wakonda, a wise powerful spirit was coming from his home at Spirit Lake to pay a visit to the tribe. Naturally, Pug-a-mah-kon was anxious to appear at his best, so he begged his wife to get his clothes in order. Grumblingly and very reluctantly she began to obey him. But she soon grew weary of the unusual exertion of scraping the mud off the leather, and she carelessly rinsed them in water without rubbing the stains. She made no attempt to resmoke hem. When Pug-a-mah-kon donned his supposedly clean attire on the day Wakonda was to visit them, he was annoyed and scolded his

wife severely for her laziness and carelessness.

At that moment the mighty Wakonda himself appeared at the door of their teepee. Hearing the angry voices of the Indian and the sulky tones of the squaw he inquired the cause of their quarrel. On learning it, he agreed that Pug-a-mah-kon was in the right and that his wife deserved stern punishment. He advised the man to throw at his wife the mud still clinging to his garments. Pug-a-mah-kon obeyed him, and was amazed to see that each tiny particle of dust that touched her was transformed into an insect! These were the first mosquitoes! Ever since that day these tormenting little pests have annoyed all of us—the industrious as well as the idle; and weare forced to believe that Pug-a-mah-kon's wife was indeed and we are forced to believe that fatefulday, for there must have been quite a large quantity of mud clinging to Pug-a-mah-kon's clothes, else the mosquitoes would not have had such a start.

According to Algonquin tradition, the world in its infancy was a joyous paradise, free from all discomfort and disease. Roses had no thorns; the claws and talos of wild beasts and birds were harmless; bees had no stings. Only later, when evil and malice entered, did these annoyances appear.

Before the bees had their stings, they had great difficulty in keeping their honey from being stolen. They usually built their hives in hollow trees or in the fissures of high rocks, and there bears would discover and plunder them; squirrels and even birds would sometimes pilfer the honey. Whole swarms of bees starved. In time, the busy little honey-makers ceased to work together in large numbers and used smaller hives, but even then they were constantly molested.

The spirit Wakonda, always sympathetic with those in distress, took pity on the harassed bees and invited them to a council. They assembled in vast numbers, bringing Wakonda a present of honey and pleading for his assistance against their foes. After listening to their appeal, the spirit dismissed them, bidding them return to him on a certain day, and promising to help them.

The bees were delighted; but in their joy they did a very foolish thing: they told their cousins, the wasps, the hornet, and the bumble-bees, about Wakonda's promise.

When the appointed time arrived they all went to meet Wakonda. Their benefactor was not pleased to see the other guests, but he admitted the mbecause they were the bees' cousins. He gave stings to all, assuring them that they could protect themselves from their enemies.

The little honey makers were exceedingly grateful, and feeling much more secure, they went away to build hives in less remote places.

They were anxious to test the defence that Wakonda had given them; so one swarm selected a tall, hollow tree near where a family of bears had their den. When their hives was almost filled with honey, two of the bears scenting it climed the tree to get a delicious feast.

Just as marauders were about to begin their meal, hundreds of the

newly-armed insects flew out at them, stinging their mouths, their ears, and their tongues. With agonized whimpers the intruders scrampled down and hastened to report to the other bears the news that bees were no longer helpless victims. The tidings soon spread throughout the rest of the animal world; and since then our busy little honey-bees have been comparatively safe from disturbance.

Centuries ago, Indian tradition tells us, many familiess of an Algonquin tribe were living on a mountain, apart from the rest of their people. Their children were restless and disobedient, constantly running away from home in search of amusement and adventure. This caused their parents great anxiety, for wild animals were always prowling about in search of food.

Windegoos, a friendly spirit, provided the children with new bows and arrows and gaily-colored toys, thinking that such playthings might induce them to remain at home. But after a short time they grew restless again and ran away as before.

The distracted parents next applied to the Indian Council. The chief of the tribe commanded the children to remain at home. For a short time his order was obeyed; but it was not long before the lure of distant places again attracted disobedient boys and girls. They stayed away much longer than usual, so their mothers were frantic with anxiety. As a final resort they appealed to the spirit Wakonda to find their little ones.

He found them on a marshy river bank, miles away from the mountain. They were enjoying themselves greatly, singing and shouting with laughter at the building of mud huts. Wakonda rebuked them for their waywardness and told them that, since they were so unruly he was going to transform them into birds, Henceforth they were to be wanderers, making their nests of mud. They would be known as swallows!

Perhaps every race of mankind has a different legend to explain how fire became known to earth. The Greek myth is the one most familiar to us—the story of Titan Prometheus, who braved the wrath of Zeus by ascending into the heavens to light a torch at the chariot of the sun and bring back to mortals the gift of fire by which they would be able to develop industry, science, and the arts. Jupiter, furiously angry, condemned Prometheus to be chained forevermore to a steep crag on Mount Caucasus, while a vulture was to constanty peck a this liver. This benefactor of mankind, "whose only crime was to be kind," suffered thus for aeans, until Hercules finally slew the vulture and freed Prometheus.

The Algonquins have a very different and typically Indian legend to account for the presence of fire.

In the early history of the world, artificial heat was not required. In the pleasant and beautiful garden in which mankind dwelt, summer reigned perpetually.

By and by, however, sin entered the lives of humanity, and the spirits sent snow and ice in punishment. Mortals retreated into caves and sheltered places for refuge; but still they suffered from severity of the cold. Fire was required; but how was it to be obtained?

The solution was revealed in a

dream to a venerable seer. In his vision he saw deep down in the heart of the earth, a stone altar, upon which fire smoldered.

Surrounding the altar there were four girding walls with a door in each. At the inmost door a magician named Sistinakoo acted as sentinel; a fierce grizzly bear was the warder at the next; a mountain lion guarded the third entrance; and at the outer wall a huge, venomous snake lay coiled, ready to strike.

A council of the leading men was then called. They resolved to send a swift-footed and cunning animal down to the earth's interior to bring back a flaming brand. The fox was the first to be chosen to undertake the mission. When he reached the gateway in the outside wall the sight of the serpent frightened him and he fled.

For a time nothing more was done to procure fire for mankind; but the cold was growing more intense and the situation was becoming desperate. Finally, another council asssembled.

To it there came an aged man who recalled a tradition that might be of service of the council. According to it, in the earth's center there is a vast hollow in which many of our animals—even the great buffalo——had dwelt before coming to earth. The coyote was the last to leave; perhaps it might remembers the way.

Then the king of the coyotes was summond and the situation was explained to him. Without hesitation, he consented to make the attempt. Traveling by night, he reached the first of the walls that surrounded the flaming altar. There he waited, unseen, until the snake fell asleep. Then the coyote swept past.

At the second doorway he remained hidden until the mountain lion slumbered. By the same ruse he succeeded in passing through the third and fourth entrances—even the vigilant Sistinakoo had been caught napping. At the fiery altar the coyote lighted a brand attached to his tail. As soon as it begun to blaze he turned to rush back to earth. Just as he was sweeping through the inner doorway, the magician awoke and aroused the other three warders, commanding them to hasten to shut their door. But the nimble-footed coyote was to swift for them.

When, with the flaming brand, the coyote again appeared before the council, there was great rejoicing, and praises were lavished upon the resourceful hero. As a reward, it was decided that the Great Spirit be appealed to that he might bestow upon the coyote a more beautiful and bushy tail.

There are 19,000,000 autos in the U. S. A. ''Jumping rope'' should now be taught in the kindergartens; ''leap-frog'' in the grammar schools, ''hurdling'' in high schools; and for higher schools of learning—''pole vaulting.''

A DELIGHTFUL DAY.

The management of the Jackson Training School is beholden to Dr. Spencer, Messrs. George L. Patterson, H. W. Blanks, W. A. Foil and others of the Concord Chamber of Commerce for billing the motorcade of Bluefied, three hundred strong, for a stop at the school. It was an inspiring event. The following is a story of it all as seen through the eyes of the "Small Boy."

"You got shoes, I got shoes,
All God's chillun got shoes"——

The funny little song kept coming to the Small Boy's mind, and he hummed it half-unconsciously. All of the boys had on new shoes. Four hundred pairs of good sturdy shoes, just right for boys. And they had on their khaki uniforms, too, for company was coming, and they wanted the people all to know just how glad they were because they were going to stop for a little while at the school. All the way from Bluefield Va. they were coming, and all of them in automobiles. The Small Boy thought that it must be a long long train of automobiles for he had heard someone say that perhaps three hundred people would be in the party.

"Company, 'tenshun! Hand salute! "Clear and crisp the command rang out, and instantly the Small Boy's shoulders went back, his hand flew up, and his eyes focused directly front. He wanted so badly to look around at the cars as they turned in from the highway and started down between the long lines of boys standing at salute. But he looked straight ahead, for he was trying very hard to look as much like a soldier as the other boys did. He couldn't help but feel a thrill of pride when he thought of how straight and how alert they looked. But there were so many cars—all of them driving slowly down the line and turning to the left at the Latham pavilion, and then parking on the big front campus. He kept counting until he was sure that there were nearly a hundred. He decided to look real good at the people. Maybe they would be a little bit curious and might embarass a small boy, but he did so much want to know what they were like. Why, they were real nice folks—just smiling and waving like a regular neighbor. He kept on watching after that, and found that they were all neighborly, and nearly every one looked as if they would like small boys better than most anything.

The last car safely past, the long columns of boys swung into step, marching into the auditorium. It looked so big that the Small Boy wondered if the visitors would fill it up. He looked at the stage where the band was seated, and again that feeling of pride surged through his heart. The visitors had a good band of their very own, but he didn't believe they could beat the boys playing. But the folks were coming in, and again he looked at them. Fine, upstanding folks, he thought. Men who looked like they could do things worth while. Nice, kindly looking ladies. And all of them smiling and so enthusiastic.

A welcome from Mr. Boger on behalf of the school, and another from the Mayor of Concord on behalf of the city. That was right, the Small Boy thought, for he wanted them to know that they were really and truly welcome. And Capps spoke that piece about "As Soon as You Get to North Car'lina." He liked that, too, and when the visitors appaluded he clapped his hands as hard as he could. North Carolina was a fine state. Mr. Cook told them about the school, and what it meant, and several interesting facts connected with the beginning of the school. The visitors kept applauding, and the Small Boy clapped his hands again. He wasn't quite sure every time why they applauded, but he knew it was something about the school and he was for the school, every time! And then the band played "Cary Me Back to Old Virginny," and he knew that was a compliment to the visitors. They seemed to like the band as much as the Small Boy did. Then Mr. Boger said that all of the boys might show the visitors just how they went about their regular Sunday School exerciess on Sunday morning. He knew exactly what to do then. With all of the others he rose to sing the Gloria Patria, to read a scripture lesson—not from a book but from memory—and to sing lustily a familiar hymn.

It hardly seemed fair with so many folks present not to hear them say anything, and every boy listened intently when Mr. Boger called upon several of them to talk. The Small Boy was not disappointed. These men were "reg'lar fellers." They knew things, and they knew how to tell them to other folks—specially boys. One of them said he didn't care what trade or profession his boys followed just so that they were good honorable men. That was good —sounded so much better than telling a crowd of boys they could all be Presidents. And the very nicest part of all was that they all seemed to like the Jackson Training School. Again the Small Boy glowed with pride. He just wished they could see the boys when they took setting-exercises, and could know how well they got along in school, and how much interest they took in Sunday School, and how well they could sing when they really "got going," and just so many things he would have liked for them to know. He wanted them to see all of the poultry yards,and the new milk-house, and my goodness! He'd bet a dime if those folks would let them show them what the boys really could do they would certainly be surprised.

But they had to hurry away, for they were going to Charlotte to the Exposition. Just time for a sandwich and a drink served by the Concord Chamber of Commerce in the hall of the building as they left the auditorium. Some took time to go into a cottage, to exchange a friendly greeting with the men and boys grouped on the lawns,, or to throw a handful of small change and watch with glee while the youngsters scramble for the pennies, dimes, nickles, and in some instances even half-dollars. Then a rousing cheer for "the Boys," another "for Stonewall Jackson," and the merry crowd was on its way, the cars moving into position in line without a single bit

of confusion or trouble. Sensible people, those Virginians, thought the Small Boy. No running hither and thither and geting into the way of each other.

The last car was out of sight and it was time for dinner. Everybody hungry, too. The Small Boy heaved a sigh of content. It was right to be nice and friendly; it was right to go to school and learn so one could work and earn a living when they were old enough; it was right to go to Sunday School and sing and study the Scriptures, and to go to church on Sunday, too. Everything was right that was right, and he was a part of it all. He liked his new shoes, too. Picking up his cap, he brushed them off with it, placed the cap on his head, none the worse for a little dust, and went up the steps to his cottage——

"You got shoes, I got shoes,
All God's chulliun got shoes."

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Stanley Armstrong.

The water tank ran over last Friday and Monday afternoons. These times are the first in several months.

Howard Cloaninger, member of the twelfth cottage, has been given a position in the shoe shop.

Johnny Wright, one of the old boys at the institution, paid the school a visit last Friday.

All the boys got to write a letter home this week. All the boys were glad to write to their home folks.

The pipe for the new water line came, and the barn boys are hauling it to its destination.

A number of boys unloaded a carload of coal first two days of this week.

Mrs. Emma Eagle, sewing room director, has been assuming the duties as matron of seventh cottage.

Gordon Kimball, former boy at the school, was present at the institution last Saturday and Sunday.

The boys were all glad to get a haircut during the past week. This work was done by Mr. Horton and James Torrence.

The boys in Prof. Crook's room have been practicing drawing the map of North Carolina. The best copies will be exhibited at the Fair.

Jack Stevens, Robert Whitt, Issac Anderson and Dwight Queen have been given positions on the barn force.

Somebody from Bluefield, W. Va., left a bundle of papers for the boys.

these were distributed among the cottages.

Rev. W. C. Lyerly, pastor of the Reformed Church, of Concord, will conduct the services in the auditorium next Sunday afternoon at 3 P. M.

Garnie Hawks, member of the seventh cottage, has returned to the institution, after being in a hospital for about a month, sick with pneumonia.

James Davis and James Poplin, former boys at the institution, were out at the school last Saturday afternoon. Davis is attending high school in Charlotte.

The carpenter shop boys have just finished replacing broken window glasses. They hope that the boys will take better care of the windows now.

There was a good cold spell last week. It was cold enough for some of the officers and boys to wear their coats and sweaters. This is a sign of the autumn weather.

The work of digging the ditch for the new water line has been completed at last. This work has been going on for a month. All the boys are glad that it is completed.

Dr. S. E. Buchanan, of the county health department, came out to the school last Monday morning and vaccinated about 100 boys for the last time. This vaccination was for typhoid fever.

As the boys have nothing to do after supper but read and play games, it will not be long before the debating societies in all the cottages will start up. Most of these programs will be held on Monday night, while some will be held on other nights. The only society to keep up the meting during the summer was the Cone Literary Society.

The boys were given all of Saturday afternoon off. All the boys assembled at the ball ground, and there they had a good time. The boys on the big diamond had a good ball game, and several home runs were knocked. The boys on the little diamond also had a good ball game. The rest of the boys played tennis or shot marbles.

Rev. P. E. Lindley, pastor of the Protestant Methodist Church, of Concord, conducted the services in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. He read for his Scripture from Acts 5:12-17. He talked mostly on "Shadows and Personalities." He told how a man couldn't leave his shadow nor his influences. How Woodrow Wilson used to sign his name a President of the United States. He also told a number of other stories which the boys were very much interested in. Rev. Lindley preached a very good sermon and it wah enjoyed by all the boys and every one present. We hope that he will come again and that pretty soon.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SCHEDULE

South Bound

No.	29	2:35 A M.
"	31	6:07 A. M.
"	11	8:05 A. M.
"	33	8:25 A. M.
"	45	3:55 P. M.
"	135	8:35 P. M.
"	35	10:12 P. M.

North Bound

No.	30	2:00 A. M.
"	136	5:00 A. M.
"	36	10:25 A. M.
"	46	3:15 P. M.
"	34	4:43 P. M.
"	12	7:10 P. M.
"	32	8:36 P. M.
"	40	9:28 P. M.

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Concord, N. C

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VOL. XIII CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 10, 1925 No. 46

DO OUR NOBLE DEEDS TODAY.

Tomorrow is no longer in our power; therefore let us live today.---Schiller.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920 at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of 4, 1923.

AN APPEAL TO HELPFUL AND BENEVOLENT SPIRITS.

I want to take the public into an intimate confidence and reveal some outstanding facts which my long association with this institution and its superintendent and officers have enabled me to gather. I feel that every person, whose heart goes out to the unfortunate and the afflicted and to those that need help in being relieved of an annoying physical defect, will be interested in this statement.

Enlightened humanity in the state is more aroused at this period than ever before in the matter of health and physical fitness. That is an indisputable evidence of the growth and broadening of a proud civilization of which we may justly boast. People have learned that sometime in the past no time was lost in calling in aid when a pet horse, or a prized hog, or blooded cow, or a pedigreed hound, showed signs of illness. That statement was made by leaders of health campaigns in showing a general anxiety for the welfare of beasts and alleging that when illness overtook a member of the family that it could be successfully met by a home treatment or neighborhood nostrums. Not so today; public thought and sentiment have brought people to realize that no time should be lost in getting the best and promptest treatment available. Even surgery, once striking horrow to the average heart, has come into

a grateful acceptability among the majority, many having become beneficiaries of its blessings.

There be few enterprising and forward-looking towns and cities that do not now have in their midst a hospital to make available the professional services of experts and surgeons; and those not so blessed are striving to possess one. That shows aroused consciousness of a public duty that the well owe to the afflicted. It is nothing short of the christian religion in action.

Now to the point: We have enrolled in this institution over four hundred boys. They are here not alone because of their acts, but in many instances because somebody failed to learn the real cause of their acts. A little thing like the tooth-ache will make a noble and a well-poised man appear guilty of acts that are not in keeping with his general reputation. How can he be cheerful, hail-fellow and well-met when going through such torture? How could you expect a boy, suffering with adenoids, bad teeth, diseased tonsils, hook-worm, chronic appendicitis, or many other physical ailments to which humanity is heir, to appear normal and to take that view of life which guarantees his ambitions efforts to burgeon out the best that is in him. It is unnatural to hope for such a record.

The great majority of boys coming to the Jackson Training School need to be relieved of some physical defect that handicaps them in a serious manner, and some have even very serious ailments that nothing short of heroic treatment will give hope or an even chance in life. In a limited way and as for as our financial ability will permit, the institution has provided in a nearby hospital expert and surgical treatment in cases that demand swift and imperative attention. The results are most gratifying and are visible in the subject's demeanor and application to duty and his progress. It is utterly impossible for the institution to provide with any degree of success and satisfaction and economy the treatment that a great majority need without having on the campus a hospital equipped for this agency of mercy and relief. This, too, does not include the occasional accidents that occur where hundreds of boys in their times of exercise and daily duty are engaged.

There are no funds available or in sight to provide for this addition to our plant in its great work of restoring to society the many "dropped stiches" of humanity that come our way. A plan to secure the necessary funds to provide for a hospital of sufficient size to meet the requirements and furnished and equipped to give a full hospital and surgical treatment to all, who need

its ministration, has been adopted. It meets with the unanimous endorsement of the Board of Trustees, who recognize its urgent necessity from the reports and exhibits that have been placed before them.

Numerous individuals, organizations, societies and counties have responded so generously in the past to my calls for aid—amounting to hundreds of thousands of dollars—that I am constrained to believe that there are (in fact I know it) seventy-five men and women in North Carolina, who will gladly welcome the opportunity to contribute, each, a thousand dollars to a fund to provide for the erection, furnishing and equipping of a modern hospital at the Jackson Training School.

Men and women, whom God has blessed with worldly goods, are interested in doing a public service while they are yet in the flesh and to see their donations contributing to the relief of suffering and putting unfortunate ones into an equal race in life. This is no theory. Too many men and women, who have rendered us a valuable service with their money and gifts, in making this institution the wonder it is in such a short period of time, have expressed the comfort and joy they experienced in their manifestation of helpfulness, to entertain for a moment the idea that people do not love to be of a service to their fellows.

It will be my pleasure to lay this matter before generous and benevolently inclined men and women. I know the state possesses them to marked degree. I know, too, that people do not fall upon your bosom, weeping, and beg you to accept their donations; but they are awaiting an opportunity presented to show their willingness to aid worthy causes. This I purpose doing, I have no doubt of the results. Stingy, pessimistic folks think that everybody else is likewise afflicted, but I know that it is not so—North Carolina is blessed with generous and helpful people. I desire and hope at no distant day to record the names of seventy-five of them in my little book.

This proposed campaign, that has an appeal in it to fine spirited folks, reached the ear of one gentleman, who lost no time in addressing the following letter:

"Albemarle, N. C. Oct. 6, 1925.

"My dear Mr. Cook:—

I am in full and heart sympathy with the proposition of building a Memorial Hospital at the Jackson Training School for the remedying of the physical defects of the many boys coming to the institution. I know the best results cannot be obtained in your train-

ing of boys, when they are constantly annoyed by a physical defect.

It affords me great pleasure to be one of the seventy-five persons to make the said hospital a certainty; and I hereby contribute one thousand ($1,000.00) *dollars for said laudable and much needed addition to the plant of the Jackson Training School.*

Wishing you splendid success in this great work and with personal regards, I am,

Your friend,

(Signed) J. S. Efird."

This letter of Mr. Efird, one of the state's most successful and far-seeing gentlemen, is a pleasant and most heartening proof that the proposition will appeal to the hearts and purses of people who hear the call for help. I crave in bringing to a successful conclusion this effort to supply a most urgent necessity at the Jackson Training School the prayers and aid of God's favored and blessed in the state.

Jas. P. Cook, Chairman.

* * * * * * * * * * *

A COMING EVENT.

We would have our readers to remember that the Cabarrus County Fair begins on the 13th of this month and continues through the 17th. We have reason to put absolute faith in the claim of the management that this year's Fair will surpass in every way the former events; and impartial judges declare that last year's performance, in exhibits of every kind, races, attractions and attendance surpassed those at the great State Fair.

Even the first exposition three years ago astonished the public, being the result of such a short preparation. There was a reason, however, for this record: Joseph Cannon, Dr. Spencer and others live wires, of which the county is justly proud, put the thing across with their characteristic energy and wisdom.

The editor of this little journal has lost his genius for making suggestions as to how to improve fairs since the ancient days of the St. John's and Poplar Tent exhibitions, where family horses trotted the track in safety without the semblance of holding-back straps and delivered in safety under the wire, a whole hack full of children. This will not be a feature of the coming Cabarrus Fair, for such horses are not raised these days; but in lieu of this exhibit within the mental grasp of all spectators, the secretary, Dr. Spencer,

has arranged for a contest which he designates "Barnyard Golf,"—an old fashioned game of pitching horse-shoes.

If the weather is gracious, you want to attend this event where you will see friends of years ago—they are coming.

There is no institution where men are treated alike to a larger degree than at a County Fair. It is so democratic that it makes you forget your troubles and—prolongs your life.

* * * * * * * * * *

THROUGH HIM THE STATE COMPLIMENTED.

The State, we are sure, irrespective of party allignment, felt complimented by President Coolidge in his appointment of Hon. John J. Parker, of Charlotte, and native of Union, Judge of the Fourth Circuit, U. S. Court of Appeals.

The laymen, who know this distinguished gentleman, recognize in him a personage of fine qualities of mind and heart, and the legal fraternity regard him professionally eminently fit for the high position.

Handsome of figure, of pleasing personality, of brilliant intellect, and entirely natural in his use of the fine traits of the true Southern gentleman, North Carolina is proud to have Judge Parker for a typical representative of the state's manhood in the courts of his district. His selection over receptive candidates is an honor to him and a compliment to North Carolina.

* * * * * * * * * *

THE KING'S DAUGHTERS.

The Thirty-sixth Annual Convention of the King's Daughters, held at Salisbury, adjourned on Friday evening after a delightful and profitable gathering. It is said to have been the most largely attended Convention in the history of the North Carolina Branch of this Order.

The following officers were elected for the next year: Mrs. Jas. P. Cook, State President; Miss Easdale Shaw, Vice-President; Mrs. H. C. Daniel, Recording Secretary; and Mrs. Z. A. Rochelle, Treasurer. Mrs. D. Y. Cooper and Mrs. C. J. Kelloway were added to the Executive Committee succeeding two whose terms expired.

The 1926 Convention will be held in Durham.

* * * * * * * * * *

THE NEW TRAMP.

Just at the time when he ceased to be seen "hoofing it" on the dirt

roads and railway men reported that he had quit bumming rides, the old time tramp appears in a new guide, says a news story.

He is still ragged and unkempt and still looking for work, but now he pursues this elusive work in his private motor car and takes his family along with him. He still asks for a hangout for the necessities of life but these are now gas and oil instead of food. Times change but the tramp instinc persists—the nomad is a type which will doubtless always exist. There are Gypsies in all races—the wanderlust drives them ever onward.—Asheville Citizen.

A DAY TO FIGHT.

I listened to a story a few days ago that was told for the twofold purpose of amusement and instruction. It was about two men who had the habit of getting drunk. And when they were in that state they were in the mood for fighting, and they fought each other. One day they drank so much that it was with difficulty they stood on their feet. They were getting ready to take a swing at each other when a mutual friend approached them and persuaded them to cease their quarreling and give up the notion of fighting. To this they agreed. But before parting one of them said to the other, "I'll not fight you today, but I will fight you day after tomorrow. Now remember, day after tomorrow I am going to fight you." With that he turned to stagger away. In a moment he came back and said, "No, I'll not fight you day after tomorrow, for day after tomorrow is God's holy day, and I will not fight then, but I will fight you day after day after tomorrow." And with that they parted. Here were two men who had no compunction about getting drunk and fighting and playing havoc with the law of decency and good order, but they still had a conscience about the Lord's Day. Perhaps we ought to be glad that at least one thing remained in their lives to keep respect for right and duty alive, but they are among the number who strain at a gnat and swallow a camel. They feel if they observe a law or two and proclaim them in conspicuous way and places that they have the privilege of sowing some wild oats and of giving rein to uncontrolled flings in other directions. Every life of that kind shows it is law-regulated and not Christ-regulated.—Selected.

MOTHERS

Mothers are the queerest things!
  'Member when John went away.
All but mother cried and cried,
  When they said goodby that day,
She just talked, and seemed to be
  Not the slightest bit upset—
Was the only one who smiled!
  Others' eyes were streaming wet,
But when John came back again
  On a furlough, safe and sound,
With a medal for his deeds.
  And without a single wound,
While the rest of us hurrahed,
  Laughed and joked and danced about,
Mother kissed him, and then she cried—
  Cried and cried like all git out!

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

"Asleep at the switch," goodness knows, was and is bad enough, but it appears, from the accumulating evidence in these days of automobiles, it never killed half as many as drunk at the wheel.

A fair damsel, stranger to the local banks, appeared before the teller's window in one of our financial institutions the other day, and made request of the blushing young teller—who, however, did not hesitate to tell 'er—to have a check cashed. He told the fair maiden that she would have to be identified. "Oh, that's easy," she replied, with liquidating smiles; "I have a strawberry mark on my left shoulder."

Now it seems that the dentist has become rivals of the plastic surgeons by the proper manipulation of the teeth. It is announced that there can be no perfect face without a full mouth, so when supplying his patient with a new set of teeth, the bite thereof is not the only thing to be considered. There is the proper distance between the end of the nose and the end of the chin to be studied and fixed, along with the false gums to be thickened to give the cheeks that plumb look. Apparently we are to have aged cheeks made youthful by the dentist.

It is told that a prominent judge can tell whether a man is a liar by looking at his Adam's apple. I know a man in Durham who can tell what a man eats by looking at the front of a vest.

It is possible that some day they may change the name of Lakewood Park to Orchard Park, because it is noticed that there are so many pairs under the trees.

A recent discovery is to the effect that a diet including three ounces of a calf liver a week, and a pint of buttermilk, along with orange juice and raw vegetables daily, will cause broken bones to knit up nicely. A man whose broken wrist bones failed to knit for months, after repeated operations, got them soundly united and healed after a bio-chemistry professor was called in and prescribed the diet given above. Possibly the placing of a watch on the wrist prevented the knitting process from working, in the incident mentioned, as according to the old adage, "a watched pot never boils."

President "Cal" Coolidge has a distinguishable double in Durham. Some one ought to send the photograph of J. Q. Davis, Jr., when his face is in repose, and inform the chief executive that we have a man in Durham just like him in appearance, that is just a good a democrat as he is a republican. One characteristic, however, is, our man smiles more than "Cal."

Some of the younger society folks tell me that cool weather makes danc-

ing popular. It appears to me that when they do the Charleston dance all caution is thrown to the wind, and that St. Vitus is the guide. It has been suggested that the Charleston was invented by some timid soul jumping from a snake and landing on a porcupine.

The meanest man in the world has been found. I will not tell where he resides, and thus place a stigma on his habitat. He proposed to a spinster over the telephone, and, after she accepted him, he told her he had the wrong number.

Here's a good one. Girls get real funny sometimes. One the other day in a dry goods store had the clerk to show her about thirty bolts of cloth, and then remarked. "I don't think I will buy anything today. I was just looking for a friend." The clerk courteously replied: "If you think your friend is in that last roll on the top shelf, I'll be glad to get it down for you."

Durham has a woman so old fashioned that she actually asked her daughter the other night to wash the dishes. What do you think of that?

Scientist say that all the people along the line of equator are thin. This must be the reducing belt we have heard so much about some time ago.

Sunday it was my pleasure and delight to be a visitor at "Twin Hollies," the lovely home of Mrs. T. A. Noell, beautifully situated at Helena, on the Norfolk & Western railway, some eighteen miles north of Durham. It is one of the most attractive places I ever saw. No wonder the northern hunters go there to hunt quail. I quailed before the good things my eyes beheld. While others were taking their summer vacations, and having a good time, Mrs. Noell, a good, motherly hostess, was at work with the vegetables, the fruits and the berries. As a result of her culinary art which is unsurpassed she showed me three closets, stacked up as beautiful as a picture, with jars of everything too numerous to mention, and they looked too beautiful to eat. Mrs. Noell is a queen in the preserving realm. I shall never forget the picture those closets revealed to me.

This is October. The poets sing of it "the sunset of the year." That is a lovely thought. No other month has woven about it such half-dreaming, half-wistful fancies, as its golden glints and purple voluptuousness spreads over all, in an atmosphere of rapturous tingling promise in a world and agleam over all, in an atmosphere of rapturous tingling promise in a world agleam with autumnal tints, and intoxicating with the wine of inspiration and fruition. The murmur of departing summer is heard in the land in the cadences of the insect realm. What a bounty October brings us! Half-memory, half-promise—that enthralling moment when the world looks back across its brilliant hours, then turns to sink into winter. How unique its place in the year.

The sage speaketh; Legend is in nowise history—but legend doth him

with historical truths, memories of manners and customs, of beliefs and superstitions. Legend is more than a myth. 'Tis history in dream-grab; 'tis a heroic fabric woven from human deeds and desires. Though it tax our credulity with its romances and its victories, it glorifies the nation of its birth and records, poetically, the great and noble, the evil and deplored, the fair and gracious, the sweet and true. Though kings cease to reign, tradition rules, unconquered, and while there be literature, legend will not die.

Who can work with a circus in town? Especially John Robinson's; but its not like the John Robinson show I first saw in 1868, when a mere chap just big enough to know what a circus was and sit up all night to see it come into town and put up the tents; and hear John Lolow in his original jokes which are living to this day. As I asked in the beginning, who can work with a circus in town? —with all of its bespangled beauty and excitement. I can't. No matter how modest a man may be, his soul hankers for the oilcloth boots, the ice cream pants, the gold-frogged red coat, the bearskins bushy and dazzling baton of the drum major. The prancing horses the gilded cages containing the animals; the bands, the jazz music; the steaming calliope; n'everything circusistically. What's the use? We boys instinctively want to jump out in front of the band, but only the dirty faced kids are brave enough to dare it.

Scarcely any issue of a newspaper is without some report of injury or death as the result of persons taking a dangerous chance in order to save an inconsiderable amount of time; dashing across the street ahead of an automobile; jumping from the step of a moving car or train; doing foolhardy things with running machinery. No foolhardy thing seems to have been overlooked. The time saved is negligible; its worth is inconsiderable in comparison with the loss of a life. It seems incredible that sane persons with full knowledge that their life may be at stake would take the risk to save a few minutes time, when in doing so they find eternity. But no amount of preaching phases them; no number of horrible catastrophes deters them. Disregard of danger in some circumstances is heroic, but in the instance of saving a minute's time it is asinine.

The Bleeding Blues.—"Do you believe that jazz is dying?"
"I don't know, but it sounds as if it were suffering horribly."

TWO NAIL KEGS.

By Carl Goerch in News & Observer.

Even up to this good day many folks have curious notions about putting away their surplus funds. The following story will show how one man had over six thousand dollars in two nail kegs, standing unprotected in his little store. In the face of known facts that money hid around in mattresses, between walls and otherwise buried or hidden is not safe and for the time being contributes nothing to business or any kind of service to mankind.

Wonder how much idle money is hidden about even in Cabarrus County? There is no way to make an estimate, but one might be safe to say that there is enough money hidden and out of the channels of legitimate business in this county alone to create a capital stock for another bank equal to the combined capital stock of our three successful banks. But read this story:

I. T. Coltrain, store-keeper, fisherman and professional hunter of Jamesville, Martin County, holds the record for being the heaviest depositor of money in any bank of this section.

Mr. Coltrain walked into the Merchants and Farmers Bank last week and halted in front of Dr. John D. Bigg's desk. Dr. Bigg is president of the institution.

"I'd like to make a deposit," said the Jamesville man.

"All right, Mr. Coltrain," said Dr. Biggs, "how much would you like to deposit?"

"Bout three hundred pounds, I reckon."

Dr. Biggs looked at him in surprise. "I didn't know you had any English money," he remarked.

"I ain't."

"Then where did you get the pounds from?"

"Oh, I see what you mean. I ain't got that kind of pound: I got three hundred of them pounds that you weigh hogs or beef or sugar with."

Dr. Biggs was still slightly puzzled. He went outside with Mr. Coltrain, the latter taking him up to his cart, which was parked in front of the bank. Two good-sized kegs resposed in the bottom of the vehicle.

"There you are," said Mr. Coltrain, waving his hands at the kegs. "I weighed them on the scales in my store and each of them weighs one hundred and fifty pounds."

Dr. Briggs felt of the kegs. It was all he could do to budge them. By that time quite a number of people had gathered in front of the bank. Mr. Coltrain seemed to enjoy the interest which was being displayed in his bank deposits. He got a hammer, knocked off the head of one of the kegs and gave the spectators a chance to glimpse the interior. It was filled with silver dollars, half-dollars, quarters, dimes, nickles and pennies. No paper money in it. The spectators crowded around a little closer, astonished at the sight.

"The other keg is just as full," explained Mr. Coltrain. "I don't reckon there's very much difference in the amount that's in each keg."

And there wasn't . Four employes

of the bank, working for more than three hours, finally managed to check up on the deposit. They found that one of the kegs contained $3,105.-56, and the other, 2,949.81. They were worn out by the time they had completed their task.

There's an interesting story in connection with Mr. Coltrain's deposit and his manner of saving six thousand dollars in the two kegs. I went over to Jamesville a couple of days after his visit to the Merchants and Farmers Bank and met him just as he was coming out of his home, bound for the woods to cut some fence poles. He's a man of about forty-five years, doesn't have very much to say and almost ran off when I made the suggestion that I'd like to take a picture of him. Dr. Biggs went with me. He added his persuasive powers to mine and finally we succeeded in getting Coltrain to promise to stand before the camera. But he insisted that Dr. Briggs stand up there with him.

"How long did it take you to save that much money?" I asked.

"Three or four years," he replied. "I ran the store and filling station here and I also did some hunting and fishing on the side. Some seasons I'd make more out of hunting and fishing than I would out of the store. I can't read nor write and I've always been kind of doubtful about banks. I always had a handerin' to have my money around me where I could feel it and see it. When people would buy things at the store, I'd take the money they paid me and put it into the cash-drawer. When the drawer got full, I'd take it to the back of the store and empy it in one of those nail kegs. It was perfectly safe there, because nobody would ever think of looking in a nail keg for money. I've had fellows come into the store and sit on one of those kegs for half an hour at the time. Some mighty tough character, too. If they'd a-known what was inside them kegs, I'm afraid I wouldn't have deposited quite so much in the Merchants and Farmers Bank the other day.

"I used to get a lot of fun out of watchin' the folks sitin' on them kegs. I used to imagine how surprised they'd be if they only knew what they was sittin' on. But none of them ever suspected where I was puttin' my money.

"How did you happen to decide to put it into the bank?" I asked.

"I dunno," he answered. "I reckon as a man gets older he begins to get a little more sense. Fellow out in the country a-ways had his house burned down about a month ago. He lost most of his furniture and also about three hundred dollars in cash. I got to thinkin' where I'd be if the store burned down. Then, too, I began to kinder scairt that somebody would see me emptying the cash drawer into the kegs and they would break into the store and steal it. So I decided the best place for it was in the bank. I'll sort o' miss them kegs. Seemed kinder comfortable to have them close at hand and to know that I had some money to last me in case I got sick or got hurt. But when it comes to that, I reckon I'll be able to get just about as much comfort out of my deposit book as I did out of lookin' at the kegs."

Coltrain is a hard worker, and has been at it all of his life. He told

me that he never sleeps more than three or four hours a night, and even then he is in a semi-conscious state. His business of running a filling station and of hunting and fishing broke him of the habit of sleeping regularly. He says that he doesn't especially feel the need of sleep and that he believes with a little practice he could get along without any sleep at all. He's a great hering fisherman and has made as much as thirty dollars a day with his nets. He also is recognized as one of the best 'coon hunters in Martin County. Always industrious, economical and inclined to save his money, he has managed to acquire property and add to it almost every year.

"I'm satisfied with what I've done," he said. "I ain't hankerin' to go into any big business or to try and make a lot of money with investments. All I want to do is to keep on at the rate I'm goin' now. Jamesville is a good town and I want to live out the rest of my life here."

In the meantime, the two kegs are on display in the window of the Merchants and Farmers Bank of Williamston, where they have attracted much interest. And Dr. Biggs says that the next time a man comes in and wants to deposit a certain number of pounds, he isn't going to assume a cockney dialect so as to make the prospective depositor feel at home.

THE TALKLESS BARBER.

They shut the shop and put a "For Rent" sign in the window, this barber shop in New York who failure is a monument to those who do not want what they think they want. There are several such scattered throughout the United States.

The shop was a fad of a rich man. He abominated talkative barbers and he concluded that all barbers were talkative. From his boyhood days he had read jokes in funny papers about the chatty barber, illustrated with cuts showing him absent-mindedly snipping off a patron's ear while intent to taking into the other ear. He decided that people would eagerly patronize a shop where barbers acted the part of the deaf and dumb.

So he started this shop and advertised it and some people came and saw that the barbers did not talk—heard no traditional concversation billow from them. These patrons never came back—and new ones were scarce. The case—if not the shop—was psychoanalibed with surprising results. It wase found that people do want to hear the cheery barber chat—they wanted no silent dummy tonsorialist. They may say they do but they don't.—Asheville Citizen.

A VITAL ORGANIZATION.

(Salisbury Evening Post.)

The Order of The King's Daughters has never been conspicuous in the public prints, but its work among the needy and the unfortunate are accomplished facts. At its very inception the organization came into being under the idea of being "Sisters of silent service," and hence they lived a life of service that did not let the left hand know what the right hand was doing.

The Order was founded January 13, 1886 by Mrs. Margaret Bottome, a consecrated Christian and the wife of a Methodist minister in New York City. It had a small beginning, but has grown until its services touch nearly every state in the Union and Canada.

In the life of every one, at certain times, the opportunity presents itself wherein one may be of service to his fellow-man, so it behooves us not to forget, to be alert, and "listen in," lest we fail to hear the call of the Master. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but cannot tell whence it cometh, or whither it goeth, so is everyone that is born of the spirit." From the records and those who knew the founder of the Order one is constrained to believe that The King's Daughters order was born of the spirit of faith and love in the heart of a woman who desired a broader field for Christian activity.

The opportunity arrived, and Mrs. Bottome's listening soul heard the call—it was the voice of a wayfarer, out at sea and all alone. It was on deck of a ship, on which Mrs. Bottome was returning from a trip abroad. She saw a young man who was desperately ill and there was no one to take special interest in his comfort. As the ship neared New York, a violent storm was incountered and all passengers retired to their staterooms, thus ending the social for the time.

The words of the Master, "I was a stranger and ye took me not in, sick and ye visited me not. Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these, ye did it not to me," lingered with Mrs. Bottome, for after the re-assembling of the passengers on deck she immediately approached one of the sailors and asked to be shown the sick man. The sailor answered by pointing upwards and, her eyes following the direction indicated by the sailor, she was lashed to the most of the ship a small boat—she knew the full story. She made inquiries as to the death of the young man and learned that he had died during the storm and no one was with him other than the sailors who tendered their services.

Mrs. Bottome regretted that she had not been summoned to comfort this lonely young man, but she reflected that there was no outward visible sign in her dress to indicate her willingness to serve, or impress upon others the fact that she was willing to serve her fellowman. The costume of a sister of charity at such a time would have been a passport and thereby valu-

able aid could have been rendered.

Right there and then she resolved to organize a society for service to humanity, with a badge of some kind to indicate a life dedicated to a loving service. The inexpensive and simple maltese cross, with the inscription I. H. N.—In His Name was adopted; and it is not noly a symbol of service, but at the same time tells the creed of the Order.

The King's Daughters are non-denominational, but as an organization can and does function as a circle in any Christian church; and as an organized circle independent of the church, inter--denominational, its influence is felt in places where the church is not in touch with conditions, and in such cases it is a helpmate of the church—it points the way to the church.

The original circle, organized by Mrs. Bottome, consisted of just ten members, and Mrs. Irving, one of the ten and a popular educator in New York, at the time, called it The King's Daughters. It was a custom of Mrs. Irving to call her girls "The King's Daughters" as they passed after graduation over the threshold of their alma mater into the world to assume the responsibilities of life. And this, in brief, is the story of a mighty organization that has done so much good wherever its services have touched.

The North Carolina branch of The King's Daughters was organized in 1890. Though numerically not strong, the work it has accomplished, aside from its services locally, is noteworthy. The real purpose and ultimate aim, aside from ministering to the needy ones in their midst, is to foster all movements looking to better conditions and encouraging uplift work wherever opportunity offers and lending their influence and service in all causes that concern humanity. The King's Daughters of North Carolina were the first organization of women to lend their untiring efforts in the movement for a reform school, sustaining those who sought to bring into reality the Jackson Training School for wayward and unfortunate boys. And since its establishment they have been constant friends. Proof: They built a cottage for thirty boys; they built the beautiful stone chapel on the National Highway and connected its grounds to the main campus by a stone bridge, a memorial to the North Carolina soldiers who lost their lices in the World War, and among them were five former students at the Jackson Training School.

No task seems too great for these women, despite the fact their membership in the state is small compared to other women's organizations. At this time their state-work is the furnishing of a chapel at Samarcand, the school for wayward girls. They have built a beautiful chapel, and it yet is to be furnished.

The order has organizations in thirty-one states of the Union and is well organized in Canada. Throughout these states are orphanages, homes for the aged and the infirm nad hospitals—all the work of noble women, sought to minister and not to be ministered to.

Their aim, aside from charity, relieving suffering and wiping away a tear or handing out a drink of cold

water, is the making of citizenship—the making of men and women, for man was made in God's image and woman created to be his helpmate.

EARLY DAYS.

(Asheville Citizen.)

Many people think that in the early days of this State preachers were paid starvation salaries while now they are comparatively affluent. They have imbibed the idea that in Colonial times preachers were much like the Apostles, living from day to day and trusting to the Lord to provide sustenance.

These ideas are wrong, at least in many cases, reports D. L. Corbitt in the North Carolina Historical Review, backing up his claims by reference to Colonial records. Shortly before the Revolutionary War preachers in Eastern North Carolina at least got as much per sermon preached as many present day ministers.

For example, a bill rendered in 1760 by Rev. Dan Earl, a minister of Chowan County, sets up a charge of three pounds, or approximately $15, per sermon preached. This was equivalent to several times that sum now. In purchasing power these three pounds meant as much as $50 now—and $50 is considered a fair compensation to a visiting minister for a sermon nowadays.

However, we are slightly in error in saying that the reverend gentleman "got" a good compensation. A later record shows that he got the promise of it but the actual coin was not forthcoming and this he bewails. He writes, "Nor could I get any remittance for my salary since last March was a twelvemonths." Salary was more than a year behind schedule in arriving. We are not informed even that it ever arrived.

But the preacher was not entirely dependent on the English Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in the benighted regions of North Carolina Colony. No indeed, there were some extras which did not go with preaching. For instance there was the matter of baptising people; it brought in good fees, actual cash.

At least we judge this from the complaints which some of the reverend's co-workers sent in against him. One alleges that the minister made a charge of thirty shillings for going to administer the Sacrament to the dying mother of one parishioner. Furthermore he "obliged a poor man in the neighborhood to pay him fifteen shillings for baptising his sick child—and was not satisfied with that!"

This early minister was apparently canny—he might have to preach on credit but his other ministerial services were strictly C. O. D. We judge that he was quite capable of taking care of himself and that no belated sympathy need be extended him.

Anger begins in folly and ends in repenetance.—Pythagoras.

A PROUD RECORD.

By J. P. Cook in Concord Observer.

I gladly avail myself, Mr. Editor, of the opportunity you kindly extended me for a few words relative to the Stonewall Jackson Training School, the state institution located in Cabarrus county, for the care and training of the state's youth, who, on account of the absence of a proper chance or under the influence of an unwholesome environment, find themselves entangled in the clutches of the law.

The institution is rapidly approaching the realization of a dream which created it on paper in 1890. Then it was merely a thought, an idea, a hope. Today it is an accomplished fact and a genuine joy to those who conceived it and labored that it might survive and grow strong. Though the movement for such an institution began in 1890, it had to await the growth and development of a public sentiment and a realization that the state owed something to that class of its youthful citizens, who became the victims of a condition not their making, before a General Assembly saw fit to charter the idea. This occurred in 1907.

The good people of Concord and Cabarrus county raised a sum of money sufficient to purchase three hundred acres, which were offered to the Board of Trustees as a site. It was accepted; and in the winter of 1907-8 building began with the small appropriation of ten thousand dollars. It's doors were thrown open on January 12th, 1909 with one pupil; today there is in training at the institution 407 boys. The plant represents a value approximately of one million dollars, two-thirds of which is an expression of love, interest and confidence of many fine men and women and a number of counties, all of which was assembled without a cent's cost to the Board, or to the institution or to the state—just a labor of an abiding love.

Of the hundreds and hundreds of boys, who have received training here and who had baffled the efforts of home, local schools and society, eighty-two out of every hundred are today upright, useful citizens, filling many professional and industrial positions, including that of the ministry, and the first North Carolina soldier to make a supreme sacrifice in the World War was a Jackson Training School student. Less than 1 per cent of the boys after leaving the institution have gotten mixed up with the law. When we get our Trades Building and a Hospital, the percentage of make-goods will be greatly increased, for we know beyond a doubt that a slight physical defect and the absence of a training for an occupation that fits into the trend of the boys nature account in a large measure for those who may not be pronounced as an honor to society. We hear so much these days about playgrounds for children. We know that in the early lives of the hundreds whom we have had in our care that too much play and idleness were thrust and are directly responsible for ninety per cent of them being at the institution. Idle-

ness and what goes with it is a full brother of the devil; and emphasizing the business of play without a serious consideration of how the boys may be usefully and pleasantly employed at worthwhile things is a full brother to idleness.

I have a dear little book which records the names of blessed and choice spirits who have prayed for our cause, who have contributed to its growth and support when the Jackson Training School was trying to assume a material form, and these good people have no idea what a great part they played in its successful establishment and its growth; but I know —without them there would have been a failure and a serious personal embarrassment. Some of these days it will be my pleasure to make public in permanent form the long list of children, women and men—noble spirits—who have made a dream of 1890 become a reality and an agency of service to humanity.

A cordial reception awaits any interested person to visit the institution and see for himself. We have no secrets—we keep an open house to all friends of humanity. Mr. Editor, I know enough now to know that there is no such thing as a bad boy, but rather there are some bad men. even bad women, bad conditions and bad environments, and these influences account for what we have come to regard "underprivileged" and "overprivileged" boys—they are the victims.

I saw a superintendent of a prominent school the other day walking the streets during school hour with a loud-smelling pipe hanging from his mouth, and he had just been urging his pupils to abstain from smoking. Example has a wonderful influence over youngsters. No teacher has the normal right to tell a pupil not to smoke and then blow smoke into the child's face. Might don't make right. It is a hard and cruel thing to fool a child—and doing so is oftentimes a serious blunder. Give him a square and thoughtful deal—he will catch the spirit to play the game likewise.

OCTOBER.

October! Just the word itself somehow sounds cool and brown,
Like crisp dry leaves, and sharp white frosts that bring the chestnuts down.
I feel a little sorry for the Southern girls and boys;
Of course they hace some fun, I know, but oh, they miss such joys!

I love to husk the golden corn and pile the stalks to dry,
And heap the pumpkins in the shed. (And eat the pumpkin pie.)
October! Just the word itself has charm for ev'ry ear.
It really is the nicest month in all the whole year.

—Elsa Gorham Baker, in Jewels.

CAN'T BE BOUGHT.

By R. F. Beasley.

Some time ago I was visiting in the Ellen Fitzgerald Hospital when a lady acquaintance of the county came up and we began to talk about the hospital. She was there to see a sick brother and had been with him some time. We began to talk about the popularity of the hospital and the fact that it rarely ever happens that a patient from this county is taken to any other hospital, in fact such cases being so few that they are scarcely noticeable. Everybody knows the great skill of Dr. Mahoney but there seems to be something else besides this that attaches to the hospital. For some time I have had an idea about this but was not sure, so what this friend said was very interesting.

"You know," she said, "we all just love Dr. Mahoney because he lets us come to see our people when they are in the hospital and stay with them just as much as we want to. We can help wait on them. We can talk with them and encourage them and pray with them if we want to."

That was something of my idea and for a long time I had been puzzled. It was so different from any other hospital or institution which I had ever seen. I have been in a good many general hospitals from time to time, a good many hospitals of a special nature, many State institutions for the mentally sick, for the feeble minded and the like. At the same time I have been in a good many prisons of one kind or another, including the famous old Sing Sing on the Hudson River, which was revolutionized by Thomas Mott Osborne when he injected some degree of humanity into it. I have even been in a good many institutions for children. And in all these there seemed to be something of the discipline and methods of the prison.

"Hospital Zone, Be Quiet."

In other towns when you approach a hospital you see signs on the street, "Hospital Zone, Be Quiet," and such like. And when you go in them you seem to be treated with a measure of suspicion, or at least reserve, which makes you feel uncomfortable. Now we know that sick people should have quiet when they need it, but there is already enough gloom about a hospital so that they need not be given the atmosphere of doom that is made to prevade the prison. And then, in some places, you have phoned to a hospital to know how some patient is getting along. You were answered in a red tape kind of way which indicated, if you were up to the practice, that the nurse who answered had given you a perfectly stereotyped reply and had no direct knowledge of the condition of the patient of whom you inquired. In other words, there seems to attach to most hospitals an exclusiveness, an air of red tape, which leads you to believe that the thing is somewhat mechinized and that the condition of patients is nobody's business except the doctor in charge and the nurse.

When I saw that the Ellen Fitzgerald hospital was totally lacking in all

this, that visitors were restricted as little as possible, that every inquiry was answered cheerfully and accurately and with direct information right from the patient, and that there were no set rules about people calling on their sick, I was puzzled because it make me wonder if our hospital was doing the right thing or were the others doing the right thing. True, our people seem to get well and all go away from the hospitals feeling like they have had as much of a good time as one could be expected to have when sick, above all, feelnig grateful to the hospital, the doctors and the nurses. They do not feel that they have had a sterotyped experience, have gone through a machine, and come out. On the contrary they feel like they have been in the hands of sympathetic and understanding people, not only people who understand their case but who had the time and the feeling to understand them and to appreciate them just like the home people do when we are sick. Did the easy going way about the hospital and the numerous visitors from home do the patient good or harm? If it did them good why do not all hospitals seem this way? If it did them harm how did they manage to get such good results ?

A Big Hospital That Also Does It.

These thoughts were called out by an article which I have just read in the New York World about one of the big hospitals in that city. It is one of the six big Jewish hospitals maintained in that city alone. This hospital, the Beth Isreal Hospital, is just moving into a new building, which is the highest hospital building in the world, for the Jewish people do things on a great scale when they enter the field of benevolence. This institution has long been known as one of the most progressive and efficient in the country and its staff has the reputation of having discovered and first applied many things that are now of common use and practice. So, when you read that it has deliberately adopted the policy of the Ellen Fitzgerald Hospital as described above you may know that it is no irresponsible fad, but a policy based upon authoritative research and experiment.

The first distinguishing mark of the Beth Isreal, we are told, will be the absence of visiting hours. Friends and relatives of the sick will not only be permitted to visit any time of day or night and any day of the week—they will be urged to do so, in violation of what used to be thought necessary discipline. Behind this new rule is the conviction that hospitals, by institutionalizing their patients, have taken away much of the sentiment that helps to a great extent in soothing the mind of the ill. A mother's sympathetic smile, a little sister's fetching a drink of water can do far more, the medical staff at Beth Isreal feels, than similar service by a stranger.

Service That Can't Be Bought.

There is yet another reason for abolishing the limited visiting hour, according to Superintendent Louis J. Frank. "The patient should not be left alone," says Mr. Frank, "and for that reason the hospital insists on the relatives' presence. The presence of an interested person is a service that cannot be bought."

There will be a nurse for every four patinets, and the nurses will be free

to attend to other duties.

So now when I go to the Ellen Fitzerald Hospital and see the folks visiting their sick I will no longer be disturbed for fear the patient will be disturbed. And if I ever have to be carved up I want Dr. Mahoney to do it, for I know he will tell me a cheerful story just as soon as he knows I am safe and need to smile a little.

Nobody values more highly than this writer, scientific knowledge and professional skill, and we think we recognize these when we see them, but on the other hand we believe in the human side of life and the value of sympathy, understanding and the simple homelike touch, and both are necessary in the healing art. And the possession of both is, in our opinion, the secret of the wonderful popularity, not to say affection, which the Ellen Fitzerald Hospital enjoys. And now it would seem from what the great Beth Isreal Hospital is doing, that these things themselves have a scientific foundation.

BIRDS ALONG THE HIGHWAY IN AUTUMN.

By John B. Behrends.

While gliding over the highways in the beautiful days of autumn our attention is often attracted by passing flocks of birds journeying southward for the winter, and here and there we are attracted by bits of song and flashes of bright colors as some birds dart through the trees along the roadside. The feathered hosts that some to us in the spring again pass in review on their journey to their winter feeding grounds in Central and South America. Others that made Canada their summer home are back with us again to cheer us during the long winter months.

While following a winding road through a valley we may see a hermit thrush running over the ground under some bushes near a stream of water. We catch but a few glimpses of him and he is gone, as these dainty songsters that summer in the cool northern woods are always shy and active. Little birds of bluish gray with crested heads fly through the bushes above them. These are tufted titmice, nice little birds that are with us throughout the year. Turning a bend in the road we catch sight of some purple grackles crossing a bit of pasture land to the right of us. The "chacking" notes of these large blackbirds can be plainly heard above the purr of the motor.

A black and white bird like a hairy woodpecker flies across the road and attaches himself to the trunk of a maple tree in a grove of trees near a farmhouse. He climbs but a few inches to the right and then remains quiet. Upon our closer approach we find that the bird is not a hairy woodpecker, but a yellow-bellied sapsucker, a bird that lives largely on the sap of trees. He is waiting for the sap to flow from one of his wells, and if we should have examined the tree to which he was clinging we probably would have found a row of

holes extending all the way around the tree trunk.

Where brown weeds stretch away on either side of the road we can see the little tree sparrows. Tree sparrows are little brown birds with a tiny brown spot in the center of the gray vest.They utter tinkling notes as they feed on the various kinds of weed seeds. Flocks of flickers are hopping over the ground on pasture hillsides feeding on ants. When we see them in flight their golden wings look very pretty as they catch the sunlight Pretty yellow goldfinches fly from one sunflower stalk to another, and they utter soft chipping notes as they feed on the sunflower seeds. They have a wavy flight, dipping up and down like the movement of a large wave on the ocean. Many loose flocks of nighthawks are seen during the day, usually flying quite high, but now and then we may be close enough to one to hear the booming sound of his wings as he hurls himself straight downward for twenty feet or more through the air.

Motoring through the river valleys flock after flock of red-winged blackbirds are seen on all sides of us. Some of the flocks are very large, containing thousands of redwings. While we ride through the lowlands, we may ysee a marsh hawk flying ovre a large open grassy tract of ground. This hawk is also known as the Mouse Hawk because he lives largely on these little meadow rodents, and he is a very useful hawk because of this fact, and should not be killed; but to most people a hawk is a hawk and any species of these large birds is promptly shot whenever one comes within shooting distance. They do not know that there are two kinds of hawks—the useful kind that are of benefit to mankind, and on the other hand a few species that are unworthy of protection.

Fat and lazy robins are seen feeding on the wild berries and fruits in the thickets at the edges of the woodlands. At night they gather in large flocks and roost in trees in the woods. Cunning black crows caw their defiances at us from trees in pastures standing a little distance from the road. Or on certain October afternoons a line several miles in length may be seen against the horizon slowly but steadily winging its woy south ward. Faintly we hear the plaintive notes of bluebirds from somewhere high overhead in the distant blue. We may look for them without seeing the little blue gems, but if we do catch sight of the flock we will find them traveling at a great height rising and falling among each other, while winging their way onward. The haughty blue jay screams in quite woods, showing off his blue plumage among the scarlet leaves. Blue jays are fond of acorns and they make the woods ring with their cries in the fall as they make their way from tree to tree.

While the car is slowly moving along on some detour road through a woods we may see a company of white-throated sparrows running over the leaves in a ravine near us. They are plump little sparrows with beatifully striped heads. The large leaves of the oak trees slowly turn round and round as they drift downward to the ground and we drink in deep draughts of "October's bright blue weather." Then when the driver

stops to look the car over we hear a faint "tseep" and looking in the direction of the sound we see a tiny bird, a brown creeper, crawling around a tree trunk like a little mouse. In color he closely matches the gray-brown bark of the tree trunk that he ascends in a spiral course until about thirty feet from the ground. Then he drops down to the foot of another tree a few yards away. In crossing the ridges of bark in this way he is better able to see the tiny insects and their eggs as they adhere to the rough bark. He is always on the move and sustains himself on the upright tree trunk by bending the tip of his tail in against the bark. They are very tame and one can approach within a few feet of them before they will fly away.

While waiting we push our way into a hazel thicket and come unexpectedly upon a long-eared owl sunning himself on the lower branch of a bushy tree about three rods in front of us. He watches us approach. When we step a bit to one side to make our way through tangled vines and briers he turns his head that way also to keep us in view. How clownish he looks with his large yellow eyes and long pointed ear tufts! We advanced to within a few yards of him and then he flies into a willow tree a short distance away. But before we take a half dozen steps forward he wings his way out of the willow and passes among the trees that borders a stream. A crafty crow "cawing" his way across the valley catches sight of him there, and, true to crow custom, he announces the discovery of an enemy in notes so loud that all his brothers and sisters hurry over to join him with all possible speed, and as we climb in the car to proceed on our journey we can hear the din of scores of crow voices denouncing the luckless owl as they follow him from place to place in the woods on the hill.

We may catch a glimpse of a screech owl dozing in the afternoon sunshine at the edge of a hole in an orchard tree near a farmhouse. He looks like a very large bird, but the clothing of an owl is loose and fluffy, making the bird appear larger than it really is. The feathers are soft and fringed. Even the wing feathers are edged with down so that flight is noiseless when the owl flies over a field. In this way rodents have no warning of his coming. His claws are pointed like needles and have the strength of a steel trap. They pierce the small ground animals with little effort and the flesh is torn by the hooked beak. When an owl pounces upon a squirrel or a rabbit the animal appears to be terror stricken. The owl strikes for the head and neck and as a general rule he eats the head first.

If we are near the edge of a large city when darkness is creeping over the earth we may see scores of chimney swifts letting themselves drop in a large chimney. These odd little birds sleep and nest in chimneys every night. They are propped up by their tails while they cling to the bricks with their feet.

In the fall there are birds everywhere to diversify the still landscape with the most lively motion and beautiful association, and we have only to spin away from the city a short distance to be among them.

THE GLORY OF GROWING

By Dr. J. W. Holland.

When I lived on a farm the charm of life was to watch things grow. The green oceans of waving corn, the golden seas of billowing grain, the chickens, the little pigs—in fact all the wonder of growth was a perpetual fascination.

If there are any boys and girls in your house, I will wager that they stand up in the doorways, and leave scratches to mark their height.

I wonder if the good God has not kept away from us many of the mysteries of life for a good purpose, but has filled us with a deep desire to grow?

You and I began life the most helpless of all God's creatures, but we have in us the greatest power of growth of any of them.

Now and then a human body through accident or disease does not grow. It is a pathetic thing.

More pathetic is the non-growth of the mind. A child's mind in a man's body is the sum of all afflictions.

Yet what is a stunted body or dwarfed mind to a growthless soul?

I am sure that the most important things on your farm are the souls that live on the land. If our souls die, we are eternal paupers.

It is our chief business in living to grow in soul-stature. That is self evident.

Our souls, as our bodies and minds are not given to us fully developed. Slowly throughout life the soul meets difficulties, and grows by overcoming them.

The honest man is a growth from a tendency to be dishonest. The patient woman is often a miracle snatched from the claws of the demon impatience.

Virtue and honor are soul developments that have put down their opposites.

Corn grows upward by overcoming the downward pull. So do men and women. Corn blown by storms will try to lift itself up by sending out brace roots. We have to do the same thing in our purposes. The enemies of the angel in us are the animal desires we have. Slowly the soul rises above the bickerings of desire and makes them obey duty. That is both man-like and god-like.

Jesus spoke to his friends whom we call disciples and told them to grow. St. Peter commanded the Christians of his day to "Grow in Grace." Paul speaks about "growing up in all things."

All experiences that come to us either of pleasure or pain, joy or disappointment, if we meet them with prayer and courage, will make us a gain in soul.

When it is all over, we shall leave the material things over which we have toiled and worried, and go as souls into the unseen world. Blessed is the man who does not starve his soul.

Remember: Cabarrus County Fair October 13-17.

THEY CAUGHT HIM ON MAIN STREET.

Albemarle News-Herald.

It seems that Albemarle people can't catch the fellow who broke in the stores a few weeks ago, but there is one thing that can be caught, and if the dear reader had been on West Main street this morning he would have experience one of the most exciting chases in the history of this city.

It happened about the Columbia Theatre, or in close proximity. He came out the door, in full tilt and almost ran into a party of townspeople as they went by on their way to work. This necessarily caused much excitement. An assault like this, and in broad open daylight, and not a cop in sight. In less time than it takes to tell it, more than a hundred people had taken up chase. Up and down, in and out, thru and across they went. It seemed for a time that capture was an impossibility. None ever ran on the streets of this fair city as did this fellow this morning.

Finally, when the crowd had become almost exhausted and was on the verge of giving up the chase, and letting him go on his way unharmed, with a promise never to come back, Mr. C. J. Helms stepped on him, and alas! he was dead.

It was a rat measuring 10 or more inches from tip of his nose to end of his tail.

(The Albemarle editor failed to give the real reason why that animal left the theatre, but we are left to presume that the show was so off-color or so sorry, that even a 10-inch rat just couldn't tolerate it.)

NEW BRIDGES TO BE BUILT

Six heavy bridges are to be erected by the Southern Railway immediately in North and South Carolina to take the place of lighter structures now in service.

The largest of the projects to be undertaken will be the construction of a new bridge, 625 feet long, across the Yadkin river near Idols on the line between Winston-Salem and Charlotte. The present masonry stem walls will be topped out with concrete and five 125-foot rivited truss spans will be placed.

On the line between Columbia and Spartanburg, the Broad river bridge near Shelton, 128 feet long, and the Cedar Creek bridge near Montgomery, 169 feet long, will be replaced by new riveted truss spans of heavier construction.

Thie pier on the Salisbury end will be rebuilt and a new 131-foot bridge installed at Curtis Creek, near Old Fort, and a new 50-foot plate girder, designated for modern loading, will replace the present bridge across Shut-in creek, between Hot Springs and Paint Rock.

At Bullocks creek, near Sharon, S. C., on the line between Kingville and Marion, new concrete piers will be built and a 160-foot deck truss span installed.

All the new bridges will be fabricated by the Virginia Bridge & Iron Company. Masonary and other work will be done by Southern Railway forces.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Stanley Armstrong.

Roy Lafon, member of the second cottage, has been given a position in the laundry.

The boys on the evening work force pulled weeds out of the strawberry patch Saturday afternoon.

Some of the barn boys have been hauling coal from the railroad siding during the past week.

Some of the barn boys have been hauling hay and storing it in the horse-barn.

Walter Massey, member of the sixth cottage, has been given a position in the shoe shop.

The cool spell has been continuing at the institution during the past week. There has been a number of cool days.

All the boys had sausage for dinner last Sunday. All the boys hope that more hogs will be killed so that they can have sausage again.

One of the silos at the diary barn has been filled up for the coming winter. The boys have one more to fill up.

Mrs. Mattie Fitzgerald, matron of the seventh cottage, has returned to the institution after being in a hospital for about two months.

The Cabbarrus County Fair opens up next Tuesday and all the boys at the institution are looking forward to its opening.

Capt. T. L. Grier and a number of the boys made a good leading to the ball ground. This path is on the side of the Industrial Building.

Rev. W. A. Jenkins, pastor of the Central Methodist Church, of Concord, will conduct the services in the auditorium next Sunday afternoon at 3 P. M.

A light shower spoiled a good afternoon of fun for the boys last Friday, but the boys did not mind this as they had already had a good time.

Readers of The Uplift will notice a large Honor Roll this month. We hope that all the boys will continue to get on the Honor Roll every month now.

Messrs. A. C. Groover, Frank Morris and Paul Owensby have purchased new cars during the past week. Two of these were new model Fords and the other was a Chevrolet.

The boys started on the fourth quarter of the Sunday School lesson last Sunday morning. This quarter is mostly about the early spread of Christianity, and will prove a very

interesting quarter. The lesson last Sunday was about "Paul in Athens." The new quartilies were given out last week.

The boys in Prof. Johnson's room have been practicing on drawing maps and writing letters, the best copies will be exhibited at the Fair next week.

The School's band has had quite a bit of practice during the past week. A number of new boys have been picked out for a trial on some of the instruments.

A good number of boys have been promoted to higher grades during the past week. A good number of the boys advanced one grade, while some of the best scholars advanced two grades.

Rev. W. C. Lyerly, pastor of the Reformed Church, of Concord, conducted the services in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. He took for his Scripture reading several passages from the different chapters in the Frst Book of Samuel. Rev. Lyerly spoke mostly on the great friendship of Jonotham and David. He told of the Siamese Twins how they had to go where one desired to go, because they were linked together, and he compared them with the Twins of the Bible. Rev. Lyerly preached a very interesting sermon and it was enjoyed by everyone present.

HONOR ROLL.

Room Number One

"A"

Isac Anderson, Brevard Bradshaw, Howard Cloaninger, Hyram Grier, Garnie Hawks, Albert Jarmon, Jno. Keenan, Valton Lee, Lee McBride, Theodore Wallace, Cucell Watkins, Hurley Way, Herbert Apple. David Brown, Ernest Brown, Wm. Case, Jas. Davis, Claud Evans, Elwyn Greene, Carl Henry, Albert Hill, Doy Hagwood, Geo. Howard, Floyd McArthur, Hallie Matthews, Wm. Miller, Clyde Pierce, Washington Pickett, Louie Pait, Roy Rector, Delmas Robertson, Howard Riggs, Frank Stone, Will Smith, Zeb Trexler, Mack Wentz, Aubrey Weaver, Archie Waddel, Herman Goodman, Howard Keller.

"B"

Chas. Beech, Russel Bowden, Joe Carroll, Irvin Cooper, Flemming Floyd, Albert Johnson, Chas. Loggins, Whitlock Pridgen, Jas. Stevegins, Whitlock Pridgen, Jas. Stevenson, Ben Few, Jas. O'Quinn, Sam-Robt. Ward.

Room No. Two

"A"

Albert Garrison, Lerry Carlton, Wm. Creaseman, Paul Camp, Robt. McDaniel, James Cumbie, Homer Montgomery, Roy Johnson, Basel Johnson, Herbert Poteat, Joe Stevens, Gordon Ellis, Roy Lafon, Joe Wilkes, Ralph Martin, David Driver, Jno. Boyd, Albert Buck, Elvis Carlton, Walter Evers, Jas. Ford, Herbert Fulford, David Fountain, Frank

Hill, Paul Hager, Clarence Maynard, Elmo Oldham, Jno. Seagle, Jno. Johnson, Jas. Beddingfeild.

"B"

Lester Bowen, Russel Capps, Bufort Carter, Alton Etheridge, Jno. Faggart, Abraham Goodman, Wenton Matthews, Walter Evers, Dwight Queen, Teachy Rich, Wirron Terry, Geo. Stanley, Neil Page, Jno. Hurley, Clarence Anderson, Garfeild Mercer, Julian Commander, Walter Williams, Earl Wade, Brantley Pridgen, Dick Pettipher, Richard Meekins, Wm. Nicholas, Douglas Williams, Lester Staley, Arthur Hyler, James Phillips, Graham York.

"A"

Clay Bates, Melvin Williams, Claude Stanley, James Peeler, Frank Butcher, Hunter Cline, Jethro Mills, Lum McGee, Lonnie McGee, Tom Groce, Lemmuel Lane, Maston Britt, Chas. Murphey, Roy Houser, John Tommaisin, James Davis, Marvin Kelley, Clarence Withers, Theodore Teague, Henry Jackson.

"B"

John Presnell, George Lewis, Jas. McCoy, Cecil Trull, John Gray, Woodrow Kivett, Kenneth Lewis, William Rivenbark, Clay Church, Andrew Bivans, Chas. Sherrill, Jas. Reddick, Ennis Harper, Lonnie Lewis, Clyde Smith, Rudolph Watts, Herbert Floyd, George Cox, John Taylor.

Room Number Five

"A"

Lee King, Claude Wilson, Earl Mayfeild, Howard Riddle, Munford Glassgow, Walds Moore, Earl Torrence, Van Dowd, Calvin Hensly, Walter Culler, Elmer Procter, Theodore Coleman, Carl Ballard, Bowling Byrd, Elias Warren, Wilbur Rackley, Turner Preddy, Rex Allen, James Long, Larrie Griffeth, Marshal Weaver, David Whitaker, James Williams, Lyonel McMahan, Keller Tedder, John Watts, Ralph Glover.

"B"

Leonard Miller, Normon Beck, Al Pettigrew, Sammuel Devon, Bruce Vanpelt, Glenn Taylor, Carl Balford, Otis Floyd, Lester Franklin, Ben Cook, Elmer Mooney, Charlie Carter, Robert Cooper, Barton Emory, Dubb Ellis, Broncho Owens, Tom Tedder, George Bristow, Bill Goss, Nomie Frink.

I go to prove my soul!
I see my way as birds see their trackless way,
I shall arrive! what time, what circuit first,
I ask not; but unless God send His hail
Or blinding fire-balls, sleet or stifling snow
In some time, His good time, I shall arrive,
He guides me and the bird.—Browning.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SCHEDULE

South Bound

No.	29	2:35 A M.
"	31	6:07 A. M.
"	11	8:05 A. M.
"	33	8:25 A. M.
"	45	3:55 P. M.
"	135	8:35 P. M.
"	35	10:12 P. M.

North Bound

No.	30	2:00 A. M.
"	136	5:00 A. M.
"	36	10:25 A. M.
"	46	3:15 P. M.
"	34	4:43 P. M.
"	12	7:10 P. M.
"	32	8:36 P. M.
"	40	9:28 P. M.

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Southern Railway

Concord, N. C

THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XIII CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 17, 1925 No. 47

INTERDEPENDENCE.

A great many men boast of their independence. That they are not "beholden to any one." That is a delusion and a snare. No man can live unto himself alone. He is as much dependent on others as others are dependent on him. In all the plans of life there is mutual dependence, and mutual obligations which cannot be ignored. Each one of us is here for a purpose. Here to do something no one else can do. We are robbing the world of that task if we fail to do it. Every living individual is indispensable to some other individual, and the world at large.—Old Hurrygraph.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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EQUITY—?

The meanest man I ever saw
Allus kep' inside o' the law,
And ten-times better fellows I've knowed
The blame' gran'-jury's sent over the road.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

* * * * * * * * * *

A CHOICE SPIRIT TAKES ITS FLIGHT.

Scores of hundreds, who knew her in Charlotte, Concord and elsewhere in North Carolina, mourn the passing of Mrs. E. C. Register, who, while on a visit to her sister, Mrs. John B. Sherrill, of Concord, was striken with paralysis, Saturday morning last, dying without regaining consciousness.

Mrs. Lavinia Montgomery Register, daughter of the late Judge W. J. Montgomery, was one of the most popular women the state ever produced. Her popularity was not predicated on ability around the card-table or doing spectacular society stunts or paying court to the frivolities that occupy too much precious time of many a matron, but it had its fountain in a golden heart. The most democratic woman I ever knew was Mrs. Register—by birth,

inheritance and native ability she could and did grace a select world, but this did not suffice to make her satisfied. She sought a life of usefulness, and there are thousand who attest her thoughtfulness, her cheery disposition and her helpfulness. Go ask the Confederate soldier; the Old Ladies Home, the Orphanage, the crippled and the maimed. Ask the agencies in social, civic and religious activities. Her record along these lines makes a beautiful story of a heart and soul attuned to noble service.

This democratic woman moved among folks of all classes—she lived in a practical acceptation of the brotherhood of man. The suffering, the maimed and halted engaged her kindly offices. No proposition that looked to the betterment of conditions or the community failed to receive the benefit of her enthusiastic espousal and her effective support. Her cordiality and utter freedom of snobbery and conceit won for her the loving title of "Sister Register," and she, in turn, recognized "brothers" on every hand.

She's gone. Who will take her place in the land to brighten life, to dispense sunshine in sorrowing and suffering hearts and with a purpose set to a life of service to her fellowman? This golden-hearted and charming personality was a King's Daughter long before that order came into existence.

* * * * * * * * * *

HOW JUDGE WINSTON STARTED ALUMNI BANQUET.

"We are met here tonight," said Judge Francis D. Winston, toastmaster, in family groups. Under the influence of such emotions thus excited, aroused by scenes where half a century ago our hearts, brains and bodies thrilled with the impulses and ideals and the hopes of youth; under the tutelage of teachers, who have all save one, passed into the beyond; surrounded by guests and friends, we have cometo celebrate the half century of Alma Mater's new life.

"We are here tongiht, not to argue or to convince; to pull down no school of Metaphysics, nor set up any new system of Latin pronunciatoin. Tonight we care not whether the Temple of Jupiter was on the North peak or on the South peak of the Mons Capitolinus; nor whether Scipio Africanus, Minor, was the adopted son or the son in law of Scipio Africanus Major, nor whether the pious Aeneason the banks of the Styx in the realm of Plutto really attempted flirtation with the sad pale ghost on Dido. Tonight we are not scholars, nor philosophers, nor logicions, nor so small a thing as a scientist or mathe-

matician. We are here simply to open the flood gates of memory and let flow the tide of the past as it ripples and rushes through our hearts.''

* * * * * * * * * *

A GOD OF LAWS.

God is a God of laws, not exceptions. God is a God of justice, not favortism. Whatever charge of folly may justly attach to the saying, ''There is no God,'' that folly is prouder, deeper and less pardonable which says God will deal differently with me than with others. Because you are you, because you fancy your temptations have been exceptional, which is not true; because you think that your passions have been strong, which means only that your reason has been weak; because you think you have so many virtues and amiable qualities; because you love and value yourself and your sins so much that you think that God must look partially upon them too—shall God, because of this self-love, because of these filthy rags of your own righteousness, break, in your case, and yours alone, the adamantine rivet that links punishment with unrepented crime? So might your idol of the cavern do; so will not God.—F. W. Farrar.

* * * * * * * * * *

GREAT CITIZEN PASSES.

North Carolina has sustained a terrible loss in the death of James Buchanan Duke, the great builder and gracious benefactor. Indispositions for a number of weeks at his Summer home reduced his vitality to such an extent that he proved an easy mark for bronchial pneumonia which followed.

Mr. Duke died at his New York home Saturday afternoon, and his body was brought back to the state which he loved and for which he did so much while living, and, by his far-sighted vision and generosity, established a foundation which will prove a blessing as long as time may last.

Immensely rich, and he was the author of it, rising from a small beginning he reached the proud position where he was a mighty factor in the business, commercial and industrial activities of the nation.

His funeral took place in Durham on Tuesday, attended by hundreds of admiring citizens of the state and close by the great university which he has provided for with all the funds it may need in its development and its maintenance. The whole state mourns his passing.

* * * * * * * * * *

UNIVERSITY CELEBRATES.

The University of North Carolina observed with appropriate exercises, in

celebrating on Monday evening, the fiftieth anniversary of the re-opening of the institution, after the War Between the States. There are three living ex-presidents: Dr. George T. Winston, Dr. E. A. Alderman and Dr. F. P. Venable. These were present except Dr. Winston, who was detained at his home in Asheville on account of illness

Prof. P. P. Claxton made the chief address. At the Alumni banquet, Judge Francis D. Winston, who was the first student to matriculate at the re-opening in 1875, was toastmaster, and, in his inimitable and pleasing manner, started a delightful occasion off to a happy conclusion.

* * * * * * * * * *

CAN'T FORGET HIM.

Last Monday was the 433rd anniversary of Columbus' discovery. He made a fine job of his undertaking for witness the echo of it all in this wonderful Country, especially in North Carolina. Were the old fellow alive today, we are reasonably certain, he would select North Carolina as his abiding place.

* * * * * * * * * *

The editor of the Journal of Social Forces did not figure remotely in the happy event that took place at Chapel Hill on Monday evening. About that time the ministerial association of Burlington was pointing out the sins of commisison and the dangerous attitude of his miserable periodical.

THE MOUNTAIN CHESTNUT.

By C. W. Hunt.

There grows wild and profusely in all the mountain sections of North Carolina, a nut, called the chestnut, which people in the non mountain sections prize and purchase at a high price, say ten cents a pint, worms included. Scientists tell us that it is only a matter of a few years when all the chestnut trees will die by the depredations of the insect known as the chestnut weevil that bores into the wood. This may be entirely true, but one sees no signs of its coming in the Blowing Rock-Grandfather mountain section. It is true that good clean chestnut lumber is high and hard to get on account of being worm eaten, except from young trees, and this may mean that the weevil is gradually doing its work.

The mountain tops and sides appear in a whitish green color in June, being made so by the blooms of the chestnut trees, which hang in long clusters, and when falling resemble the falling blooms of the oaks, except these are tougher and litter the ground longer. It is at this season, when the sap is up full, that the woodsman slays these trees for the bark for building purposes, which is highly prized as in outside covering for houses, it requiring no treatment for preservation, and there are houses at Linville built of such that are forty years old and show no signs of decay. But this is aside. When the blooms fall you note a small bur on the ends of the twigs where the blooms fell from, which bur increases in size very rapidly. The spines on these burs increase in length and are proof against the attacks of all insects and animals that would destroy them before the nuts are ripe. The moth that lays the eggs that makes the wormy chestnut puts in its eggs, apparenly in the blossom stage, which grows into the inside of the nut and develops at falling time into a large and very fat worm.

The burs referred to grow to maturity, and generally about mid October begin to crack open just like the prized chinquepin of the lower country, now almost extinct, and it is even a sweeter and finer nut than the chestnut. Put aside from how it grows and its enemy, the weevil, the most interesting thing is at opening time. This year on account of the drouth, which stopped the growth on the trees, but not of the nuts themselves, they ripened from two to three weeks earlier than is normal. As intimated the burs which are from the size of a large black walnut to larger, holds in its folds hidden from view surrounded by the outside sharp spines the golden meaty chestnuts, and defies any animal to get those nuts out until nature says they are ripe; then the bur cracks showing the golden brown nuts, but fingers are of no use in getting them even then. Wider they open and look like they are ready to fall, but there seems to be a glue at the large end of the nut that holds them there, except an occasional drop out, until there comes a rain, dissolving the sticky substance, then there comes a wind and they rattle down just like ripe acorns from the oaks. When

the rains fall the bur opens as wide as possible, so wide that it appears to rear back, as if to say: "Get out, I am tired holding you." The crop in the section named this year isa fine one in quality and quantity, most of which had fallen by the tenth of October.

There is no sy-tematic plan for saving these; they being picked up by those with nothing else to do, some sold, some stored and some eaten on the spot. Bushels of them grow and fall in unacessible places and rot or become the food of rats and squirrels and such. They are eaten by some in the spring when they sprout in the leaves and are located by th green sprouts peeping up.

Once upon a time a woman committed an awful crime and by way of penance determined to make herself as unattractive as possible. So she cut her hair and neglected her shoes for ages. Other women came, and saw, and copied—and now, doggone it, it's the style.

—Salisbury Post.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

It is told that at one of the club dinners the other day they had music, and the leader asked what they preferred. He was told to use his own judgment and play something appropriate, while the dinner was being served. He did. The musicians played a menu-et.

——

A Durham man was boasting that he ran things his own way in his home. Another one spoke up and said he knew that was so for the boaster was running the furnace and the washing machine.

——

The other day I saw a bale of cotton coming into town on an auto truck, with majestic mien. This was closely folowed by another auto filled with golden-hued tobacco. King Cotton and Queen Tobacco coming in in royal sytle to what they did when the ox-cart brought one to town, and the other was rolled to market in hogsheads on runners. They both belong to royalty as they are sovereign crops.

——

In rambling around I visited Greensboro last Sunday and spent a delightful day with relatives and friends. Some of the Greensboroans were somewhat inquisitive about our population census, as it was getting pretty close to their score. It is now nip and tuck on population between Greensboro and Durham. It's all right, just so they do not nip off too many of ours and tuck too many on theirs. But my main object in mentioning this visit is the fact that coming back our party passed over seven hundred automobiles, by actual

count. If there were that many on one highway, what must have been the number on all roads, on that day? People were on wheels for a fact.

All life is more or less of a gamble. When we go to bed at night we take a chance that we will wake up in the morning. When the farmer plants his grain, he takes a chance that it will rain; that the bugs won't eat it, and he will get a harvest, and be able to sell it for enough to pay the interest on the mortgage on his farm. when we plant an orchard we take a chance that the gophers will not kill the trees; that the rains will help them grow, and that when they bear fruit, if the frost doesn't get it, we will be able to sell it for a profit. When we engage in any business or industry, we take a chance that we will be able to make it pay. Have you noticed that there is a chance in pretty much everything except the religion of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ? That is sure and steadfast. That is the only certain thing on this earth. There is no chance in that. Can you say with the prophets of old, "I know my Redeemer liveth;" "I know in whom I have believed?" If so, all is well for your soul, now and hereafter.

While they are damming Flat river for Durham's greater water resources, I saw a man the other day, by the side of the road, doing the same thing to his sick flivver.

I see it stated that General Chu Pei is one of the great generals in China. Sounds as though he took his name from what a number of the Doughboys did during the world war.

When Uncle Sam's man and his assistants were taking the Durham census, a week or so ago, a young Durham Miss says one of the men missed her. If the Mister Miss-ed her, he had a perfect right to do so, in his conversation, as she was not a Mrs. and if he missed her in the count she is a Miss he should not have missed, and in missing this charming Miss this Mister did not treat her fair, when she was a fair Miss. Oh, shucks! How was it, anyway? In order not to miss mentioning this Miss's failure to be counted I'm getting all mixed up. This is generally the case with young fellows who have anything to do with the Misses; especially in the census, or the bobbed haired ones.

The automobile industry is one of of the greatest in this country. For example: It is stated that over three million passenger car bodies are built annually. This is only one item. To make these bodies it requires about 375,000 tons of sheet metal; close to seven million pounds of curled hair and cushion stuffing material; approximately 50 million square feeet of plate glass; over 15 million yards of upholstery fabrics; about 2 1-2 million yards of carpet; over 3 million pounds of dry glue; about 3 billion screws and 85 million bolts; over a billion feet of lumber; upward of 5 millon yards of artificial leather for closed car decks; close to 5 million gallons of liquid paint and varnish; about 10 million pounds of white lead

and dry paint and some two billion hardware units. With all of the other parts, you see the auto industry is "some" business.

Cedar chests are a great fad with a great many people. There is something peculiar about cedar chests in keeping clothes and such things with a fine degree of satisfaction. The odor is pleasing to the olfactory. They have an air of the forests and refinement about them. This reminds me that if you will pack up your troubles in the same way as you do your clothes and put them in a cedar chest—or any kind of chest—without letting any one know where your worries are, and then sit on the lid and laugh, you will find it will do you a lot of good. Try it once. It will bring you joy you never experienced before. Just laugh away your troubles.

There is an exciting fever on down in Florida. People are getting land crazy, and are full of "get-rich-quick" fascinations, and hallucinations. Durham real estate is just as good; just as safe; and just as remunerative in the end. A moderate and sure success is always better than a gambler's winnings, and most men, if they did but know it, would lead happier lives if they confined themselves to the safe path, avoid all unfavorable hazards, and build a small prosperity for themselves and their families on industry and thrift, and follow the maxims of human experience which brings moderate returns in accumulation and a sound security. Only the exceptional, gifted man can ride to a greater success by mastery of business principles and large operations, coupled with talent for organization and foresight. Sound credit, a home, a prosperous small business and safety are worth more—for the great majority—than the feverish rush for great fortune which is successful once in ten thousand cases, but results in failure for the many. That life is best that flies neither too high, nor excavates too deep.

The more I think of the vastness of industry, the smaller I feel as an individual. One feels like a mere by-product of the play of unmanageable forces. Yet in the face of this, the individual must try to discover himself, to locate his unique, unreplaceable quality, to bring it to light, to express it in fine action and impose it on the world.

I see it stated that a bee caused a serious motor accident recently near Baltimore. Well, when a bee pushes himself up against you in a fit of passion, he can create a good deal of activity, but he will have to go a long way to overtake the speed bugs.

A pessimist is a man who will stop long enough to get all the details, even when one calls him an ignoramus.

It has been very generally observed that the more persons live as though they were the only persons in the world, the more they are out of it.

OVERCOMING HANDICAPS.

By Archer Wallace.

Francis Chantrey lived on a little farm near Sheffield in England. His father died when he was twelve and Francis never attended school after that. He was further handicapped by having the use of only one eye. He was always fond of drawing and when a little fellow he would draw pictures on the stone floor of his mother's kitchen before it was scrubbed on Saturday mornings. One day he saw some stone figures in the village church where he lived and he determined to become a sculptor, although it almost seemed impossible. How he realized that ambition is told here.

A few miles from the city of Sheffield in England there is a little village named Norton. It was on a tiny farm, near this village, that Francis Chantrey was born on April 7, 1781. He learned the alphabet at home, and then at the age of six he went to the village school. The old school register is still in existence. It shows that he began to read in April, 1787; to write in January, 1788; and to learn arithmetic in October, 1792. The register also shows that Francis often missed school; often for weeks and months at a time. Children were not compelled to attend school in those days, and as his parents were poor, it seems likely that Francis worked around the farm, driving cattle and working hard in the fields.

In those days the city of Sheffield was supplied with milk from the outlying farms. The milk was put into barrels, and two barrels were slung across a donkey's back, one to balance the other. The barrels had taps and the milk was drawn off into tins for house-to-house delivery. Many of the small boys, who drove the donkeys, became notorious for mischief. Often a donkey would refuse to budge an inch, and then the young driver would apply the whip with all his might, while the ass would fix its forelegs into the ground and throw up its hind legs in an effort to dislodge the driver. Very often there would be so much jumping around that the milk must have been nearly churned into butter.

One morning Francis Chantrey was sauntering along with his donkey when hecame across a cat sitting on a wall. He made friends with pussy, and seeing a hollow place in the wall, he poured in some milk, and watched the cat drink. Next morning, when he came to the same place the cat was there waiting for her breakfast, and he was so pleased that he gave her another supply. That continued for a long time. Each morning—no matter what the weather was—pussy was at her place by the hollow in the wall, and Francis never failed to pet her and leave a supply of milk.

He called his donkey "Jock," and one day when he had delivered all his milk in the city, he was returning with the week's supply of grocories, when Jock stopped to drink at a pool by the side of the road. The donkey found the water so cool and refreshing that before Francis Chantrey had time to prevent him, he slid

down into the water, groceries and all. He was just about to roll over and over, when his young master made him get up. As it was, all the tea, sugar, and other groceries soaked, and it was a cross boy who tried to recover what he could from the pond with a rake.

Sometimes when Francis walked by the side of Jock to and from Sheffield, he would amuse himself by whittling a stick with his pocket-knife. One day he was doing this when a gentleman met him, and examined his work, and then asked what it was. "It is the head of Old Fox," said Francis, whose schoolmaster was named Fox. The man thought the carving was so good that he gave Francis sixpence, and that was the first money he ever earned by his carving.

The boy loved drawing pictures, and as the floor of his humble home was of stones, or flags as they are called in English farmhouses, he used to draw pictures upon the floor each Saturday before his mother scrubbed the floor. No doubt his mother often thought the drawings were so good that it was a shame to wash them off.

One day a gentleman came to Mr. Chantrey to do some business, and Mrs. Chantrey brought out a large pork pie, upon the top of which were worked cleverly in paste, a sow and several pigs. When the man saw it, he exclaimed: "What a shame that you should have gone to the expense of getting such a pie for me." When Mrs. Chantrey explained that she had made the pie herself, and Francis had modeled the young pigs, when the dough was soft, he was amazed at the boy's ingenuity.

Francis' father died when he was twelve years of age, and soon after he was apprenticed to a Mr. Robert Ramsay, who had a small shop in Sheffield, where he sold pictures, plaster models, wood carvings and such things. He was now in the midst of the thing he loved, and he took great delight in handling pictures and plaster models. Nothing pleased him better than to model soft clay with his fingers. Sometimes a mold is taken of a person's face, and young Chantrey thought that he would like to try and take a mold of this kind. He persuaded one of Mr. Ramsay's workmen to lie face upwards upon a table, and then he placed the soft plaster over the man's face and throat, and waited for it to harden. Suddenly the man rolled off the table and madly stripped away the plaster from his throat. Young Chantrey did not know that a man cannot breathe unless his throat can expand, and when this plaster began to harden it was making it impossible for the man to breathe.

He was so eager to gain knowledge that he rented a cheap little room, and spent his evenings and holidays drawing and making models. The long hours he spent in that room he never forgot, and in the year before he died he visited that little room, and spoke to friends of the many happy hours he had spent there.

When he was no longer an apprentice he looked around for some way in which to earn a living. He was severely handicapped in some ways. When he was ten years of age his parents made the discovery that he was quite blind in one eye. Up to

that time no one had ever suspected such a thing. Then again he had attended school very little and was not by any means a good scholar. The letters which he wrote when he became a man show that even then he was a very poor scholar. His writing ran on without any punctuation; many words were wrongly spelled, and God was written with a small "g."

Those were the days when there were no photographers, and portrait painters could often make a fair living. Many artists went from farm to farm, seeking for work to do, and Francis Chantrey decided to do this. In 1802 he put the following advertisement in a Sheffield newspaper:

"Francis Chantrey begs permission to inform the ladies and gentlemen of Sheffield, and its vicinity, that, during his stay here, he wishes to employ his time in taking of portraits in crayons, and miniatures, at the pleasure of the person who shall do him the honor to sit. Although a young artist, he has had the opportunity of acquiring improvement from a strict attention to the works of Messrs. Smith, Arnold, gentlemen of eminence. He trusts in being happy to produce good and satisfactory likenesses; and no exertion shall be wanting on his part, to render his humble efforts deserving some small share of public patronage. Terms—from two to three guineas. 24 Paradise Square."

Chantrey was at this time twenty-one years of age. He worked hard at portrait-painting, and although he did not earn a great deal, he made a fair living. He painted shopkeepers, farmers and artisans. He painted a portait of his schoolmaster, Mr. Fox, and another of the vicar. The people of Norton Village were proud of him, and anxious to see him get a good start. At last he moved to London, and besides painting portraits he secured a position as a woodcarver's assistant. His total earnings were five shillings a day. For some time he had a very hard struggle. He was quite unknown and poor. It was only by taking care of every penny that he managed to live at all. In many ways these days were the hardest he had ever known, for he was all alone in London, and had to make his own way. He worked away at carving in a garret, and could only afford one candle, which he used to wear in his cap so that the light might move with him as he changed positions.

At this time the president of the Academy was the great painter, Benjamin West. Chantrey thought that if West would allow him to make a bust of him, it would do much to bring his work before the public, so he asked West to sit for a portrait in plaster. West was an unusually kind, but at the same time, a very busy man. He was at that time painting a great picture: "Christ Healing the Sick." He told Chantrey that if he were willing to catch his likeness as he worked away at his picture, he was welcome to try. Chantrey was pleased with the offer and for many days he sat and molded the plaster, as West worked at his task. The bust Chantrey did at this time can now be seen at the Royal Academy in London. Soon afterwards he made a bust of a Mr. Samuel Shore, for which he received one

hundred guineas; by far the largest sum he had ever been paid. He gave up painting altogether, for he was now fairly well established as a sculptor.

At that time there was living in London a very brilliant man, named named Horn Tooke, Chanrey made a bust in plaster of this man and sent it to the exhibition. It looked at first as though there would not be a place for it there, but another sculptor, Mr. Joseph Nollekens, saw it and was much impressed. He was not jealous, but said: "This is a fine, a very fine bust, let the man who made it be known. Remove one of my busts and put it in its place, for it well deserves it." This was a great thing for Chantrey, for this bust aroused a great deal of interest, and he soon received commisions to do work which brought him more than twelve thousand pounds.

Very soon after this something happened which helped to bring Francis Chantrey more to the front than ever to establish him as "The Prince of British Sculptors." In 1811 it was decided to erect a statue of King George III. Naturally, there was a good deal of excitement among sculptors; all were anxious to receive the honor of doing it. A committee was formed to choose a sculptor. Fifteen of the greatest sculptors submitted designs to the committee, and the members decided that Chantrey's was the best, and so he was given the important task of doing it.

As soon as it was known that the commission had been given to Francis Chantrey, he had the news conveyed to his mother. He knew that it would give her great pleasure; and indeed it did, for she burst into tears. It seemed to her marvelous that her boy, who only a few years before had drawn pictures on the kitchen floor, should be chosen to design the statue of the king. There was great stir and excitement in the village of Norton. The wondefful tidings spread from cottage to cottage. "Francis Chantrey has been chosen to make the king's statue," was the news that everybody was repeating.

After making a statue of the king, of course Chantrey was considered capable of making a design for any one, as indeed he was. The rich and famous crowded to his studio in order to get busts made of themselves. It would be impossible to put here a complete list of all for whom he made designs, but among other well-known people there were Sir Walter Scott, Bishop Heber, who wrote "From Greensland's Icy Mountains" and other fine hymns; James Watt, the inventor, and many others.

Some years later, when William IV was king, Francis Chantrey was knighted, and so became Sir Francis Chantrey. After that brief reign came to an end, and George IV came to the throne, the monarch became a great admirer of Chantrey, and was so well pleased with the statue of himself, which the sculptor made, that he insisted on paying much more than had been agreed upon. This very fine statue now stands in Trafalgar Square, London, and for it Chantrey received the sum of nine thousand guineas. Magnificent statues done by Francis Chantrey may now be seen in many lands. In Ireland, Scotland, India, United States, and other lands his work may be seen and appreciat-

ed.

His deep affection for his mother was shown in many ways. He loved to have her visit him at his home in London, and though she had been a humble, hard-working woman all her life, he was always proud to make her known to his friends. When, on one occasion he was very ill, he would not allow any one to tell his mother lest she would worry. The letters he wrote to his mother were full of tenderness and scarcely a week passed in which he did not send her some present.

He was modest to an extraordinary degree. Many men who have risen from lowly circumstances have become spoiled by success and made vain. Such was not the case with Francis Chantrey. He became the friend of great men and of kings, but he loved to talk of his humble origin, and fame never made him, in the least degree, vain.

Standing in the most crowded thoroughfare of London, England; in that square which has the Bank of England on the north, the Royal Exchange upon the east, the Mansion House on the south, with Cheapside running west, there stands a magnificent statute of the Duke of Wellington on horseback. Thousands have gazed upon that noble monument, and admired it. It is the work of Francis Chantrey. No doubt many who see it will think of a lonely little farmhouse, one hundred and fifty miles away, where he first saw the light, and they will remember the donkey boy who became the greatest British sculptors.

The Way to Say "Thank You."

There is a great difference in the way people say "Thank you." With some it is a habit, and it is said so briefly that they almost seem to be sayong: "I really must thank you or you will think me rude. I don't want to be bothered, but I have been brought up always to say 'Thank you' for favors received."

To give the best possible "Thank you," one really should feel grateful. There is nothing that puts so much meaning in the voice as gratitude in the heart. We all can at least cultivate the habit of saying, "Thank you," always carefully and earnestly. A sweet "Thank you" is music to the ears—Selected.

MARTIN'S BIRTHDAY.

James Hay Jr., in Asheville Citizen.

Two weeks ago a man in the national capital said to another: "October the tenth will be John Martin's birthday. Suppose all of us, his friends, unite in impressing him with the fact that to us he is unforgettable, an inspiration to all who know him."

The John L. Martin of whom he spoke was, until tuberculosis struck him down four years ago, a political and editorial writer for The Washington (D. C.) Star, eminent in his profession.

During the three years he has lain ill in Fairview Sanitorium Annex at Sunset Drive, he has demonstrated by the beauty of his personality and the quality of his courage that a man, though flat on his back, prisoner to a bed and battling all but hopeless odds, can win the love and compel the admiration of a world.

And because he is that sort of a nan and is getting well, and because his friends made good on their plan, he was honored yesterday with a celebration of his birthday which was the most unique and amazing event of its kind that Asheville has ever known.

Those who took part in it were a distinguished multitude. Among them were the President of the United States, members of the President's Cabinet, the Governors of Maryland, Virginia and Kentucky, the Bishop of the Diocese of Washington, writers, statesmen, publishers of great newspapers, and every organization of business men in the national capital.

It has been more than four years since Martin, walking the marble corridors of the War and Navy Departments, had interviewed their highest officials, but yesterday the Secretary of the Navy and Major William Mitchell, the fearless critic of the air service, had letters at his bedside praising the valor of his fight for health.

It had been more than ten years since Martin had written a baseball game, but among the telegrams he opened on his birthday were messages from Walter Johnson, "Bucky" Harris, "Goose" Goslin and Roger Peckinpaugh, all of them experts in the stern stuff of turning defeat into victory on the last chance.

It had been five years since he had chronicled the acts and criticised the oratory of the nation's law-makers, but yesterday there came to his sleeping porch letters from the Senators and Representatives of five States expressing the affectionate admiration they still felt for him.

It had been six years since, commenting on the policies of the capital's rulers and civic organizations, he had done his brilliant share in developing Washington, but yesterday he held in his hand dispatches from the city's Chamber of Commerce, Board of Trade and half a dozen other business men's organizations thanking him for the co-operation he had given them and congratulating him on having made his every month here a winning month.

The whole thing came as an utter surprise to him. All day Thursday and Friday the birthday letters were piled into Fairview by the postman, and held there for delivery yesterday

morning. Friday night the wires sped through the darkness the mass of night letters which were to impart, in his eyes, a special glory to the dawn of his birthday.

All through the morning and the afternoon the bigness of it continued. By letter, by telephone, by telegram, with the giving of flowers and the voicing of congratulations, this display of esteem and congratulation continued.

Letters and telegrams piled on the chairs, strewed the floor, covered the bed. Roses were everywhere, overflowed into other rooms and filled the building with their fragrance.

But of it all there was nothing that touched Martin quite so much as the tributes he received from his professional colleagues. The board of governors of the National Press Club of Washington sent him a bright letter greeting him as "an honor to journalism and an inspiration to all men."

The publishers of Asheville, Chas. A. Webb for The Citizen and D. S. Elias for The Times, sent him letters presenting him with yearly subscriptions to their papers. Every employe of his paper, The Washington Star, either wrote or wired him. Clifford Berryman, the famous cartoonist, surprised him with a cartoon done for the occasion. And from hundreds of members of the National Press Club came individual letters and telegrams.

Journalism is a hurried and strenuous business. Most men, though they shine while in the midst of it, are soon forgotten when, for one reason or another, they can not hold the pace. But here in Martin's case was the surprising spectacle of practically the whole profession of the nation's capital pausing in its rush to do homage to one of its members who, because of his work in the past and his bravery in the present, has cheated forgetfulness and held memory captive to his pillow.

Up on the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal thirty miles from Washington there has been for years an old lock keeper, John Speaker. With him in former day Martin used to hunt and fish, and yesterday "Jack" Speaker's birthday greeting was among the rest. There came, too, a letter and a wire from Isaac Gans, the Washington merchant, who since Martin fell ill, has never let a day go by without writing him a bulletin of news and cheer.

Altogether it was a great and unusual day. Never has right living been more superbly rewarded. Never have the kind words and noble deeds which a brave gentleman flung down like golden coins on the counter of life come back bearing richer or lovelier interest.

Better even than that was the spirit approaching reverence with which Martin accepted what the day brought him. For of the fineness of a man's soul these is no surer proof than this: that he goes through life doing beautiful things and, because of his very fineness, never thinking that his creation of beauty deserves the acclaim of his fellows.

A man may well bring a horse to the water,
But he cannot make him drink without he will.—John Heywood.

HOW TO GET PEOPLE TO CHURCH.

(News and Observer.)

There has been much discussion on the best way to increase attendance on church services. In some parts of the country the failure of great numbers of people to attend divine services has been so marked as to cause apprehension and certainly concern. It is said of numbers of people in circles whose families have been noted for regularity and punctuality at church services, they were rarely seen at church in recent years. A few Sundays ago, in giving out the notice of a funeral in a community and church where attendance had markedly declined, a minister is reported to hade made this announcement: "The funeral services of Mr. X, long-time member of this church, will be held tomorrow afternoon at 4 o'clock. I will be present and conduct the services. Mr. X will be present, and for the first time in 20 years."

That announcement may be fiction but it pointed a moral. It is said in many places men do not enter the church except when they go there to be married or when they are buried. Its offices are invoked when embarking upon the "holy estate of matrimony" and when the "dust to dust" is spoken.

How can people be induced to go to church? Only last week The News and Observer, in a story of the meeting of the National Recreation Congress in session at Asheville, had these headlines giving the spirit of the gathering:

WANTS CHURCH TO
BOOST RECREATION

In the body of the story Rev. M. Ashby Jones was quoted as saying that "the church should get out of the police business and come forward in comradeship with the public recreation movement."

Not many months ago there was great excitement in Episcopal Church circles because a recor of St. Marks on the Bowery had introduced Greek dancing among the social activities, introduced in the hope of securing increased attendance upon services at his church. It had the desired of attracting more people to the dances, but the bishop did not seem to agree that the means justified the end.

Across the ocean the Anglican church, or rather a portion of it, had adopted such increase in liturgy and ceremony as to threaten a schism. There is a tendency in some American churches in the same direction. It seems to be the though that this is the way to secure increased attendance and more interest. It has ever been true that ritualism has increased as spiritual life has declined. Is that the explanation for the increase in ritualism and the like?

In many American churches the most approved way to increase attendance has been to make "the church the social center." Dining rooms and kitchens, moving picture apparatus, stages for theatrical performance and various social functions are provided in the churches, and young people are thus brought together. Undoubtedly as a by-product of the church life comradeship

and fellowship should be cultivated and provision made for gathering together of worshippers in social life.

Few, comparatively, have seemed to consider the most effective way of increasing church attendance. It remains for the Archbishop of Canterbury to make what some have regarded as "a dangerous revolutionary proposal." It was made to his clergy as the best way "to combat the lure of the golf-stick, the char-a'-banc and the easy-chair by the fire." He tells the clergy the true way to meet the call is to "Preach better sermons." He tells them if they would devote more time to prepare sermons the result of them if they would devote more time to prepare sermons the result of "thoughtful and painstaking" study they would do more to fill their pews than by all the varied social activities and fine music and vested choirs and the like. His advice would seem to intimate that people worth while would be more attracted if they could be sure of mental and spiritual "meat of the Word" than by theatricals and "eats." Isn't there something worth thinking about in the Archbishop's suggestion? Haven't congregations demanded too much in the way of social visiting and "serving tables" of their preachers, put too much emphasis upon the music and the accessories and too little upon the real purpose for which churches were built—the preaching of the gospel? Has it not been too often the case that the sideshows have crowded out the big tent? The little things have left no room for the great things.

The preachers are not alone to blame, where there is blame. Congregations have put upon their shoulders such a multitude of financial drives, demanded that they comment on "Safety Weeks" and "Mother's Day" and all sorts of things good in themselves, and expected such a round of calls and outside duties little time has been left for the burning of the midnight oil, essential to "feeding the sheep."

The time has come for preachers to go on a strike against being expected to be men of all work, to relegate social activities to their proper place, and make the sermon the center of the church's divine right to lead and guide. The preacher who builds churches and raises money and visits his congregation statedly is doing good things and is sure to be popular and to be rendering a service of value. But if these are accomplished at the sacrifice of the sermon, then he is "serving tables" when the people starve for the Bread of Life.

The Archbishop of Centerbury has sounded the right note, and not until the church assumes, resumes where needed, the divine mission of teaching men will the complaint of diminishing church attendance be heard no more. And in preaching as in living, if the preacher is to draw men and point them to salvation "the important thing is to see that one does not merely allow the living faith of the dead to become the dead faith of the living."

The next eventful stop is Thanksgiving Day.

GRANDPA HOOKS ONTO CUBA.

By Helen Waite Munro.

"But I've everything in my trunk to fix it up with," Linwood Bryant protested eagerly. "It won't cost you a cent. And I've a loop aerial, so it wont mare the buildings."

"Regular lightning attractor," his grandfather replied, snapping his lips together in a decided way he had. "I tell you I've no use for these modern contraptions. It's going nature for men to fly in the air and words and music to travel hundreds of miles a minute."

Lin's face fell. His father had warned him that Grandfather Bryant, isolated on his island farm, was not particularly progressive. But he had not been prepared for such strong opposition against anything modern. Grandmother Bryant, frail little white-haired lady, was doing the work of the big farm-house without a single modern convenience. Grandfather mowed his few acres by hand though he could well have afforded half a dozen mowing machines. And not to be interested in radio—

"I'll tell you what," grandfather conceded, noticing Lin's disappointed face. You can set the contraption up in the room over the old stable. The building isn't in use and it sets by itself so if the lightning follows any of your wires the stable can burn without any of the other buildings catching. And I'll tell you," there was a twinkle in the blue eyes that lingered fondly on his sturdy seventeen-year-old grandson, "if you can show me, during this summer, any way that radio is of any mortal use to you or the rest of us, I'll buy one myself when you go home, and an automobile—and an airplane, maybe." Chuckling to himself over this extravagant statement he hurried off to the barn.

Lin rushed into the house to tell his sister Jane about it. He knew that she would be as pleased as he that their beloved radio outfit might be in use during their summer on the island.

He found her on her knees beside a pail of soapy water, scrubbing the kitchen floor that already seemed spotless. She screwed up her face comically at him when he came in.

"'This is the way our Pilgrim fathers did it," she said whimsiccally, sitting up on her feet. "And when we get done we have to carry the water outdoors to empty it because there isn't as much as a drain in this house."

"It seems queer that people so—so—well, all around a number one in every other way should be so far behind the times," Lin told her.

"They don't get out to see how others do," Jane said thoughtfully, wringing out her cleaning cloth and rubbing soap on vigorously. "Grandfather's dreadfully set, we all know that. And grandmother's such an old dear she just makes the best of things without a word of complaint."

"Well," Lin explained, "he's stretched a point about the radio, anyway—just because he couldn't

bear to disappoint us,'' and he proceeded to tell the whole story.

''He told Hallie and Jack that they might play downstairs in that old stable all they wanted to,,'' Jane said when he had finished. '''It seems that he doesn't use it at all. I peeked in and it's a beautiful little building—finished as nicely as a house. The man who built it raised nice horses, it seems, and treated them like part of the family. Must have had to ferry them over to the mainland if he wanted a drive of any length, which seems funny. Say, Lin! Why don't we clean that building up and all spend our spare time out there. Then we won't be disturbing grandpa and grandma with the noise it seems impossibe for the five of us to get along without making, and yet we'll be handy when they want us.''

''First-rate idea. Radio upstairs. Playroom downstairs. I must go to work now, but as soon as we both have a chance we'll look the building over with an eye to its possibilities. Say, sis! that's no work for a lady. Can't I finish going over that vast expanse of boards for you?''

''Grandmother's done this every other day for years,'' Jane told him soberly. ''She was going to do it today but I wouldn't let her—told her I must keep my basketball muscles in trim. I'll manage all right if my kneess don't get worn through.''

''Put a cushion under 'em,'' Linwood suggested, then hurried out to see what was next in the day's routine of farm work. He found his grandfather among the long rows of carefully staked raspberry bushes, instructing Hallie and Jack aged respectively twelve and ten, in the art of picking berries for market. Three-year-old Ilda, the baby and pet of them all, was perched on his shoulder.

''How does it seem to have such a family again?'' Lin asked, laying his hand affectionately on the other shoulder. For in spite of being so unprogressive and set in his way, Grandpa Bryant was one of the most lovable old men imaginable.

''It seems mighty good, I tell you!'' Grandpa Bryant turned a beaming face to Lin. ''This farm's been just crying out for young faces ever since your dad and the rest grew up and went away. I hope your folks'll find something to go abroad for every summer, now you're living near enough to come here, and let you young folks stay with us.''

''They were afraid when the idea first came up that it would be too much for you and grandmother to have the five of us here for so long,'' Lin explained.

''My stars! They didn't think we're past our years of usefulness just because our hair is gray,'' the grandfather scolded. ''And at the rate you youngsters are taking hold to help, all your grandmother and I'll have to do it to sit down and fold our hands. Soon this raspberry crop's tended to there isn't much to do but choress till my prize cantaloupes are ready for market.''

Those prize cantaloupes, the young folks soon learned, were the

pride of Grandpa Bryant's heart and swelled his income to a very comfortable one indeed. By some process known only to himself, he managed to make them grow to a remarkable size and sweetness in a surprisingly short time. Started under glass and babied on the most southerly slope of the island farm, they were ready for market so early that they had few competitors. A big summer hotel bargained for the entire crop each year and advertised the Bryant home-grown melons far and wide.

"You can almost see 'em grow," Lin told his sister a week or so later as they worked together in the old stable one night after supper. There! Why isn't this all in up-to-date order, ready for them to come out and see?"

"All complete," Jane agreed, brushing down a last lingering cobweb. "Wasn't it fine of them, Lin, to say we could fix it all up to suit ourselves, and that we might take anything we wanted from the attic?"

"They're as anxious to see it as we are to have 'em," Hallie shouted, swinging down from the bar on which she had been performing all sorts of gymnasium stunts. "Let's go and get them right away."

The five escorted the old couple proudly from the house to the renovated stable and led them into the big lower room.

Evenything was spotlessly clean. The smooth floor was left clear for all sorts of stunt and races. Crude gymnasium apparatus such as Linwood and Jack could assemble from the material at hand, occupied the big box stall at one side.

The regular stalls were the special property of the younger Bryants. Hallie and Ilda each had one for her house and the ingenious way in which these were furnished with all sorts of odd and ends quite captivated Grandpa Bryant who would have stayed right there to join the girls in their games if Jack had not fairly dragged her along to see his domain—the third stall arranged as a general store with collection of merchandise that made Grandpa Bryant laugh until he cried. He was quite interested, too, with the museum that had been arranged in the harness room and suggested a lot of things they could find around the place to add to the collection.

"Now upstairs!" Jane said eagerly, leading the way to the two rooms above that had been built for sleeping quarters for the farm help.

The room at the left was arranged as a reading-room. A big table and some chairs from the attic were the sole furnishings, except some bookshelves Lin had put up and an old desk in the corner where Jane planned to try hard that summer to write something worthy of publication. The open windows framed a marvelous view of the lake and distant hills. The ferry boat, which paused at the island when any of the few farmers on it wished to send produce or go to the mainland was crossing just at that moment, a long line of white foam marking its path.

The other room seemed bare as they went into it. A work-bench occupied one corner. At the far side the radio was set up on a sub-

stantial box. Lin waited uncertainly while his grandfather examined it with care.

"Not much to look at," was his only comment for some time. Then he burst out, interested in spite of himself: "You don't mean to say that that little contraption can catch sounds from Chicago and everywhere, with not even a wire outside!"

"I got Cuba last night," Lin assured him eagerly and proceeded to tune in.

Grandma Bryant was entirely carried away by what followed and so excited she could hardly sit still in the comfortable chair Jane brought her. Grandpa Bryant did not try to sit still at all. He stumped about the room or stood before the small loud-speaker, addressing it, between selections, as though it were a real person.

"My stars!" he kept exclaiming into it. "Whoever'd think of hearing you talking hundred of miles away. So the orchestra'll play again, will it? Some orchestra, too, if I'm any judge! That bass is in perfect time and tune—better'n old Ase Plympton use to play it even. Farm extension lecture on fertilizers tomorrow night. I'll be here, boy—maybe there'll be a hint that'll hustle these melons out a day earlier. Say, ma! That male quartette's going to sing Annie Laurie."

"Do be still, pa," she told him over and over. "You keep interrupting them."

But the steady stream of comment went on at every interval. The usual nine o'clock bed-time was forgotten. Ilda went to sleep in Jane's lap and Hallie and Jack began to nod.

"My stars!" Grandpa Bryant came to himself with a start and looked at his big silver watch. "You and the youngsters had better get to bed ma. I'll be there as soon as Lin and I have hooked onto Cuba."

The radio opened a new world to Grandpa Bryant after that. The fascination of it was strong upon him. Every word over it came to him with such forcce he was convinced at once of its truth and importance.

"I wish he'd hear a talk about finishing kitchen floors," Jane said one day as she went about the job of scrubbing the vast white expanse—a task she continued to take on herself, "or somebody holding forth on the usefulness of drains in the farmhouse."

"I'll keep tuning around and watching the programs to see if there isn't something to hit this special case," Lin promised. "You notice he follows every radio suggestion he possibly can."

"Wish I had a broadcasting station for about half an hour," Jane scolded, dumping down on her knees to begin the work.

But though Lin "tuned around" day after day nothing to fit this special case seemed to come along. Meanwhile the ccantaloupes were growing and growing into luscious perfection. It was a great day when Grandpa Bryant picked the first one and gave each member of the family a thin slice to test its flavor.

That day the ferry boat took a letter for the big hotel stating that

the first shipment of cantaloupes would be made the following Friday or Saturday. Crates and boxes stood ready for holding the big mellow balls.

"Saturday's the day"' grandpa decided. "That'll give'em another day to grow. Last possible chance for those earliest ones, though. By Monday they'll be past their prime."

But Thursday, early in the evening, the weather report over the radio gave Grandpa Bryant a fearful jolt. A big storm was making its way eastward and would reach that vicinity Friday night.

"That radio hits the weather right, day after day," he said excitedly. "And if such a storm came as they predict no ferry boat will cross the lake Saturday, at all. The best thing we can do is to have those melons ready to ship over tomorrow noon."

It was a hustle, but at noon Friday the full crates of cantaloupes were loaded onto the ferry-boat and on their way to the hotel. The skies were already lowering and the waves lashing angrily.

Grandpa Bryant listened to the radio in high good humor that night. Even growls and static did not bother him.

"Has a right to sputter a little if it wants to," he said, "after the good work it's done. Saved that load of melons—there's no getting around that."

Lin had taught him to tune in and he lingered long after the others had gone to bed. All he heard the family never knew, but the next morning he sat thoughtfully in his chair after breakfast was finished and remarked he had hooked onto Cuba at last.

"That radio says" he asserted next, as though that settled the question beyond dispute, "that just as the radio has given us many ears to hear with, the correct tools around the house and farm give us many hands to work with. I believe they've got the right idea exacctly. Now, Jane, you're used to all sorts of contraptions in the city. Can't you help ma plan what's needed to put this house on an efficiency basis—that's what they call it. You'd like that, wouldn't you, Ma?"

"Why, of course I would!" Grandma Bryant exclaimed, all aflutter at the very idea. "A furnace and bath-room and—"

"Go far as you like," he told her magnificently. "The melons'll pay for it. The money for that load the radio saved is going for a good radio outfit of our own. We'll set it up right here in the kitchen where it'll be most handy."

"I declare, pa!" Grandma Bryant exclaimed in hearty approval, "you'll be buying an airplane, next.

The eyes of the old man met his grandson's in amused recollection of that first conversation.

"Airplanes are different," grandfather hedged. "I've no use as I've said many times, for modern improvements like that. But radio, now, and furnaces and bath-rooms and farm machinery—they aren't innovation any more— they're necessities."

Lin nudged Jane in delighted surprise at his grandfather's change of

heart. But she had not heard the last of the conversation. Her eyes were on the kitchen floor and she was estimating how many yards of linoleum would be needed to cover it.

WHY THE TURKEY GOBBLES.

(AN INDIAN LEGEND.)

By E. M. Gearhart.

In the beginning of things, the turkey talked just like other persons and his head was covered with feathers as beautiful as those of any bird, but coveteousness was the cause of his downfall.

Among all the birds the grouse was the envy of all. His feathers shone and glistened in the sun, and he could strut about as no one else. Then too, he could mount a stump and drum till everybody for miles heard him. Because of this he was in great demand to lead the dance, and the shouting at the ball games between the birds and animals.

The turkey did not envy the grouse for his beautiful feathers, for he thought his feathers were just as beautiful, but he did wish he could drum like the grouse. He went off into the woods alone every day and tried to learn to make the same beautiful noise the grouse could make. At last he decided to ask the grouse to teach him.

When he made known his desire to the grouse, the grouse replied, "Why, certainly, but in exchange you must give me the feathers off your head and neck, and I will make a neckpiece out of them."

The turkey was so delighted at the thought of learning to drum that he never thought how ugly he would look without any feathers on his head, and agreed at once. "But," said he, "let's hurry. I must learn at once." So he took the feathers off his head and neck and gave them to the grouse, who immediately made a neckpiece for himself, and that is why all his children wear neckpieces and are called "Ruffled Grouse." They are the feathers their ancestors received from the turkey.

After the grouse had arranged the feathers to suit himself, he took the turkey off into the woods and told him to stand on a stump. "Now, you must learn to give a great shout," said the grouse, "for one so large as yourself would not dare to begin to drum unless he could shout loud." The turkey practised and practised the shout until the grouse said he did it very well. Then his teacher told him, "now puff yourself up and hold your wings this way. Now strut about, walking very slowly and making your feathers stand out all over your body."

It was a long, hard lesson for the turkey and they practised many days, but he said to himself, "I can do this, for in the end the grouse will teach me to drum. I must keep on and learn." They practised many days and one evening the grouse said to the turkey, "Now you are ready

and tomorrow I will teach you to drum."

The next day they went to the woods together and after the grouse had rehearsed the turkey in all the things he had taught him, he said:

"That is fine! You will make a wonderful drummer. Just hold your wings this way and beat them against the stump as rapidly as you can."

The grouse flew to the top of a nearby stump and showed the turkey how it was done. For a long while they practised and the turkey was almost tired to death, when at last he learned how to do it.

"All you need now is practise," the grouse told him. "Go to the woods every day and try it over and over again, and it will not be long 'till the birds will all want you at their dances and games. That reminds me; it is only a few days 'till the dance of the Moon of Falling Leaves. Work hard and then we will surprise them all. We will go to the dance and you will mount a stump in my place and lead the music. I will pretend that I am too hoarse."

This pleased the turkey immensely. He practised so hard that he grew thin, but he did learn to drum. He was too excited to sleep and could scarcely wait 'till the day for the dance. At last it came, and the grouse went to the woods with him to hear him drum so that they would be sure it was right.

"That is wonderful! It is even better than I can do. You are so big and strong that your drumming is louder than mine, and that whoop that you give before you start is just the right thing."

They went to the dance together. When they arrived all the birds were waiting and immediately began to call to the grouse to start the music.

"Hurry! Hurry!" they cried. "It is time to begin."

"I am sorry," replied the grouse, "but I am so hoarse I can not lead the music. That will not stop the fun though, for I have taught the turkey to drum and lead and he will be glad to do it for you."

The other birds all laughed and had a great deal of fun over the idea of the turkey leading the music, but the grouse insisted, and told him to get up on a stump and begin.

The turkey was so excited he could scarcely hop to the top of the stump. A great lump came in his throat and he panted as though he had just been running a hard race.

"Look at him," cried the birds, "he can't drum. Get down off the stump and let someone up there who can."

Bracing himself and puffing himself out as the grouse had taught him, the turkey opened his mouth to give the great whoop which he had learned to use as the opening of his performance. Just as he tried to shout, the lump in his throat fairly choked him, and all he could say was, "Gobble, gobble, gobble."

It was so funny that even the grouse laughed, and the poor turkey was so ashamed that he leaped from the stump and ran and hid in the brush.

This is the story of how the turkey got his gobble and why he has no feathers on his head and neck, and why he puffs himself up and struts about so slowly. He can not for-

get what the grouse taught him and all his children will do so, as long as there is a turkey in the world.

AN UNPROVEN THEORY.

(Asheville Citizen.)

Is talent inheritable—does genius descend from father to son? The question is an old one oft debated but not conclusively answered.

If the child show the ability which was marked in either parent the proponents of the heredity theory insist that this is definite proof of their claim. The opposition retorts by pointing to the geniuses whose parents were commonplace. They triumphantly exclaim when the child exhibits little of the parents' abilities, while the heredity advocates assert that heredity is erratic and may skip a generation.

While yet the debate flows on like the turbulant waters of a mountain stream appears a newer theory of the transmission of genius; is it transmissible to others who ossociate with its source? If one be long in intimate contact with a noted writer is it posible that his talent can be acquired by contagion?

McCall's Magazine for November, scintillant with such literary stars as Gene Stratton-Porter, Dr. Parkes Cadman, Ethel Dell, Robert W. Chambers and Robert F. Wilson, propounds this theory. It asks the question in connection with the clever, the phrased short story it presents by Mrs. O. Henry (Mrs. Sarah Lindsay Coleman)—"Invisible Chords."

Asking it, McCall's editor intimates an affirmative answer to his question:" Does a wife inherite her husband's genius? You'll suspect she does after reading this story by the widow of Sidney Porter, who as O. Henry, won the applause of millions and is hailed as the great master—nay, almost the creator—of the modern American short story. For one would be compelled to go to the pages of O. Henry himself to find a tale of greater effectiveness, mellower loveliness and of deeper, compelling emotion, than this one which his widow has fashioned here."

Perchance the theory is well-founded; perhaps it is that constant association with genius will inculcate it in another, but the talent shown by Mrs. Porter in this story is inconclusive evidence of it. The theory meets the stubborn fact that before she met the brilliant story writer Mrs. Porter had demonstrated a genius of her own as a producer of high-class stories. In fact, 'tis said, it was the reading of these stories which led Mr. Porter to seek the acquaintance of the lady who was to become his wife. The theory must seek other proof to sustain it than Mrs. Porter's latest production.

A woman's "social equal" is some one on whom she can look down a little.—Spartanburg Sun.

THE TEACHER'S PLIGHT.

(Asheville Citizen.)

One hundred and ten thousand school teachers abandon their profession every year.

Of all the indictments brought against our present civilization, that is the worst. It proves that the teacher's plight is lamentable, and this, in turn, proves that our plight is one for self-reproach. But the fact that annually 110,000 men and women give up their work of instructing the young, is not the worst feature of the situation. The thing that makes them give it up is the capstone of our delinquency. Answers from one thousand former teachers to a questionaire sent out by the National Educational Association inquring why they had taken this step gave as their principal reason: "There is little respect for teachers. The public holds them in contempt."

The truth is, however, that it does not prize sufficiently the things for which the teacher stands. The conscientious teacher is a person ennobled by high ideals. His work is usually hard and confining. It extends far beyond the hours of the school session. In fact, he is never free from it. He has to be conscious every moment that even the tenor of his conversation, the very places he frequents, and the tastes and preferences he displays, all have an effect upon his pupils, and that it is his duty to make his every step in life a model and a pattern for the plastic personalities placed so largely under his influence and control. He is the builder of the coming generation.

He personifies therefore idealism, patriotism and a longing for culture. The woman teacher does the same thing, and she, too, is subjected to ceaseless scrutiny and is expected to approach perfection. What the teachers are and what they do and represent are parts of the community life unsurpassed in importance. When they get the impression that they personally are "held in contempt," what they really feel is the public's failure to value properly their work and example.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Stanley Armstrong.

The carpenter shop boys made a booth at the Fair grounds last week.

Last Saturday was about the coldest day since the past summer.

Jesse Foster, former boy at the institution, was a visitor at the school last Saturday.

Buford Carter, Huett Collier, Perry Quinn, Bill Billings, William Nichols, Clarence Davis, Herbert, Fleming and Clinton Floyd, were made

happy last Wednesday by a visit from friends and relatives.

A number of the boys have started filling the second silo at the dairy barn.

Owing to the cold weather last Saturday not many good games were played at the ball ground.

John Perry, one of the old boys at the institution, visited us last week.

Most of the departments at the institution had something on display at the Fair.

A good number of the smaller boys pulled peanuts off the vines and washed them last Friday afternoon.
this week.

Whitlock Pridgen, member of the second cottage, treated all the boys of that cottage to a nice slice of cake last week. Many thanks to him.

Garnie Hawks, member of the seventh cottage, was paroled last week. He goes to his home in Winston-Salem.

Mr. Edmund Poole, officer of the third cottage, has been assuming the duties of teacher, in Prof. W. M. Crook's place.

Rev. T. F. Higgins, pastor of the Forest Hill Methodist Church, will conduct the services in the auditorium next Sunday afternoon at 3 P. M.

Some of the baseball fans at the institution heard some of the World Series ball games over the radio at second cottage, This program was broadcasted from W B T of Charlotte.

Several times during the past week, the school section drilled at the ball ground, with the School's band in the grandstand rendering music. All the boys hope that the band will continue to render music, because they can put more pep into the drill.

The Training School band, under the direction of Mr. Paul Owensby, played at the square in Concord, last Friday night. All the boys reported having a big time. According to the Concord Tribone, a large crowd was present at the square to hear the band.

Have you ever heard a large group of boys when they were greatly excited. Well, if you haven't you ought to have been at the Jackson Training School last Thursday night. Through the courtesy of the Management of the Concord Theatre, which all the boys call their best friends, because they have shown their interest in the school several times already, especially last Thursday night, when they let the school have one of the newest films out, which is Douglas Fairbanks in "The Mark of Zorro." A good number of the

boys stated that this was the best picture they had ever seen, or ever wanted to see. Every boy at the institution certainly does thank the management of the Concord Theatre for making it possible for the boys to see this great picture. We hope that they may again favor us with another great picture, and that right soon.

Rev. W. A. Jenkins, pastor of the Central Methodist Church, of Concord, conducted the services in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. He read for his Scripture Lesson from Matthew the eleventh chapter. He took for his text, "He that hears, let him hear." He told how Thomas Edison could be cured from his deafness, but did not want to be cured because he could think better. He also told the story of John Val John. Rev. Jenkins preached a very good sermon and it was enjoyed by all present.

Everyday in every way the boys at the Jackson Training School are doing feats that not many of the boys have done before, especially in the past week. The boys in Prof. W. M. Crook's room have been studying the catechism for the past two months and have been committing it to memory. The first one out of about seventy or eighty boys in that room, James Beddingfield, member of the twelfth cottage, by name, has learned the whole catechism by heart, this is a great feat among the boys as he is the only one to do it so far. If any of the boys at the institution think that they can beat this record of this small boy, we would advise them to try it, and work hard on it so that they can show us that they can. In the next contest that Mr. J. J. Barnhardt has originated, we hope to see a contest among the boys who know the catechism the best, and we hope that this young lad will have all the success the world can give him in it.

Statue of Buffalo Bill.

William Frederick Cody, better known as Buffalo Bill was the last of a long line of famous scouts who helped to bring civilization to the West. He was born in 1845 and died in 1917. In the town of Cody, a statue of "Buffalo Bill" represents him seated on a horse. The statue is the work of Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, of New York. It is made of bronze and is twelve by thirteen feet in size.—Exchange.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SCHEDULE

South Bound

No.	29	2:35 A. M.
"	31	6:07 A. M.
"	11	8:05 A. M.
"	33	8:25 A. M.
"	45	3:55 P. M.
"	135	8:35 P. M.
"	35	10:12 P. M.

North Bound

No.	30	2:00 A. M.
"	136	5:00 A. M.
"	36	10:25 A. M.
"	46	3:15 P. M.
"	34	4:43 P. M.
"	12	7:10 P. M.
"	32	8:36 P. M.
"	40	9:28 P. M.

For further information apply to

M. E. Woody,

Ticket Agent

Southern Railway

Concord, N. C.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIII CONCORD, N. C. OCTOBER 24, 1925 No. 48

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BENEVOLENCE.

There is a sort of virtuous selfishness in benevolence; for the more we live for the good of others we really benefit ourselves.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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NO JOKE.

That was not, as it appeared at the time, any joke when the authorities of the Cabarrus Fair Association made a bid for the State Fair.

Comparison of exhibits, entertainments, attendance and general excellence of the two exhibitions occurring last week is in favor of the Cabarrus institution. Joe Cannon, the president, and Dr. Spencer, the secretary and manager, are in themselves institutions and the Cabarrus public are proud of their record in pulling off the greatest county fair in the state.

* * * * * * * * * *

CAN'T BELIEVE IT.

A story has gone out from Stanly county, the same bearing a semi-official finding, that a most brutal administration of the affairs of her chain gang has been tolerated, that several of the convicts have been brutally killed etc. It is hard to believe—and we don't.

Several prominent citizens of Albemarle have assured the reading public —and they are men of poise, of character and humane impulses—that the reports are untrue. Their statement will go further with people who know them than that by sensational folks, who rely on statements alone of some of the members of the chain gang.

Both the local papers, The News-Herald and The Press, jealous of the good

reputation of their county, are insisting on a "combing" investigation of the whole matter that the truth may be established.

* * * * * * * * * * *

HOW IT MAY BE.

It is said that "Presbyterian ministers are to get retiring allowances, after they reach the age of 65, ranging from $600 to $2,000 a year. Which is a lot better than nothing."

Methodist superannuated ministers are to be pensioned after they are retired because of infirmities incident to old age.

Many industrial workers are pensioned after they serve corporations a specified number of years.

Uncle Sam pensions civil service workers after paying good salaries for a term of years.

Soldiers are pensioned, many of whom never got within a hundred miles of the battlefield.

The poor old farmer, who supports the whole capoodle of us, gets in the poorhouse if he hasn't saved enough for that proverbial "rainy day."

—Eugene Ashcraft.

* * * * * * * * * * *

HE WROUGHT FAITHFULLY.

Hon. Stephen McIntyre, a prominent lawyer of Lumberton, passed to the great beyond, having suffered a heart attack.

Mr. McIntyre was an outstanding man in the legal, social and political affairs of the state. Though it occurred in 1899, when he was a State Senator, the first direct appropriation to the public schools was made and this eventful legislation is recalled by the death of Mr. McIntyre, to whom credit at the time and since was given for its successful passage by the General Assembly.

This writer knew and admired Mr. McIntyre for his sterling character. He did not start with a silver spoon inhis mouth—he faced difficulties. We knew him when he was in a mission school in Cabarrus County—Old White Hall school, in sight of the Jackson Training School, but having outgrown its quarters it was abandoned but reappeared in a more ambitious undertaking and enterprise—Laura Sunderland School. At our occasional meetings, Mr. McIntyre never failed to voice his gratitude for what White Hall did for him The fact that he publicly acknowledged his obligations to the influences of this modest though most worthy educational unit, shows a greatness in not

being ashamed of the benefaction.

The first appropriation of one hundred thousand dollars the state made direct to public rural education appeared at the time a staggering amount. But see what it is today. Stephen McIntyre and C. H. Mebane started this beneficent and powerful agency in behalf of public education.

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THE SOLOIST.

A very choice friend broke into a tonsorial performance to hand us a paper containing an article under the title of "The Soloist." He quoted a minister as declaring it "as true as St. John, the Divine." The preacher is right and we give it editorial space.

It is so refreshing, too, when a soloist can sing the words in such a manner as to convince one that the song is in our own language and not in some foreign tongue. But here is the article:

"Last Sunday I attended worship at Ridgecrest and just before the minister began to preach a young man was called on to sing a solo. Head thrown back, his face showing animation without affectation, he began to sing. The song was one which was popular for solos a few years ago, "Tell me the story of Jesus." His voice was good but not remarkable, his personality was sufficient without being especially impressive, but into voice and mien crept the pleading notes of the song. It was not easy for some present to restrain tears. When he was through every one present wanted to hear the story of Jesus, was eager to listen to the preacher tell the beautiful story anew. As I write I remember a song which Miss Highsmith sometimes sings in the tabernacle, "I want to live closer to Him." That song never loses its charm, it always mellows the hearts of those who listen. Several years ago, when I was pastor in another city, there was a young woman of charming voice and personality who used to sing solos when sufficiently urged. She always sang some production which would show off the compass of her splendid voice, but which left the hearer without spiritual reaction. One day she was persuaded to sing a simple gospel song. She was so much opposed to singing it that she required the pastor to announce that it was sung by special request. Somehow she managed to get into the feeling of the song as she went along, and when she was through she was filled with astonishment by the sight of a congregation in tears. She learned that day that it is better to sing to reach the heart than to win applause and court

compliments. However, she did receive a number of compliments, and from persons who had never enjoyed her singing before.

The point is this, the only reason for a solo is to stir hearts to worship To sing a solo just to show off is as unsanctified an act as it would be to parade up the aisles crying out, "See my new hat and notice my beautiful complexion." Operatic airs in an opera house do stir a certain class of emotions, which may be perfectly proper in their place, but they do not produce an atmosphere of worship and therefore they are out place in church. Another kind of songs out of place in church are beautiful little ditties about birds, sunsets, and flowers. The place for them is in the home or parlor, or preferably the nursery.

Our advice to soloists, one and all, would be to put Jesus into your songs and use simple airs such as can sing themselves in our hearts during the succeeding week. The best test of an effective solo is the number of people who hum it as they go about their work the next week."

—C. L. Greaves in Our Record.

* * * * * * * * * *

EVEN EDUCATORS ARE AWAKE TO ILLS.

We carry in this number a very interesting letter by Dr. Knight, who is devoting a leave of absence from his chair at the University in making an intimate study of educational activities in Denmark.

In this Dr. Knight takes occasion to say: "In most American colleges the students only harvest and gather credits while the deans and registrars silo them—a process which makes for academic happiness if not for education.

That's the way many of the incompetent teachers in our rural schools make port—their units, gained by a mechanical process, finally blossom into certification, the biggest fool method of licensing teachers that ever afflicted the educational cause. The public is becoming aware that certification is not a safe test or assurance of a capable and efficient teacher. They have become convinced that teachers are born and not manufactured by mechanical devices that have crept into our school system.

The public is threatened with another fad in school life. The Raleigh News & Observer makes this observation of it:

> "The latest suggestion to improve the public schools is to put teachers in uniform. The chief trouble now is too much insistence of units for the student and standardization for the teachers. The next logical

step would be to put students in uniform, adopt military discipline and leave no room for originality and initiative..

There is much to be said in favor of Mr. Ford's standardization in machines and engines, so that when something slips a cog, a standard part can be obtained at any garage. Is the human mind like a machine? Is scholarship to be attained by units, the selection to be left to the desire to secure high marks easily, or is education to draw out what is in a student and to encourage him into new fields?''

If this affliction is to come let us hope that the skirts will not become any more abbreviated, and thereby putting to rout all modesty.

* * * * * * * * * *

There are 638 students enrolled at Davidson College. Of these only twelve are non church members, eleven of them being freshmen. It is safe to predict that when they leave this institution, that does not conceal its belief that man was created above animals and just a little lower han angels, they will be steadfast in their faith and unpoisoned by the influences of agnostics, infidels and evolutionists.

* * * * * * * * * *

The courts are verifying, at least to a partial degree, that the imported expert, now on the payroll of the taxpayers of the state, was not entirely wrong when he blabbed out, after a few months' residence in the state, that there are 50,000 people in North Carolina suffering with some kind of mental ailment.

* * * * * * * * * *

Is there anything in North Carolina cheaper than a human life?

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

I saw a few evenings ago a lovely babe sleeping as sweetly, as innocently and as beautifully as a cala lilly on the altar of love. It was a case of kid napping.

Some vinegar-seasoned person of the male persuation, who cannot be persuaded about anything, hops up in the meeting and says, "Woman's place is in the home and when she is out of place everything else is, also." I am old fogy enough to believe that woman's place is anywhere she wants to be. If the bobbed-haired ones will persist on going out in the rain bareheaded, I guess they will keep dry, for isn't their hair shingled?

A Durham man has named his flivver "Radio," because the engine is so "noisy."

With the introduction of so many automobiles these days sparking places are getting as scarce as parking places. They are taking the autos for the former, which reminds me that all the sparking in an automobile is not around the spark-plug.

Some people have started a fad of writing letter addresses in poetry. A Durham mail carrier admits that it is an improvement on some that resemble cross-word puzzles, or looks like one of these old-fashioned zigzag worm rail fences that had been struck by a cyclone.

A Durhamite says his wife is dreadfully afraid of embonpoint. Some one told her that a neighbor of theirs once had it and just wasted away with it.

An ambitious young flapper writes to the society editor and wants to know how she can get in the movies. The sports editor butted in and says she should elbow her way to the ticket window and plank down two bits.

It has been said from time immemorial that "taxes and death" are the only sure things in this world. They are ever with us, is a fact, but when death comes we are not bothered with taxes any more. But taxes, like the poet's brook, "flows on forever." There is a great deal of talk about lower taxes; but they do not lower. Lower taxes can come only by personal interest in the spending of public moneys. President Coolidge has set a shining example in National economy; it shows the way for state, county and city savings. If we don't save, it's our own fault. If we don't vote, we have not right to kick.

Broadcastnig radio programs and manufacturing radio equipment has become one of the biggest American industries. This was plainly indicated in a western city recently where 400 radio manufacturers, jobbers and dealers sat down to a public banquet. It was surely a night in radio

land when that many business men could meet on short notice and celebrate the arrival of a new invention that has become in a few years one of the five largest national industries of our country. When radio transmission shall have been fully developed in its possible relation to education, church services, news dissemination and civic, social, musical and dramatic possibilities, it is not a wild prophecy that it will become the largest American industry. You can "listen in" on this and "stand by awhile."

You cannot put anything into this world without enriching yourself. When you bestow benefits you are making rich investments. You are sowing humanity seed. The returns will come—and come sometimes when you least expect them. A gift deepens interest. Interest stimulates effort. Effort enlarges experience. Experience means increased ability. It is the law of nature demonstrating how she bestows her bounty. Every new experience broadens sympathy and deepens ability to appreciate the finer things. The crudest kind of experience contributes to our better selves. Nothing is ever wholly in vain. Life offers much to him who dares to square himself with experience. It is not always complimentary. Sometimes it means humiliation; but it always adds to life and produces skill. The fellow who puts nothing into life, gets nothing out.

There is always some one taking the joy out of life. There's the predictors who delight in making glaring predictions to upset our mental equilibrium and give us unrest, if we dwell much upon their predictions. Meteorologist predict that there will be no summer in 1926. As far as I am concerned this does not bother me. That is the Lord's business. He is running the season's according to his own laws. If He wills to have no summer He will provide the way for human being to go through that period; so I am not taking on any worry over what man says is probably before us. But this prediction of no summer ought to have been made in the winter season, for it is the kind of news that will make people hot.

The finest way in the world to get a new job is to talk to your boss the way Billy Mitchell, of the airplane realm, talks to his.

I noticed quite a number of automobiles the past week being towed in that were more or less bad wrecks. One was the result of a fellow turning a corner where the corner wasn't.

Judging from the pictures of some ladies seen in the newspapers, it looks as if some of the society dames purchased their clothing at a jewelry store. Modesty reigned in the days of Queen Victoria, and it looks as though neither of them ain't goin' to reign no more.

Enmity, hate, grudge, malice are all bad words. We should avoid them and the thoughts and feelings they describe and engender. Don't spend your time trying to confound your enemies or your competitors. Concentrate on self-improvement and self-progress. If you think you real-

ly must annoy those whom you regard as your enemies, try to do it by succeeding in spite of their ill wishes. This will really hurt them. The most blighting of all tasks is to be against something or somebody. It is always more effective and more pleasant to be for somebody or something. Politicians recognize this. They always have their own party ticket, so they can be for certain candidates. Cultivate friends; disregard enemies. If you don't get on with certain people let them alone. You can't expect everybody to like you, you know.

Many a man's service record lives on after he is dead and gone from the busy activities of life. Three men prominent in world affairs have passed away recently. One a leader of organided labor, one the head of one of the world's greatest railroad systems; and the third a pioneer in industrial development, and leader of educational progress. All three rose to commanding positions by hard work and ability. One, after 20 years as a locomotive engineer was made president of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. He opened the eyes of labor to the possibilities of using its financial resources in the banking business. He was labor's first banker and labor's greatest banker. Warren Stone would have made a success in any calling. Julius Kruttshnitt was a railroad genius and an exceptional scholar. He was a walking encyclopedia on rail and transportation questions, and actually gave his life to upbuilding a railroad system. He was dean of American railroad executives. James B. Duke was the architect of his own great fortune. He built upon the foundation of "character, determination and enthusiasm." He opened the doors of educational opportunity to the youth of the south and the world; and the gates of help and relief to the unfortunate ones of ill health, and left a legacy that will go sounding down the corridors of time with the pean of praises to him and his great vision. It is hard to replace such characters; but the mere fact that they lived and carried on means that they transmitted their spirit of endeavor to others who will make even greater strides in the interest of the public welfare as the result of the training they secured under such master minds.

It takes time and many efforts to slay an old fault. If you have had victories today, look out for another battle tomorrow. Be ready for the fray. Have great faith in God and yourself. There is no final defeat for those who will not give up.—Selected.

DANISH FOLK SCHOOLS.

By Dr. Edgar W. Knight.

They have no admission requirements, no examinations, no credits, and yet are a great success—the so-called folk high school for grown people, between the ages of 18 and 30 is one of the chief features of the Danes' remarkable educational system.

Copenhagen—Since the announcement at commencement in Chapel Hill last June that the trustees of the University had afforded opportunity for a study of education in certain European countries, the chief inquiry has been:

"Why do you go to Denmark to study schools and education there?" "What has that country to show us here in North Carolina about schools?" "Would not a study of education in France, say around Paris, be more interesting and intriguing?" "Isn't it mighty cold up in Denmark?"

Paris is said to be more inviting and always more colorful and more comfortable than Copenhagen. When the study of Denmark has been made, there is nothing in the bond to prevent the student from looking in on other picturesque and promising centers of European culture while he is enroute to Carolina, if time remains for that purpose. He has sufficent interest in the advancement of learning in North Carolina to do so.

Why Study Denmark?

Denmark is reported to have many helpful suggestions to make to us in the United States and especially in the rural sections of the south. This is the reason for choosing it as one of the first countries to be studied. The country not only has a highly creditable general system of education—elementary, secondary, higher, agricultural, continuation, and the like, and a very effective plan for the training of teachers and for pensioning them. But it has other interesting educational features. One of these is unique, it is said. This is the so-called folk high school, a school for grown people, between the ages of 18 and 30. It is largely private in control and management, and for that reason it may appear to be somewhat out of character in a democratic community such as we think we have in the United States. This school has been credited with very remarkable achievements for a better civilization in the north country.

Folk High Schools.

These schools originated in Denmark a little more than 80 years ago, when the spiritual energies of the people were at a low ebb. They have gradually increased until now the schools number eight-odd. They have literally remade life among the Danish people. The prosperity and contentment of the rural people of Denmark have been applauded all over the world in recent years. Many explanations have been given of the remarkable success of these unusual folk high schools. The present visit is another effort to find the secret of

their effectiveness in the life of Denmark, and to see if we cannot use the secret in North Carolina.

These schools are said to awaken, to enliven, to enlighten the people. They have no admission requirements, there are no examinations and there are no formal credits offered. These are constant features of schools in the United States; requirements for admission, rigid examinations, and imposing credits which must be measured, weighted, certificated, recorded in pompous books, card-indexed, glorified in season by Phi Beta Kappa keys and diplomas. In most American colleges the students only harvest and gather credits while the deans and registrars silo them,—a process which makes for academic happiness if not for education. If prospective freshmen would not be written or interviewed by inartistic college administrators on such engaging subjects as one-half of one per cent deficiencies in Carnegie units, the educational structures would totter and soon collapse. The Danes say that such credits have really nothing to do with education. With us they are education. It surely should be worth a trip across the ocean to see schools which have much to do with education.

Schools That Awaken.

And think of schools that really awaken people! Schools that awaken people in great numbers are rare in the United States. To awaken, to enliven, to enlighten—these are noble objectives of the school. And Denmark has many schools which do these things for many people every year, extending and enlarging their enlightened spirit. And these things are done without the usual entrance requirements, examinations, and credits—those externalities of education which are such a fetish with us in the United States. If such schools can be built and maintained in Denmark why can they not be had in North Carolina? But this is getting ahead of the story?

The purpose of this visit is to gather first-hand information in regard to such matters as these, and the purpose of these letters is to give that information as clearly as possible, to interpret the schools of Europe (the earlier letters will deal with Denmark) in relation to government and to the life of the people, and to view them also in the light of the conditions out of which they have grown. There are doubtless many lessons which North Carolina may learn from Denmark in the matter of schools and other means of education effort.

Denmark Attracts Students.

For many years Denmark has been attracting the attention of students from all over the world. Students have come here in large numbers from the United States in the hope of seeing that remarkable civilization which has been built up during the last half century or so, and of learning its secret. The unique institutions of Denmark, the social and political conditions out of which they have grown, have been written about and discussed by students and observers, by Englishmen, and Frenchmen, and Germans, and Americans and the Danes themselves. They tell of the lively agricultural systems, the thrifty co-operative agencies, the effective educational plan—the civiliz-

ing agencies of a country. Danish culture has been revived and restored and increased by these means. They have helped to produce a remarkably substantial, prosperous, and happy rural life in Denmark, which is said to have the broadest and most generous culture of any country in Europe.

To find the real secret of such a civilization would be a slight contribution to education. To interpret that secret of North Carolina would be a larger contribution. To find and interpret this secret to their various states and sections of the country led a half dozen students in passage on our ship. Their interests were not academic. They were very practical. They had come on their own initiative or effort, or under assistance from educational foundations in the United States, but always with the same purpose. That was to find some help; in solving real problems at home.

This is a movement of deep significance for the educational life of the United State—this movement of students to Europe. To the student of educational history this present eagerness of American students to learn from Europe recalls the influence of a similar movement in the second quarter of the nineteenth century, a movement which had wide influence for education in this country just prior to the civil war.

An Exhaustive Study.

The work of education in Denmark as the primary agency of improvement and enlightenment will claim most attention in these earlier letters. But a school system can best be understood in the light of its origin and its environment—political, social economic, geographical. From time to time it may appear necessary to lead through some of the history of that remarkable country to the conditions which now surround education. Most of that history is heroic and noble and inspiring. Brief summary accounts will be made of some of the significant facts of Danish political and social history, something will be said about the Danish people themselvts, the land they live in, and the like. The general school system will be described, the relation between government and education, how the schools reflect an ideal of government as an agency for promoting the well being of all the people. The school that can do and does this is the builder of the noblest and most practical of all enterprises—a civilization in which the faculties of men are exalted to their highest welfare is made manifest in the multitude, who are inspired to high and noble endeavor always and everywhere.

I do the very best I know how, the very best I can, and I mean to keep doing so till the end; if the end brings me out all right, what it
keep doing so till the end; if the end brings me out all right, what is

DUKE MET ONE MAN WHO WAS HIS MASTER.

By Ben Dixon MacNeill in News & Observer.

Once during the two decades in which he fought the entrenched financial power of America for the unchallenged control of the tobacco industry of the world, James Buchanan Duke encountered a man who out-generaled him. And last Tuesday that man stood before the doors of the Duke mausoleum as they closed behind his olden enemy. Tears of which he was not ashamed wet his face, for they had been friends now for long years.

Once during the years that came after his triumph, when he had joined forces with the man who had coolly called the gigantic game he played in 1899 and had moved on to the undisputed kingships, James Buchanan Duke lost his head. But it was before no man that he stood shaken and afraid, nor any set of men. It was a terrible and threatening force that filled him with panic and drove him cowering into an act which, though he laughed at it before he died, the memory of it must have given him a twinge of regret.

But only once was he defeated, and only once in the 49 years of his calm contending against whatever forces that interposed themselves between him and his desires, did he become afraid. And then it was not before any mortal man that he stood shaken and trembling, nor yet the wrath of heaven, nor the wrath of hell. It was the madness of men that made him afraid, the insane folly of 20 nations, suddenly gone berserk in war that drove him to headless flight.

Long Game Played.

With a dozen victories behind him that would have satisfied the ambition of most men, Duke, in the late 1890's, surveyed the field of his battles for the control of the American tobacco market. He was not yet supreme in this kingdom upon which he had set his aspirations. There were vagrant princes of the realm who did not yet acknowledge his overlordship. Duke had aspired to supremacy, and less he would not brook.

The American Tobacco Company occupied a commanding position, but it was not alone in the field. Duke dominated the American, but there were others to be absorbed or overthrown. He was rich, but not yet rich enough to embark upon the final and decisive offensive against those who stood between him and the goal of his aspiration. Duke considered the situation and determined upon his campaign.

The late 90' were the days when battles were fought with perhaps less conscience than they are fought now. Finance was a fist-and-skull game. There were not so many laws, nor were Federal grand juries likely to take the interest in one's private affairs that they have of late been disposed to take. It was a game where men took long chances, and

got vast profits—if they got any profits at all. Duke considered the battle.

Suddenly the stock of the American Tobacco Company began to tremble, and then to decline. Slowly at first, and then it dropped and dropped. Nobody knew what was wrong. People bought it and it went lower. Seemingly there was an inexhaustible lot of it. Duke sold out control in his own company on a falling market, and saw to it that it went lower and lower. When it hit bottom he bought it back.

Golden Goose Disappears.

The profits were enormous. Duke willed that it return to its normal value, and it began to recover. Presently it was back where it started. The thing worked with such ease that the master of the American Tobacco Company was enthralled with the simpleness of it. He had made a profit going and coming. He had sold it at a profit, and he had bought it back at a profit. He had won the first phase of the battle.

So simple was the device that Duke tried it again. This time he worked it with his usual care. The stock went into a decline, and the market was flooded with it. It went down and down until it reached the level at which Duke had determined to stop the panic, stabilize the market and begin to buy it back. He gave orders to purchase the stock back and his agents went forth to do his bidding. When he was ready, he gave the signal to start buying it back.

But something happened. There was no stock to be bought back. Save for a few scattering shares, in small blocks, there was no American Tobacco stock to be had anywhere. Its value went up and up, recovering slowly. Duke's messengers came with tidings that the stock of the American Tobacco Company had mysteriously disappeared from the market. Nobody seemed to know where it had gone, or why it had gone.

It began to dawn on Duke that he had lost the thing that he had built in his years of struggle. He grew worried. He had made a killing in selling the stock, but he had lost the goose that he had made to lay so industriously. Again he considered the field. He sent his agents to search for his missing goose. They reported no trace of it. Somebody had bought the stock ahead of him, and unquestionably the purchaser owned the American Tobacco Company.

"Find out who's got that stock," ordered the creator of the company. His agents went out, and after a while they returned.

Duke vs. Ryan.

"Who's got it?" barked Duke.

"Thomas Fortune Ryan," reported his agents.

"Who in the hell is Thomas Fortune Ryan?" demanded Duke.

"He's an operator. Has a seat on the Exchange," said the agents.

"Send for him," said Duke.

But Ryan would not come. He intimated that if Mr. Duke desired to see him, he kept certain office hours, and conference might be had by appointment in his office at almost any time Mr. Duke wanted to see him. For the time being Duke saw red instead of Thomas Fortune Ryan. He raged in his defeat. He

feared the worst that could happen. The next 24 hours were difficult hours in the Duke establishment.

Eventually Duke went. He waited his turn outside the inner chambers of the Ryan quarters. Then he was ushered into the presence of the man who held his destiny in his hands. Duke glared at the quiet Irishman sitting across the desk. Ryan regarded him dispassionately. He asked him to sit down and was silent. The two men studied each other in silence. Ryan waited, forcing upon Duke the beginning of the parley.

"Ding it, what are you up to?" Duke finally blurted.

"I have bought the American Tobacco Company," said Ryan calmly.

"What the hell are you going to do with it?" demanded Duke.

"I was thinking of hiring you to run it for me," said Ryan evenly. The two men still faced each other, Ryan quiet and Duke almost beside himself. And then the Irishman smiled.

Ryan knew that he had won, but being a man of sense, he knew also that his victory had brought him face to face ewith an antagonist to be feared. By what processes they arrived at an understanding I do not know, but it is a matter of record that since that time Thomas Fortune Ryan has been an associate in the Duke interests, and that there has been no brawling between them.

That was the one time that Duke was whipped.

Some time in August, 1914, the president of a North Carolina bank went to New York to borrow money. Back at home his people were caught in the tentacles of a war three thousand miles away. Panic had paralyzed business. The bottom had dropped suddenly from the economic structure of the entire South. Cotton had become almost worthless. Every bank in the State was on the verge of collapse. Unless money could be had to keep them going, disaster seemed inevitable.

When Duke Trembled.

This banker went to New York to borrow $150,000. He wanted cash that could be brought home and used to keep business in his community going until it had somehow adjusted itself to the conditions of war. He had all the collateral anybody could ask. He could put up ten dollars worth of collateral for one dollar in cash—provided he could find the cash somewhere. He hadn't much hope, but necessity can take the place of hope in emergency.

From one bank to another until he had covered the whole of the New York financial district, and then to Boston, where he went to see every big banker in the city, this banker had gone. Everywhere he was told that there was no such thing as money left in the world. Bankers were scared stiff. Some few of them had money, but they were holding on to it in grim fear of what might happen tomorrow. They were making no loans.

On the way home this banker stopped in New York. He went to see some of the bankers again, thinking that perhaps they might be beginning to get over their fright. He had no luck whatever. The next morning at breakfast he read in the

New York World that James Buchanan Duke would return that morning from England. The paper gave a detailed account of the trouble Mr. Duke had had in returning from England.

A Million In Gold.

This Tar Heel, grasping now at any straw that floated past, determined to go down and see Mr. Duke. Here was a North Carolinian, a man of uncounted millions, reputed to be greatly interested in his native State. He might perhaps let him have $150,000 on good security until things back home had steadied themselves a bit. He left his hotel and instead of going to the railroad station, he crossed over to the building where Duke had his offices.

Never in his life had he seen Duke, but he was a desperate man. He hadn't much hope of discussing his rtouble with any more important personage than the office boy, if, indeed, he got further than the elevator. But he went up the elevator, and to the outer office. The boy was in an advanced state of excitement and unwittingly admitted that Mr. Duke had come in less than an hour ago. He would see if Mr. Duke would see him.

"Come this way, sir," said the boy after returning from an expedition into the inner chambers, and the banker, vastly astonished, followed after him. He stood before the millionaire, who was pacing up and down the floor like a hunted lion. Duke turned on him almost savagely.

"What do you want?" he growled.

"I want to borrow $150,000," said the banker simply. Duke started.

"The world is ruined," wailed Mr. Duke. "I am ruined. Everybody is ruined."

This was not all promising. The banker told Mr. Duke that people in North Carolina were trying to carry on, and that unless this money, which meant everything in the small town down here, were somehow provided, undoubtedly a part of the world would be ruined.

"This war has ruined everything. My property is worth nothing," said Mr. Duke. "No, I'll not lend you any money. I haven't got any."

The third richest man in America was greatly excited. "Look at this," he said, extending a small key to the Tar Heel banker. "The first thing I did when I got off that dinged boat this morning was to go to the bank and take out a million dollars. I have got it in gold. It is in this box is all I expect to save out of the mess. I am ruined, but I have got that much saved that they can't take away from me."

He Had No Money.

The third richest man had, temporarily, lost his head. The banker started to leave, but Duke restrained him. He wanted to talk. He did, and at length, describing the hardships that he had encountered getting out of England. Gold was the most desirable thing in the world in England. Gold alone, arriving by warship from America, had enabled Duke and other stranded Americans, to get out of that mad couutry.

How long he kept the gold there in that box, hoarding it in defiance of every law upon which the financial sysytem of the country is bas-

ed, I do not know. Probably not for long.

Not many people have heard that story. I think the banker has told not more than three people. Three years ago Duke admitted it, somewhat shamefacedly, as we rode through the hills of Cleveland county. As far as he could recall, he said, it was the only time he had ever lost his faith in himself and in the world in which he was a master. The banker is now chairman of the State Highway Commission. Incidentally, he did borrow the money he needed two days later—but not from Mr. Duke.

The last North Carolinian to see Mr. Duke, with the probable exception of those who were associated with him in his Foundation or the companies in which he was interested, was Governor Angus W. McLean. The encounter, like that with the banker, was informal. The Governor had gone to ask the permission of the Foundation to draft Dr. W. S. Rankin on the board to study the Caswell Training School. McLean had never seen Duke until he came trudging into the office.

"I want to talk to you," Duke said in that direct manner that characterized him. And talk he did for two hours, not of business, or of his interests, but of his Foundation, and of his great pride in the growth of his State. He was worn, the Governor thought, and with evidences of incipient nervousness. The Governor's impressions were very vivid, and he liked Duke tremendously.

Material Details.

"I have been working mighty hard on this Foundation," Duke said. "It comes hard. It's something I am not used to, and I am trying to understand everything that is to be done in working it out. I want it to be practical. I am not an educated man myself, and there are a lot of things about it I don't understand. I have some idea sof my own, but I am trying to get theirs. I have learned a lot, and there are some things that I think can be improved.

"One thing I am concerned about," he said to McLean, "is that you people are not to get the idea that I have set up a place to compete with you. The State needs them both, and each has a field of its own. I have thought a lot about that, and I don't want you to think that Duke University will ever try to be bigger than your University or to crowd it out of the field. I think they make their colleges too big.

"Teachers, lawyers and preachers —they are the folks that I thought ought to be educated when I was a boy. I may have been wrong about it....."

These three stories out of the saga of James Buchanan Duke seem somehow significant to me, but they are not by any means the measure of the man. But they do bring him down from the arid levels that are the abode of supermen and make him fundamentally not unlike the rest of the world. They have little concern with his magnificent genius, the tremendous driving power that carried him out of an humble home to undisputed places among the world's half dozen greatest financiers.

The picture of him, in his last

months, with the whole power of his mind concentrated no mastering the details of the work of his Foundation, turned at last from the first vast ambition of his life, the creation of an empire with himself as its master, to the creation of an instrument that will perpetuate forever a very fine and a very practical ideal of service—is the picture that I like to retain of him.

THE RULE OF THREE.

Three things to be—brave, gentle and kind.
Three things to love—purity, truthfulness and honor.
Three things to think about—life, death and eternity.
Three things to govern—temper, tongue and conduct.
Three things to admire—power, gracefulness and dignity.
Three things to hate—cruelty, arrogance and affectation.
Three things to avoid—idleness, loquacity and flippant jesting.
Three things to wish for—health, friends, and a cheerful spirit.
—Exchange.

AN OCTOBER SNOW.

By C. W. Hunt.

The fast passing year of 1925 has been and still is an unusual one. North Carolina boasts of leading in most things, whether she and her boosters want to do so or not they ought to include the lead in quick changes of temperature. From two o'clock Saturday afternoon last until six o'clock Sunday morning, there was a drop of 35 degrees right here in Charlotte. Perhaps one person in each five hundred citizens of the state knows that within an even hundred miles of Charlotte there is a section where the temperature is from ten to twenty degrees lower than in the middle and eastern portions of the state; and where in normal seasons fire feels good each night in all the year.

This writer told readers of The Times, a few weeks ago, of how dry it was and still is in all that Blowing Rock-Grandfather mountain section, and no rain has fallen yet, except showers that started grass to growing again but in no way changed the water supply situation. But this was begun to tell of the terrible cold and snow and high wind that fell on that section last Friday night or early Saturday morning. It had

been cloudy, foggy, cool for two days or more and Friday afternoon late there was a chill in the wind about nightfall, but few if any were prepared for what greeted them Saturday at daylight. The ground all covered with snow, a wind at times reaching as high as 75 miles per hour and temperature of 27 degrees with all exposed water and water pipes frozen. That was what suddenly fell upon all that section the tenth day of October, and was the very first frost in all the high mountains of the season. In low places there had been a light frost in August. Generally frosts fall and color the leaves and cold weather comes by degrees, but that was all changed. The leaves were all green and the first bite of winter was of such a degree as to blight and blacken all vegetation. Dahlias, zenias, marigolds, petunias and such were putting on new life, in response to the light showers that had fallen and were blasted as if by magic.

All who read this have seen sudden squals come in summertime when it appeared that the wind would sweep everything before it. Well, fancy in your mind that kind of a wind with a temperature of 27 degrees, and a clear sky and blowing all day long, and you have a picture of what is trying to be told here. It was under such conditions as these that this writer drained water pipes and loaded the car to come down the mountain. Everything loose was blown down the mountain. Three times he went down the side of the mountain for his hat, once for the best hat in a bag, blown from under the space in rear of coupe, once for a box of dishes blown from the good ladies hands and scattered over the rocks on the mountain side. The car was finally loaded the house closed and we speeded away to find that people living three miles down the highway, and about one mile by airline did not know it had snowed or was dangerocsly cold at a spot they could easily see one side of.

HEROES.

Not he alone who gladly dies
To win his country's fame
Or for some great unreckoned deed,
Rests 'neath an honored name—

But he to whom the hand of Fate
A bitter portion gives,
Who daily battling fear and pain,
With smiling courage, lives!

—Charlotte Becker.

SOME D. A. R. HISTORY.

Following is a paper read by Mrs. R. L. Way at a recent meeting of the Edward Buncombe Chapter of Daughters of the American Revolution in observance of the 35th anniversay of the general organization.

In view of the fact that thirty five yeears ago on Oct. 11th the society of the Daughters of the American Revolution was born, we deem it fitting to observe our anniversay in some manner, so I have been requested to give a brief history of our first birthday and a few of the most important events that have taken place since then. None of this can be original, but merely facts compiled from records of others.

As early as 1875 there was a Society of Sons of the Revolution formed in California, and women who were eligible were admitted, but only a few women had membership.

A general meeting of this society was held in St. Louis in 1890, at this session a vote was passed denying women the privilege of membership and thus excluding those who were already members.

Needless to say every where American women were protesting against being disbarded. The story of Hannah Arnett was reprinted in a Washington newspaper, and the story ended with these words, "Where will the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution place Hannah Arnett?"

Hannah Arnett was a very patriotic Quakeress of Elizagethtown, N. J. who by her efforts and influence induced the representative men of this place to continue their allegiance to the American cause when Gen. Howe had offered pardon to all who would lay down their arms. This was read by a descendant of Hannah Arnett, Mr. W. O. McDowell, who offered to assist in forming a Society for women, and issued a call for organizing the Daughters of the American Revolution.

This had been spoken of before by the women of Washington, so a meeting was called on Aug. 9th 1890 to be held at the home of Mrs. Ellen Harding Walworth. Owing to a heavy storm at the ime appointed, only two women came, Miss Eugenia Washington, a great-grand niece of George Washington and Miss Mary Desha. There undaunted by the storm these three women took the first steps toward forming the Daughters of the American Revolution.

I think it is significant to note that on the fourth of July the news of the disbarment of the women was printed, and in less than six weeks an independent association was in formation.

Under the workmanship of these ladies the young Society thrived vigorously; on October 11th a meeting was held at the Strathmore Arms, the home of Mr. Lockwood, one of its most vigorous supporters, eighteen women being present. The first president was chosen from the White House, Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, as the women felt the honor of being the first president should be offered to the First Lady of the Land.

The first year was a most important one as well as one filled with work during this period the colors, the seal and motto were chosen, the insignia designed and the Society in-

corporated in June, 1891.

Eight hundred and six persons whose applications were approved on or before Oct. 11th, 1891 were made charter members of the Society.

In February 1896 the Society was incorporated by the fifty-fourth congress of the United States, the charter was signed by Grover Cleveland.

We now pass to the year 1898. In April of that year was was declared against Spain; Services of the National ociety was offered the President, hospital corps organized, $65,000 dollars disbursaed, 1,700 nurses certified, also steam launch presented to the government as tender to the hospital ship Missouri.

Remember the Society had not attained the age of ten years then. Now another April, the April of 1917 finds the National Society offering its services in the World's War, and in the reports given April 15th, 1919 we find this stupendous sum: Total war expenditures of Daughters $40,863,118.41. Total sale of war investments by Daughters $52,019,379.00. support of French war orphans, $137,944.48.

This, in a monetary sense, comprises only a part of what the Daughters have accomplished in the past thirty five years.

Our present active membership comprises 149,424 women of Revolutionary descent, with 2,070 Chapters in this country and abroad.

The object of the Society is—"To perpetuate the memory and spirit of the men and women who achieved American independence—To encourage historical research—To preserve documents and relics—To foster true patriotism—To assist the stranger within our gates to become a true American citizen—To respect the emblem of our country and imbue others with a respect for the flag."

When we compare the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution in the present with those three women gathered on that August day, and the eighteen who met thirty five years ago, on that memorable eleventh of Oct. 1890, these words from the Holy Writ come to my mind. Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!

Along the river's summer walk
The withered tufts of asters nod;
And trembles on its arid stalk
The hoar plume of the goldenrod.
And on a ground of somber fir,
And azure-studded juniper,
The silver birch its buds of purple shows,
And scarlet berries tell where bloomed the sweet wild rose!

—John G. Whittier.

GOD'S NOBLEMEN.

(Asheville Citizen.)

It is a figurative phrase happily expressed—"God's noblemen," one which stirs sentiment by its suggestion that human merit may win award of rank from the Divinity. The spirit of democracy is not inconsistent with the bestowal of titles on the worthy. They are symbols, these titles, with which human nature feels impelled to crown those who in achievement rank above their fellows. It is unconsciously considered justly due them much as medals are bestowed on soldiers of conspicuous courage. Not content with the commonly bestowed title of "Mr." we find ourselves seeking a more eminent one for the distinguished and so use such insigned as Honorable and Doctor.

Whether Scripture affords warrant for the thought that there are ranks in Heaven is a question of ancient controversy, and whether it supports the thought that good works on earth are entered elsewhere to the credit of the doer is a matter of clerical debate. But unconsciously we incline to the view that good intent supported by good works deserves insignia of merit—it is hard for earth dwellers to divorce themselves from earth conditions.

This view is reflected by this resolution passed by the trustees of Duke University:

> He who has in his heart the will to lead humanity to higher levels of knowledge, to banish ignorance and prejudice from the land, and to contribute to the promotion of health and happiness of all the people is one of God's noblemen. He who, in addition, finds it in his heart to dedicate to such service the means to provide for the practical accomplishment of this vision of good will to men desrves the love and admiration of his fellows.

The trustees' surroundings influenced them to make specific application of this generality. Around them were thousands of those sorrowing for a great man gone, the incense of flowers, heart-touching music, the pathos and the inspiration of noble hymns—if all do not agree with, few will voice objection at this time to the aplication made by the trustees:

> We acclaim the late James B. Duke as such a nobleman, and we herewith record our admiration for and appreciation for the noble impulses and purposes which originated in his heart and brain to devise and provide instruments for the extension of knowledge, the relief of disease and distress, and the betterment of all the people of his native State.

The pumpkin pie has come into its own.

THE AMAZING STORY OF ARTHUR KAVANAGH.

By Archer Wallace.

Arthur Kavanagh was born with only the rudiments of arms and legs. He was never able to walk, and all his life his only ways of getting about were being strapped into a chair-saddle for horseback riding or carried on the backs of strong servants. In spite of this terrible misfortune he learned to ride well, became an expert angler, a good letter writer and even to paint pictures. He was elected to the British Parliament. He lived to be fifty-eight and was never known to complain about his lot.

Early in 1831 a litlte lad was born in County Carlow, Ireland, under most unfortunate circumstances. He had only the rudiments of arms and legs; mere stumps instead of proper limbs. It would be safe to say that few boys have ever had to face life at any time or in any country with such terrible handicaps as had Arthur McMurrough Kavanagh. Fortunately, his parents were in comfortable circumstances and they did all they could to help him, but nothing came of it. Great surgeons and doctors tried to help, but each operation only resulted in causing the boy great pain and bitter disappointment.

In spite of predictions that he could not live, Arthur Kavanagh thrived and the muscles of what arms and legs he had grew so strong with constant use that he learned to ride a horse, holding it with a strong rein and even using a whip. He became a first-class rider, and although he was strapped into a saddle-chair, he learned to ride at a fast pace and to take fences as well as the best riders in the countryside. Furthermore, he became an expert angler; learned to write letters more legibly than most people who have fingers, and even painted pictures.

Of course he was not able to attend an ordinary school, and a clergyman, Rev. David Wood, became his tutor. Under this tuition Arthur Kavanagh made such progress that when he went abroad he was generally the member of the party who acted as interpreter for those who found themselves unable to speak the language of the country through which they were passing.

His skill in shooting amazed every one. Seated in the saddle-chair on his horse, he would rest his gun on the stump which served as a left arm and pull the trigger with an attachment made to his right arm. So expert did he become that generally he could shoot birds on the wing while his horse trotted along at a good pace.

While still in his teens he traveled in the East with his tutor and his brother. He visited Egypt and Palestine, and rode hundreds of miles strapped in his saddle-chair on the back of an Arab steed. Wherever he went a good deal of curiosity

was excited. The sight of this young man, without arms or legs, but who could ride so well and whose intelligence was of such a high order, excited wonder and admiration. On more than one occasion the party was attacked by robbers and Arthur Kavanagh's coolness and courage were responsible for getting them out of more than one tight corner. On one occasion the girth of his saddle gave way and he and his saddle-chair were dashed to the ground. He was picked up unconscious, but fortunately was not injured, and the following day was riding again.

With his brother he traveled to India by way of Russia and Persia. In 1849, while on this journey, he fell dangerously ill and for some time lodged in the home of a Persian prince, who showed him great kindness. After his recovery the party crossed Lake Urumiah and rode through an exteremely difficult country and in the face of blinding sleet and snow to Mosul. He visited Nineveh, then voyaged by raft down the River Tigris to Bagdad, and then rode by a perilous pass to Shiraz. The dangers and hardships of this journey almost broke his strong nerve, but he kept on. He became dizzy with fever, and one day as he rode he saw the mule in front of him stumble and fall headlong over a precipice. Only his strong nerve served him from a like fate, but he managed to pull up his mule on the edge of the chasm.

Arthur Kavanagh was extremely fond of animals and especially of horses. He depended so much upon them for getting around that he talked to them as to friends. Once, while in the East, he had a fine Arab steed to which he became deeply attached. Often while traveling in the desert beneath the hot sun he would find shelter between his horse's legs while he ate or rested, and the animal would never move for fear of injuring his crippled master. When the time came for him to say goodbye to this faithful horse at Cairo, Kavanagh shed many bitter tears.

While in India in 1851 he had the experience of tiger hunting and astonished even old hunters by his cool nerve. One day, while separated from other members of the hunting party, he came face to face with a tiger which got within ten paces of him, but his years of practice stood him in good stead and, carefully placing the gun on the stump of his left arm, he brought the animal down.

While he was in India his brother left for Australia and died while on the voyage. For a time Arthur Kavanagh found humself in financial difficulties and maintained himself by carrying despatches in the Aurangabad District of India. In 1853 his brother, Charles, died, and he succeeded to the family estates in Ireland, to which country he returned at once.

Several years before this Arthur Kavanagh had made a vow that if ever he became a landlord he would conduct his affairs in such a way that his tenants would honor and love him. At that time it seemed most unlikely that he ever would succeed to the family estates, but the unexpected death of his brothers gave him the chance to fulfil his vow, and

he did so nobly.

He practically rebuilt the two villages of Boris and Ballygragget, which were on his estate. The plans —which won the Royal Dublin Society medal—were all drawn by himself. He arranged that even the poorest people should have comforts such as they had never dreamed of before. He gave instructions that there was to be no harshness or severity in cases where people were unable to pay rents. He loved the people and he wished them to love and trust him.

Considering the terrible physical handicaps he had to face, his unfailing cheerfulness was one of the most amazing things about him. He might easily have become sour and disgruntled. But he was never heard to complain. Wherever he went he wrote letters of great interest describing the places he saw and the people he met. These letters always bubbled over with fun and good nature. When he had completed his thirtieth year he wrote a long letter in which he reviewede his life. The letter was remarkable for the constant references to the goodness of God and for the evidence of his great gratitude to God for all His blessings. This letter is considered by many to be one of the most remarkable letters in all literature.

He greatly enjoyed company and looked eagerly forward to the visits of friends. He had to be carried around the house on the back of a strong servant, but sometimes, if he wished to cross a room and the servant were not present, he would cross the room by a series of springs and jumps, meanwhile keeping an upright position.

He was appointed justice of the peace and sheriff of Kilkenny County, and, some time later, chairman of the Board of Guardians. For many years he sat under an oak tree in the courtyard of Borris House and acted as advisor and general councilor to the people. The simple folk of the countryside had great faith in his sound judgment and every one knew how anxious to help he was. He made up quarrels and even arranged marriages. In the winter time he distributed help and blankets to the poor and made sure that none were overlooked.

In 1866 he was elected to the British Parliament and represented the people there until 1880. Naturally, a man without arms and legs was a most unusual sight among such an assembly, and he received great consideration. He was a man of strong opinions and he was not afraid to express them. He took a very active interest in everything which went on and made several important speeches. The great William E. Gladstone said that he always listened to Mr. Kavanagh with the utmost respect and appreciation.

Arthur Kavanagh died at Chelsea, London, in 1889, worn out by overwrok and anxiety. His passing was mourned by all who had known him personally and by vast numbers who knew of him by repute. It is no wonder that a leading magazine of that time referred to him as "One of the most extraordinary men that ever lived."

STERN BUT JUST.

(Salisbury Post.)

Surrendering to human passions is not the thing that builds great character in individuals and in nations. The man who curbs his passions and abides in patience the working of the legally constituted authority helps to establish a nation of character that will abide. Any man can whip his feelings into passions if he so desires and gives himself unrestrained liberty to do as he pleases. The Good Book says that the man who curbs his passions is greater than he who takes a city.

Another man is being tried for killing a fellow man in North Carolina. He was in a perfect rage, a rage that he had doubtless cultivated to the highest degree, had thrown restraint to the wind, and with pistol in hand slew the man who had done him wrong. Any man can give free reigns to his passions and go the limit; but that does not make it right, and that fact does not justify his being shielded from his personal responsibilities. We are trying to build a great nation out of this. We boast of our wonderful opportunities, of the favors that are ours and how we are leading the world in goodness and in high citizenship and good government. Yet we have the record in crime. We are breaking down at the highest point—personal citizenship, and we are breaking down in the all important matter of enforcing law, in establishing order and taking care of the society we boast of.

It is no easy matter to do full and even-handed justice to all. It is much more kindly to take the course of least resistance and excuse the wrong doings of our esteemed fellow citizens. But if we read the records of the human race and the Divine will correctly, there is a sternness in justice that is absolutely necessary and so long as there is sin there is need of paying the price for sin.

If we were to be overtaken in a tragedy, were to kill, we would expect our friends to rally unamimously and invoke all the wisdom and technicalities of the age and stand by while we worked our way out. Naturally, but that would not make it right to permit us to escape the responsibility and not pay the price for sin. Nor is it right in any man. And only God in heaven knows how long a nation can survive working under such a program.

Maybe we better have a standing committee of investigation for naval disasters, so that no time may be lost.—Columbus Dispatch.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Stanley Armstrong.

The farm boys have been digging sweet potatoes.

New ropes for the flag poles were put up last Tuesday.

We have had quite a few rainy days during the past week.

The boys had sausage for dinner last Sunday.

A good number of cattle from the institution were on display at the fair.

Another car load of pipe for the new water line to Coddle Creek, came last Saturday.

Charles Maynard and Oscar Johnson former J. T. S. students, visited the institution last Wednesday.

Ralph Hollars, member of the fifth cottage, had a number of drawings on exhibit at the Fair.

A number of boys unloaded a carload of stock feed last Saturday morning.

The carpenter shop boys have been boxing up all the spiggots, that are exposed to the weather.

A number of officers and matrons attended the Fair nearly every night last week.

Some of the boys in Prof. W. W. Johnson's room have been learning speeches during the past few weeks.

George Howard, member of the fifth cottage, has been permitted to spend a few days with his people in Dunn.

A number of boys have been pulling peanuts off the vines during the past week. A number of bushels were laid out to dry.

Mr. Hayden Talbert, officer of the eleventh cottage, has been looking after the laundry during the absence of Mr. Russell.

Overall jackets were distributed among the boys last week. These jackets are coming in mighty handy during the cold spells.

We hope that the soccer goals will be put up before long. Most of the boys remember the good times they had last winter on the field.

Everybody is getting Fair out of their bones, and are looking forward to the next holiday, which happens to fall on Thanksgiving.

James Lambert, member of the sixth cottage, has returned to the institution, after being in a hospital for about a month. He was ill with heart trouble.

A number of new members have been picked out for a trial in the band. We hope that all of them will succeed and make good musicians in the future.

The boys had a fine time last Saturday at the ball ground. The boys on the big diamond had a good ball game, which resulted to a score of 14 to 10. The basketball team also had a good practice.

Some of the boys under the direction of Capt. T. L. Grier put up the basketball goals at the ball ground. We hope to have a good basketball team this year. A number of boys have already started practising.

Virgil Shipes, member of the seventh cottage, has been given a position in the printing department. We hope that he will soon learn the click of the type and make a good printer.

Andrew Parker, member of the third cottage, has returned to the institution, after spending a few days with his people in Gastonia. He was called home on account of illness in his family.

Mr. Jesse C. Fisher, Assistant Superintendent, was called away from the institution last Tuesday afternoon. He was called away on account of the sickness of his father-in-law.

Jennings Freeman, Russell Capps, Roy Johnson, Clay Church, Solmon Thompson and James Cumbie, were made happy last Wednesday by a visit from their home folks. Although it was a rainy day, it did not keep the visitors away from the institution.

Last Sunday's Lesson proved to be a very interesting one, it was "Paul in Cornith." It was taken from the 13 chapter of I Corinthians. Most of the boys, especially the boys who are in Prof. W. W. Johnson's room, have already learned the chapter by memory and did not have to study this lesson very hard.

The Boger Literary Society began its sessions with the election of officers for the ensuing three months. Those elected to office are: James Cumbie, President; Joe Wilkes, Vice-President, Russell Caudill, Program Committee; David Seagle, Treasurer; Teachy Rich, Secretary; William Beard, 1st Reporting Critic; Clyde Smith, 2nd Reporting Critic; Andrew Buans, Sergent at Arms; Emmis Harper, Librarian. They have a good program on for next week.

The services were conducted in the auditorium last Sunday by Rev. R. S. Arrowood, pastor of McKinnon Presbyterian Church, of Concord. He

read for his Scripture Lesson from 1 Corinthians 3 chapter and starting with the ninth verse. He took for his text part of the tenth verse: "But let every man take heed how he build thereon." Rev. Arrowood preached a good sermon and it was enjoyed by all. This was the first time that Rev. Arrowood had been out to the institution to preach to the boys.

Rumors were going around the school that the boys would again see the fair this year. On the morning of October 13, after the boys assembled at the big tree in front of the Cannon Memorial Building, Supt. Boger announced that the boys should go into their cottages and get ready to go to the fair. About nine o'clock all the boys were again assembled at the tree, this time not in the daily wearing clothes, but in their uniforms. After a few special instructions were given to the boys they started on their way to the fair grounds, arriving there about ten o'clock. After all assembled, they started around to view the sights and shows about them. At twelve o'clock, the hour set for dinner, all assembled at a selected spot, for there was not a boy in the big crowd who did not want some dinner. After dinner the boys assembled in the grandstand to see the free acts and the races, which all enjoyed very much. After these things were over, they again assembled at a selected spot for supper. After supper, the boys went around again to see some of the shows. About six-thirty they again assembled in the grandstand to see the fireworks and the free acts. All the boys enjoyed the fireworks, except one little boy, who said he was very much afraid of them. After the fireworks the boys started back to the school. About nine o'clock the four hundred boys entered the school grounds and were glad that that great day was over for most of them were pretty well tired. All the boys express their thanks to the management of the Cabarrus County Fair Association for inviting them to attend the fair, and there is not a single boy at the institution who dosen't wish that it would come often. The management of the fair has invited the boys every time since the fair started its operation three years ago. While the boys were coming back, a light rain greeted them, but they did not mind this.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SCHEDULE

South Bound

No.	29	2:35 A. M.
"	31	6:07 A. M.
"	11	8:05 A. M.
"	33	8:25 A. M.
"	45	3:55 P. M.
"	135	8:35 P. M.
"	35	10:12 P. M.

North Bound

No.	30	2:00 A. M.
"	136	5:00 A. M.
"	36	10:25 A. M.
"	46	3:15 P. M.
"	34	4:43 P. M.
"	12	7:10 P. M.
"	32	8:36 P. M.
"	40	9:28 P. M.

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Concord, N. C

THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XIII CONCORD, N. C. No. 49

WHAT THEY PRODUCE.

Some time ago I tried to compare what the different religious systems tried to produce, what the aim and end of the whole progress has been. Here was Greece; Greece said, "Be moderate, know thyself;" Confucianism said, "Be superior, correct thyself;" Buddhism says, "Be disillusioned, annihilate thyself;" Hinduism says, "Be separated, merge thyself;" Mohammedanism says, "Be submissive, bend thyself;" Shintoism says "Be loyal, suppress thyself;" Modern materialism says, "Be industrious, enjoy thyself;" Modern dilettantism says, "Be broad, cultivate thyself;" Christianity says, "Be Christlike, give thyself."—Stanley Jones.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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ECHO OF GOODNESS.

An attached statement to the will of Rev. L. E. Stacy, who died some days ago at his home in Cleveland County, reminds us of other fine old salts of the earth. The late Zebedee Rush, whom everybody loved and confided in, after years of labor in the Methodist ministry, spent his declining years in quiet and ease, occasionally going fishing for which innocent sport he had a pronounced liking.

"Well, brother Rush," remarked a friend, "you are enjoying yourself these days." "Yes, I am walking up and down the stream, waiting the pleasure of the Master when a good place to cross the stream is found." We think often of these fine old men, who accepted the Bible as the word of God and made fine records in words and deeds by its injunctions .

Rev. Stacy, the father of Chief Justice Stacy of the North Carolina Supreme Court and lawyer Stacy, of Lumberton, when he saw the sunset quite near penned an appendum to his will, which attest such a beautiful faith and seems an encouraging bid to us all. He, like old father Rush, was awaiting a suitable place for the Master to take him across. He wrote:

"I joined the North Carolina Methodist conference in December 1873 at Goldsboro, N. C., with a class of fifteen and so far as I know, all of

them are now dead. I am sure most of them are. Two or three of them have been lost sight of and may still be living, though I doubt it. I still abide at the age of 73. I have inherited very little property and have had a large family to maintain and educate. I have been able to accomplish this in a measure and to say I have a competency for my declining years. May I not claim to see the good hand of God in all this. My children have been as considerate and kind as I could ask, which has been a source of great comfort to me, and if they are living lives of usefulness and shall continue to do so, I shall think that I have done some good in the world.

"And now I turn my face toward Eternity. I shall soon make the great advance. It is said to be very beautiful "over there," and I shall look for you to come. Do not disappoint me."

* * * * * * * * * *

JOHN YORKE.

John Yorke, a clothing merchant of Charlotte, died on Monday. For some months his health had been failing; but not until the past few months had his health reached an alarming condition.

We make note of the passing of this splendid and useful citizen simply to bear a personal testimony to his clean heart, pure mind and outstanding gentility. We knew him as a pupil in his teens—he was manly, honest and faithful then; and we have rejoiced with him more than once over the fulfillment of a prophecy made of him by his teacher—that the life of a clean citizen, high aims and great usefulness were foretold by his boyhood attitude towards duty and conduct.

The death of this splendid gentleman, quiet and courteous all the time, just to his fellows and a patron of unblemished integrity, recalls the death of his brother, A. Jones Yorke, who, in every respect was a choice citizen.

These be subjects that delight the newspaper writer, who may say all the good things of their conduct in life without the risk of a denial from any source, or a cynic, agreeing, must clost his observation with "But——"

* * * * * * * * * *

TELLING TALES OUT OF SCHOOL.

"State School Facts," a monthly bulletin issued by the State Department of Education from month to month, shows up the inequality of educational facilities enjoyed by the several counties. One fact is made clear, and that is that our educational system has not yet become a state system, lacking miles and miles of reaching that goal.

The issue of the Bulletin of October 15 gives the statistics covering the

number fo non-standard rural public school teachers, by counties. We note that Durham, Gates, Guilford, Polk and Warren are in rank 1 (that is with the fewest number of non-standard teachers) with Wilson close by with a record of 0.8. Following down the line we find that Randolph county hits a 99 record, while Cherokee strikes the very bottom with a 100.

As usual in all of these statistical showings, Cabarrus county holds a distressing position, being rated 62 for white teachers and 68 for the colored. We would, and we yet have some hope, that the county so favored by natural resources, commercial and industrial importance, be very proud to see our county one time listed at least half-way up the line, if not at the top, in some of these educational statistics coming out from the department.

If Dr. Allen's office runs out of subjects to exhibit, he might gather the record, by counties, of the bobbed-hair and short skirted little girls teaching the young ideas among us.

* * * * * * * * * *

COMPLEXION OF COURT PATRONS.

Twenty years ago nineteen out of every twenty, who found themselves on th ecriminal dockets of the courts of North Carolina, were of the colored race. Today, it seems that the whites to a large measure have taken the place of the negro. That is the case in Cabarrus county.

This exchange of the character of the enforced visitors in our courts may be due to the fact that the negro has been eliminated from the bootlegger business leaving that dirty business to idle and vicious white folks. But whatever the cause or causes may be, it is becoming a deplorable fact that too many of our white people are violating the law—the court records show it.

* * * * * * * * * *

Football this season is of the regulation type. Here and there among student bodies, this classic has left its quota already of broken arms, legs, collar bones and smashed eye-balls. The season is yet young—may have a few deaths to the glory and accomplishment of this great classic.

* * * * * * * * * *

HE LIVES ON.

It will be days and days before North Carolinians will freely realize the monumental act of the late James B. Duke, who, in his will, manifested such hope and love for the welfare of North Carolina causes for all time to come.

Some men die and are buried. Last Chapter! In the fine wisdom that

characterized this man's life and a vision that understood the needs in the state, which he truly loved, he wrote that which defeats the coldness and horror which we are wont to attribute to it—He lives on and on in the establishment of agencies of mercy and opportunity that touch thousands and thousands today, tomorrow, always.

* * * * * * * * * *

COUNTERFEIT MONEY.

In a big city in a neighboring state a patron of a bank had a counterfeit bill among the money he offered for deposit. The teller rejected it but would not return it to the depositor.

Despite the latter's repeated demand for it his declaration that he wished to try to discover whence it came and demand restitution and, failing in that, to keep it as a souvenier, the bank teller refused to surrender it.

The teller was not only within his rights but was doing no less than his duty, according to an official of the Federal Reserve Bank. A bank employe is required to take out of circulation any spurious bill he finds and turn it over to the secret service for tracing to its source.

If a bank patron protests confiscation, says this official, he should be told by the teller that the latter is not taking property, but only a worhless bit of paper as an evidence of crime. If one receives a counterfeit bill and returns it to the person who tendered it, and it is later passed as good money, the former is morally if not legally guilty of being an accessory to a crime.—Reidsville Review.

* * * * * * * * * *

SOLICITOR LONG.

Zebulon Long is the solicitor of this district. In his heart there is no malice. He goes, in the prosecution of the affairs of his office, just as far as reason warrants.

Last week he was the invited guest of the Kiwanian Club, of Concord, along with Judge Lane. Mr. Long was called out; Zeb, as his hosts of friends always appreciatively call him, is always loaded—for a speech. This time he struck, a most serious chord. It was inspiring, as he dealt most eliquently with the true philosophy of an ideal American life.

* * * * * * * * * *

The U. S. Crop estimating department is doing its best to reduce cotton to

a starvation price. These reports make the life of cotton gamblers one excitement after another—and Jones, he pays the freight.

* * * * * * * * * *

Don't be deceived. Protoplasm and its advocates ignore and deny the anthenticity of Genesis. There is no suggestion of protoplasm in the first book of the Bible.

* * * * * * * * * *

Glory! North Carolina is to have a real medical college. Mr. Duke's will leaves no doubt of it.

THE FOG.

I see the fog creep silently,
With lifted long grey hands,
It glides through every bush and tree
In drifting silver bands.

A fairy's magic cloak it seems,
To hide the world from sight;
It folds me round with misty dreams
Like those I dream at night.

And then it lifts quite silently,
And slowly floats away,
And lets the sun come back to me
The short bright Autumn day.

—Laura Anesden Fowler.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

For some time past various people have been making the prediction that the next war would be fought in the air. Well, Billy Mitchell has started it.

Years ago, when I was a youth, there was a fad for little candy hearts on which were sentimental sentiments. The rather bashful young people in those days did most of their courting by exchanging these little hearts. But times have changed. It's different now. These days much courting is done by and in automobiles. I saw an auto the other day with ribbon bands on the hood bearing these expressions: "Will you spare a kiss?" "Wish I had a girl." How is that for auto-suggestions?

Talking about parents keeping an eye upon their daughters, it is said that a Durham mother is watching her daughter so close she refuses to allow the daughter to even accompany a young man on the piano.

When Napoleon was only a young lieutenant stationed at Corsica, he wrote Dr. Tissot, one of the prominent physicians of the 18th century, and told the doctor that his uncle was suffering from gout. The uncle was 70 years old and Napoleon hoped the doctor could help him. Napoleon concluded his letter by saying, "Your humanity makes me hope that you will reply to this consultation." Across the top of Napoleon's letter Dr. Tissot wrote, "Letter unanswered—no interest." Of course the doctor did not know he was turning down the future Emperor of France. In not answering letters promptly you may be turning down a future president of the United States.

The longer I live in this age the more thoroughly I am convinced the population of this country has finally been divided into just two closses—thos who drive 'em and those who dodge 'em. What this country really needs, is an automobile that will stop and count twenty-five before it hits a person.

Anent the becons, light signals which have been placed on concrete blocks at the intersections of several streets, an old colored man coming into town the other day remarked: "Dey must be sumboddy dead here dat they sur does think a lot ob, for dey done put monuments right in de middle of de streets."

In these days of free speech we have much futile arguments about Christianity and religion. Heated, and sometimes biased arguments, are not going to gain many converts to Christianity. It is done by kindly interest, wisely and constantly shown. Personal effort and examples of your own life do more than anything else. "Let your light shine so that men may see." I heard the story once of a blind man who sat at a street corner with a lantern by his side.

Then asked what the lantern was there for, since he was blind and could not see, and the light to him was the same as darkness. The blind man replied: "I have it so that no one may stumble over me."

Benjamin Franklin has been dead more than a century; but his thrifty spirit goes marching on. It would do his heart good were he to come back in the flesh and see the idea of thrift that is being taught in the schools of the United States. Twenty-five million dollars is no small amount to save. Yet the bank balances of the school children of America exceeded this by at least $3,000,000 at the close of last year. The number of depositors has grown to nearly 3,000,000, and more than 10,000 schools now use the system. Install the habit of thrift in childhood, and it usually is a hard one to break in the maturer years of life.

"Money has no purchasing power," declares a prominent economist, and explains his theory thus: "There is no law compelling the acceptance of money in exchange for labor, or commodities. The law simply makes it a legal tender in payment of debt. Hence its value must be measured by its debt-paying power." Technically, the idea is correct. But I have observed that the difference is never noticed if one offers the price asked in cash. Money may not have any purchasing power; but I notice, also, it will generally get you what you want. Money is a tender thing, and no one refuses the tender.

A taxicab driver was worried by an old man rolling a wheelbarrow who would not get out of his way, and thinking to disconcert the old man, shouted at him: "You ought to be wheeling a baby carriage." "And you ought to be in it," quickly replied the old man. That reminds me of the old colored man who was burning dead grass, when a wise guy stopped and said to him: "You are foolish to do that, Uncle Ned; it will make the lawn as black as you are." "Don't worry 'bout dat, suh," responded Uncle Ned. "Dat grass will grow out ag'in an' be as green as you is."

Here is the way to make a happy day. An early morning prayer, with a heart full of thankfulness. Simple, childlike hopefulness, with hardly a thimbleful of care. Greet the world with a smile and a kind word; they are the keys to open the doors of the morning. A patient trust in Providence will sweeten the day's journey. Whatever comes to thee accept in mercy sent. Suppress grouchiness, and radiate joy and kindness along the way, and you'll surely come to "the close of a perfect day."

The sea has ever been an inspiration. In song and story her mood is told. Tempest and calm have shared alike in ringing verse. Tales of her fury thrill us; epics of her tranquility soothe. When poets sing of her majesty and beauty they liken her storm-tossed waves to emeralds; her mirrored calm to sapphires; the sunset on her bosom to rubies, and of her depths they sing of pearls. Their metaphors are precious stones, symbolizing as noth-

ing else could the glory of the sea. Precious stones, precious because of their value, but more precious because of their beauty. A reflected glory lies in every emerald, sapphire, ruby, pearl and something of this glory passes to those who behold such "gems of the ocean."

Talking about "the bread mother used to make," a friend of mine says some of the modern bread is good, and some of the rolls are small, not much bigger than an egg. It may taste like "the bread mother used to make," but it certainly does not look like it. Mother's bread, in years now gone, was baked in an old-fashioned oven before open fire places. It was her pride to have the dough rise to the top of the oven, some six or seven inches. When it lifted the lid of the oven there was a general commotion that it was going to be some bread, and there was scurrying about to get the pot-hooks, open them and lay them on the rim, and give the dough a chance to climb as high as it pleased. You remember —of course you do, if you were a child in those days; you children now know nothing about it—how the dough would just keep on rising and puff over the top of the oven. How those great tall rolls, with bulging top-knots, would come in steaming hot, as "light as a feather," and peel off in flakes, and would melt chunks of butter, until they were as yellow as cowslips, and how they slipped into your mouth and apparently dissolved in delight to the palate. That's how mother used to make bread. How many of you folks can see those oven rolls in your mind's eye? No such bread in these days, although they talk a good deal about "the bread that mother used to make."

AN ANT CAN MAKE A LIVING.

A man's work should mean more to him than a mere means of livelihood. He should draw from it happiness, contentment, peace of mind. This he can do only if he looks upon his work as contributing something worth while to the lives of his fellow-men. For men are so built that the consciousness of rendering service is an instinctive need of their being. Those who have not this consciousness are certain to be unhappy, whether they do not work at all or work up to the limit of their powers, and whether the monetary return from their work is small or great.

POOR OLD GRANDAD.

It may have been a fact that grandad never saw a movie. He may never have attended a ball game. He possibly did not own a radio and he was not in possession of a flivver. He did not go down town every night to get the girl's neck shaved, and he only took a bath now and then. It was weeks, yes, even months, before the happening of the city reached him and he never thought of swimming with the ladies.

He never smoked a cigarette.

He never had his mails manicured.

He never discovered grandma.

He never drank near-beer.

He never went to a burlesque show and took a front row seat.

He never bought pointed toed shoes.

He never went to the club.

He never had a dark brown taste the next morning.

He never wore a boiled shirt or one of those little go-devil neckties.

He never took physical culture or anything that did not belong to him.

He never shot a filling station bandit nor was he ever held up.

He never slept in pajamas.

There was just a lot of the things that folks have now that grandad did not have. He was a real dyed-in-the-wool backwoods fossil you might say.

But grandad was never behind with his work.

Ever think of that?

RESULTS OF NEGLECTING CHILDREN.

Where are the men and women who were neglected in their childhood? Three hundred thousand of the are on the pauper list. One-third of the paupers are in poor farms.

Five million of them are illiterate. Millions more are near illiterate.

Other millions are living in the slums of the cities.

Hundreds of thousands more are in feeble-minded institutions and insane asylums.

There are approximately one million people confined in our jails, poor farms and asylums.

As many more of the same kind of people are at large. These two million cause most of our grief. It costs more to prosecute and maintain our criminals than it does to run the national government—army, navy, congress, courts, administration and everything else.

These two million are polluting our society rapidly reproducing their kind.

The neglect of children is our greatest crime. It is more expensive than war. It is civilization's greatest danger.

A SAFE RULE.

By James Hay Jr., in Asheville Citizen.

One of the most impressive things in the teachings of Christ is the earnestness with which he declared again and again that judgment and vengeance belong to God.

When they brought him a woman taken in the very act of sin and asked him what should be done with her, he stopped down and wit hhis finger wrote upon the ground: "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her."

In those words, at the same time a gentle irony and a terrific denunciation, he defined and summed up the purpose and the spirit of his ministry on earth. He defined and summed them up again when he said: "Her sins are forgiven her because she loved much."

Christ was always intensely interested in failure, disgrace and despair. He was forever instructing his followers that he, lowly peasant as he was in the flesh, could by the grace of God take upon his own shoulders, and so expiate, all the sins of the world, the sins of kings and serfs, of princes and paupers, of murderers, thieves and slanderers.

He never turned his face away because a man was "lost." He had a faith in himself and in his father that recognized no human soul as unfit to be one of the children of God. With a kind word he lifted a thief from the cross to the white rose of paradise. He dined and supped with publicans, winebibbers and society's pariahs. They were the ones he had come to save.

In his words and by his acts he taught over and over that "in the divine order of ideal things it is written that eternal love is to be given to what is eternally unworthy."

He incessantly tried to understand and did understand, the unfortunate and the wretched: those who were helpless under tyrany, and those who were losing their souls to luxury, the blind, deaf and halt, women hopeless because of their sins, men in agony from plague.

Nothing would have interested him more or appealed to him more than a suicide. In his shrewd and unerring psychology, there was perfect understanding of all those things which may persuade a man that life is too much for his already overtried strength, or those other things, which throw down reason from its proud eminence and deliver the unguided body to the agents of destruction.

He knew—none better—the temptations of men. It was for this reason that he exalted understanding, that, without the benefit of these, the that, without the benefit of these, the best of men make but sorry figures when their records are written to the ultimate act.

"Forgive your enemies," came often from Christ's lips, not for the sake of one's enemies but for one's own sake, because one, with love and forgiveness in one's heart, comes near to God. And with what sweetness and authority he took the next obvious step and commanded: "Forgive also those who are their own enemies."

They were the kind of people he

always solicitously sought out. His great fight was against the Philistines, the pretenders, the men who proclaimed themselves better than others. He denounced the hypocrites, the appearances of respectability without the substance of it. He scourged those who despised the poor and the fallen.

Christ ridiculed the Pharisees who, put their trust in the letter of the law. He laughed to scorn the preposterous idea that the mere mouthing of prayers was acceptable to God. As he explained to his deciples that the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath, he also taught that forms and ceremonies were made for man and that no man could be saved by them or damned by their ommission.

He was always concerned with not how a man had died and was buried, but with how he lived and what evils and terrors had brought death upon him. He was the impersonation of the logic of life. There was a sweet reasonableness in him which gave to causes as much importance as to results.

It was not weakness he hated but the failure to try to fight against weakness. He knew well how weak all men were, and with what bitter ease they might lose not once but many times their bravest fights. And to give aid, or inspiration, or a prayer to one who at last could fight no more, and consolation to those who mourned, was in him as instinctive and natural as to love the flowers of the fields through which he walked.

He never regarded anybody as past redemption. His whole life was a protest against the spirit of "I am better than thou." To deny, or attempt to deny, the kingdom of God to any man was beyond his comprehension.

GRAMMAR MADE EASY.

A noun's the name of anything, as school, or garden, hoop or swing.

Adjectives tell the kind of noun, of as great, small, pretty, white or brown.

Three of these words we often see, called articles—a, an and the.

Instead of nouns the pronouns stand: John's head, his face, my arm, your hand.

Verbs tells of something being done, as read, write, spell, sing, jump or run.

How things are done the adverbs tell, as slowly, quickly, ill or well. They also tell us where and when, as here and there, now and then.

A preposition stands before a noun, as in or through a door.

Conjunctions sentences unite, as kittens scratch puppies bite.

The interjection shows surprise, as "Oh, how pretty!" "Ah, how wise!"

BILL'S SCOOP.

By Proctor P. Lincoln.

Bill Markham was sitting on the bench in the city room of the Morning News and looking into space. Ordinarily at this hour—it was drawing close to nine o'clock—he was busy running copy from the city editor's desk to the chute which shot it down to the composing room on the floor below.

But everything seemed dull that night. Perhaps it was the heat, and he gazed about the room at the shirt-sleeved editor and reporters who sat leisurely in their chairs. At the beaches the crowds would be milling their way into the roller coasters or the Merry-Go-Rounds. Bill thought but inwardly he had no desire to back in the glare of the night gaiety.

He was wondering how soon it would be before he would be given a chance to become a reporter. There was Jack Dalton, the heavy-set young fellow who had his desk in the corner. He was once a copy boy. And even the city editor had passed through the same apprenticeship,

To Bill it seemed that ages would have to pass before he would get the golden opportunity. His revelry was broken by the copy boy at his side speaking to him.

"Dead night, Bill! Seems a good time to snatch a nap," and Henry Dane curled up in the corner of the bench and closed his eyes.

Perhaps fifteen minutes had fled when there came a crisp ring of the phone on the city editor's desk. Usually the tingling of the phone was but one of the numerous bustling sounds in the room, and no one paid any attention, but the evening had been so quiet everyone was alert.

The editor put the receiver to his ear. "What's that," he spoke brusquely. "The fishing schooner Mary Ann has struck on Bullhead Cape rocks and the crew is sending up rockets for help. Storm! There's no storm here. Oh, sweeping down the coast. Yes, we'll get someone right after it. Bye."

Then as calmly as if the wrecking of a schooner was an everyday occurrence, the editor turned around in his chair and began giving orders. Dalton was sent to call up the coast guard station at Bullheadl Cape; a reporter was sent down to the fishing wharf to learn everything he could about the Mary Ann, how many were in the crew, their addressees and possibly pick up a picture of the ship from the wharf habitues.

Bill Markham, now alert, waited. He was wishing the city editor would glance over in his direction and tell him to do something. But not a look came to the bench where the copy boys sat. They were forgotten in the excitement of the moment.

"Better send a photographer and see if we could get a flashlight photo of the wreck," the city editor said to his assistant. The assistant phoned the photographic department. "Send a photographer quick. Tell him to bring his camera and plates, a couple of dozen, for a wreck on Bullhead Cape rocks."

In three minutes a photographer carrying his camera came into the room. "We'll charter a tug for the

trip. It's only twelve miles down the coast. You'd never get there if you went by taxi or train. Besides, the reck is an eighth of a mile off the string of rocks. No, a tug! Wait a moment. A call was put in for the tug company and in ten minutes more all had been arranged.

"We'll scoop the town on the picture," said the city editor with satisfaction on his face. "It's a dull night, but this will certainly liven up the front page."

Bill saw the editor glancing at the boys' bench. His chum, beside him, was still lying with his eyes closed. Shipwrecks didn't worry yhis young life. Two others were listlessly reading a newspaper.

"Markham!"

Bill heard the editor calling him.

"Want to carry the plates for the photographer on the trip to Bullhead Cape?"

A look of pleasure flashed over Bill's features. "Sure do," he replied, and grabbed his cap from the rack and made a dash to the photographer.

"This is a good chance to get some real excitement, Bill," continued the editor as Bill and the photographer went out of the door and strode down toward the waterfront where the tug was waiting.

In a half an hour they were churning the harbor waters and speeding out past the last island. The open sea was before them Bill was absorbing the atmosphere of the trip. He noticed that photographer was as cheerful as if he was going to a wedding.

"One thing, Bill," he said repeatedly, "is never get excited. If you get excited on a story you are lost, for you are wasting your energy. What I want you to do when we reach the wreck is to hold the flash pan and pull the string. Then we'll have the picture. See, it is as simple as falling off a log."

Bill watched while the photographer illustrated. "And don't get excited, no matter what happens."

Bill answered with a nod of his head.

The moon which had been shining down on the waters was now hidden behind a cloud.

"We'll run into the storm in a few moments," declared the tug captain to the photographer and Bill. "Better arrange your flash so it won't get wet."

A covering of canvass was run out from the deck and braced up with poles, forming a shelter. Te sea was now beginning to look as muddy and dark as ink and Bill was watching the shimmer of the white caps, the only thing discernible in the darkness. Around them was nothing but blackness. It was a feeling of being all alone out in the ocean.

The waves began to tumble over the prow into the scuppers. But the tug was a sturdy craft. Even with the increased size of the waves the vessel rode through them gently. On into the darkness moved the tug with its engines throbbing.

Suddenly there came the glare of a red rocket. Bill watcched its flight. It sailed straight up until it looked as if it were over them, poised there a moment and then fell gently only to be snuffed out and everything black again.

Almost on the end of the rocket

there came a puff of wind, laden with drops of rain. The tug was dashing on into the storm, which, through its vagaries, was sweeping only one part of the cape.

"We must be about a mile and a half from the schooner yet," said the photographer to Bill. "Now you understand what you have to do. I'll have the camera ready and you can pull the string and we'll have the picture. Then we'll race back to town and scoop the world with a startling good photo. The editor has his heart and soul set on this picture and we mustn't miss it. Imagine the money spent just to charter the tug for one picture; but we'll get it."

Bill nodded and felt elated to think that he was to be part and parcel of this great scoop which would be making the day's news.

The rain was coming down in large drops, driven slant-wise by the force of the wind. The tug now was meeting real opposition, not the small waves of a few miles back. The waters appearead angry and hurled themselves at the tug like shock troops sent againt the enemy. The tug began to toss and turn uneasily. Bill found it hard work to keep his feet. He hugged the shelter which to some degree kept out the rain.

He thought how lucky it was to have the canvass otherwise the flashlight might not work. The powder would be wet. He braced his feet ready for the moment when the tug would be near the wrecked schooner.

He wondered what the men on the vessel were thinking of at that moment. What would he be thinking of? He remembered the words of the photographer, "Don't get excited." The nearer the tug came to the wreck the more anxious Bill became, but he fought off the feeling. The photographer with him didn't seem to be worrying at all. He chatted with the captain and tried to peer ahead int othe blackness.

Bang! Another rocket shot high into the sky. It was almost over the tug.

"We're within a quarter of mile now, Bill," said the photographer. "Better be ready. It'll be a race back to get this in the final edition."

Bill took up the powder pan and held it aloft with his fingers on the string just as he would have to do at that crucial moment.

The tug plunged onward into the sea, now row after row of maddened white caps. Bill found it almost impossible to stand on the deck. The waves washed over the prow and were drenching his feet. He felt clammy. But he wouldn't miss this great adventure for miles of roller coasters.

Now they could see a silhouette in the darkness. The tug captain rang for the engines to slacken speed. The tug, like a well-trained animal, suddenly slowed down. The sea near the rocks was lashed into a whirlpool which hissed even above the roar of the wind. The tug captain had to approach from the ocean side. He, too, feared the treacherous rocks upon which the fishing vessel had been cast.

The photographer calmly prepared his camera, placed the powder in the flash pan and told Bill to hold it over his head. "When I say pull, pull the string for all you are worth," he warned. "Keep it high so that

the wind won't blow the powder. That——''

There was a grating sound. The tug seemed to be lifted up out of the water. Bill grasped the railing back of him. He felt himself swayed as if he was in an earthquake. In the strange feeling of the moment he didn't notice that there were groans coming from the photographer.

He looked down. The photographer had fallen to the deck. Oue hand was grasping his leg; the other held aloft the camera. ''Grab the camera quick, Bill. And take a picture. I'm afraid my leg is broken. We struck a rock, but we'll be all right.''

Bill seized the camera with one hand and held the flash with the other. He felt the tug now slipping to a level keel. Evidently it had come off the rocks. He shouted. One of the crew came to him.

''Hold the flash pan,'' he pleaded. The man did as he was told. Bill focused the camera on the silhouette of the wrecked vessel before him. He could see the outline of the hull and the waves rushing over the sides.

''Pull the string,'' he shouted as loud as he could. ''Pull the string.''

There was a flash of light like the bursting of a volcano. It was blinding. Bill clicked the camera at the same moment. As he was looking down into the camera plate he saw the whole vessel and specks of men hanging to the rigging.

He turned to the photographer. The injured man looked up and said: ''Take another.'' Bill did and several moments later a red rocket shot up from the deck of the schooner showing the men in the rigging were climbing down to the deck of the wrecked vessel. Bill saw a coast guard boat nearing the Mary Ann He knew that the men would no be safe.

''Captain,'' he said to the tug commander. ''Better rush right back to town again. We'll have to get Jim to the hospital. His leg must be pretty bad and I'll have to get this picture right back to the office.''

In the turbulent sea the tug was turned about and now with the wind and waves behind, the tug made remarkable speed. It seemed like a race against time.

It was after midnight when the tug slackened speed beside the home wharf. Bill leaped ashore, went with the captain into the tugboat office and phoned the hospital and then the city editor.

''What's that! Jim has broken his leg. Did he get the picture,'' came the voice over the phone. ''No.'' ''Then we haven't got a picture?''

''Yes,'' replied Bill hastily. ''I got two of them.'' He hung up the receiver and dashed back through the side streets to the office. It had rained in the city, for the streets were wet, but the storm had blown over.

He didn't know whether to be elated or not. He had done his best to take a picture, his first picture. All he could do was to hope against hope that it had come out well. He carried the camera as if it was a mint of gold. He almost hugged it. He felt like asking it if the picture had been a success.

All along the street as he hastened something seemed to say that the pic-

ture was a failure—after that mad dash down to Bullhead Cape through the rain and the storm, and the darkness. What a vivid picture the rocket gave—the ship on its side, the crew clinging to the rigging. He would remember it as long as he lived. It was burned into his memory.

At last he reached the office. He rushed upsairs not waiting for the elevator. He brought the camera to the city editor.

"Man alive," said the editor. "What happened to Jim just when we needed him most?"

Bill told how the tug had hit a rock, Jim had slipped to the deck and how Jim had asked him to take the picture. He mentioned how the crew of the Mary Ann were clinging to the rigging and the fight of the coast guard boat to rescue the men in the death-grasping sea.

"Dalton," shouted the city editor. "Talk to Bill. Here is an eye-witness account of the wreck. Tell him all you know, Bill, and let me send the camera to the photographic department and hope the pictures are good."

Bill repeated all to Jack Dalton. "That's great stuff, Bill," he said when Bill had told him the whole story of the race through the harbor and into the open sea and all.

"You've done great work for us tonight, Bill," said the city editor kindly. "It's getting late and it would be best you get some good sleep. You must be tired."

Bill tried to say that he wasn't, but the city editor told him to rush home to bed and he would see everything in the newspaper the next morning.

It was bright and early when Bill awoke to find his room flooded with the morning sun. He dressed hurriedly and went to the corner store, where he bought the Morning News.

Staring him in the face was a vivid photograph of the wrecked Mary Ann with the crew in the rigging and the waves pounding over the sides of the hull.

And directly below was an eye-witness account and there stood his name in letters so large it almost startled him.

He was a little proud when he walked into the office late that same afternoon. But he was prouder when he was handed a letter addressed to him. It was in the handwriting of the city editor. It read:

"Bill, thanks very much for that wonderful picture. We need you on the city reportorial stac. Take tonight off and report for duty tomorrow."

There was a sparkle of joy as Bill wolked slowly toward his home once more. His dream had come true.

In driving along a road did you ever notice how easy it is to get in a rut and how hard it is to get out? In our every day life we are all prone to get into a rut and sometimes offended if a friend asks us to get out or offer some assistance to save us from making a wreck of ourselves.

UNCLE JIM.

The man was dying.

He w as rich in the things of this world, nor was he lacking in spiritual attributes. The piety, culture, consecration of the community would have done his bidding, gladly.

"I would like," he faintly whispered, "to have Uncle Jim come and pray with me."

Uncle Jim was a poor, hard-working man, who did odd jobs about the village. His prayers were poor things, from the standpoint of utterance and thought. Just a few feeble, broken sentences—ending always in a choking sob.

Well, Uncle Jim came, straight from his humble task, into this home of wealth and refinement, where a soul trembled on the mystic borderland. His clothes were cheap and worn; his hands were rough; his back was bent; his face was all seamed, for he had tasted deep of sorrow; in his eyes there was a look that made one think of great, silent things.

And thus he kneeled on the soft rug, beside the splendid couch on which the sick man lingered, and, in words that were barely audible, asked the good Father "to be kind to this pilgrim as he passes through the valley."

"It is all right, now, Uncle Jim," said the dying man. "The rest will be easy!"

Uncle Jim started to leave the room. He reached the door, hesitated a moment, then came back to the bedside. "If it isn't too much trouble," he said, as the tears streamed down his furrowed face, "when you reach the other side, I wish you'd hunt up Nancy (his wife, who had died ten years before,) and just tell her that I'm still a-facin' forwards!"

There was an eager nod from the sick man and Uncle Jim went back to his plodding work.

Uncle Jim's greatness is in his goodness. He will never know how big and fine and splendid he is until he hears the greeting: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant"——when he goes to "hunt up Nancy!"

——Exchange.

A WONDERFUL AGE.

General Grant's youngest son, Jesse,—a lawyer in New York, a Democrat, moreover, and married to a North Carolina woman—lacks three years of attaining his 70th birthday; yet, though he does not consider himself an old man, he has "seen the impossibilities of the centuries become fact, and the beliefs of ages wanish in a day." Born in a log cabin on the farm his father grimly called Hardscrabble, Mr. Grant, in common with other men whose loves cover the same period, has lived through stupendous changes; eons might well have stretched between today and the not distant days of his boyhood.—Columbia State.

THE BOY WITH THE MOP.

By Dr. J. W. Holland.

Last week I spent a day on the campus of a great university. On every hand was the thrilling spectacle of young life. Boys and girls "get us" with their energy and go.

However, I noticed some things that were not there 20 years ago. One sight was new to me. I saw auto loads of finely dresed young men, in cars that cost in some instances $5,000, spinning over the campus.

I watched it, and wondered how it is possible for a young man to go to college with a limousine, three pockets full of cigarettes, and get an education. My sympathy was with the boys. Their parents have money. Education can be bought, so they think, and they are out for a few thousand dollars worth of education. I feel sorry for their parents. I imagine that their fathers have won in the business game, and that their mothers are socially on the peak. But they do not know what to do with their children or their money. They are liable to lose both.

Back of the parents is a social system that puts emphasis on horse-power instead of horse-sense.

My duties took me to the third floor of a dormitory. There I met a stalwart young fellow with a mop-pail and a big mop. He looked so good to me that I had to shake hands with him. I found out that he came from a farm and wants an education badly enough to mop floors for it.

I do not want to glorify unduly this hero with a mop. But I believe I have sense enough to understand that if this lad keeps his health, and lives to 45 years, he will hire a whole quart cup full of these limousine boys to work for him.

The men who are running America today, are the boys who kept their manhood clean, studied and worked when they were young. I do not pronounce praises upon poverty. God knows that poverty is a hard master. I have worked for him, and I know. Yet I have noticed that the men who sit in the places of power and usefulness, once sat upon patched trousers. The grown men who are now riding, once walked.

Doubtless, many of these young limousine students have clean ideals, and wil make successes of their lives. It is possible. But as a rule it is a pathetic thing to see how luxury will steal the iron out of the blood of youth. Work and prayer are God's twin angels that shape the highest destinies of men.

You can feed squirrels so many nuts that they will forget to lay up adequate provision for the winter. You can give ants so much sugar that they fail to dig their holes below the frost line.

I am not a betting man, but if I had a dollar to bet upon the man who will be successful, I would put it on the boy with the mop.

President Coolidge has named Nov. 26 for Thanksgiving Day.

"THE GOOD GREY POET."

By C. C. Sherlock in Better Homes and Gardens.

One takes the Camden ferry at the foot of Chestnut Street, in Philadelphia. It is in the midst of summer, late in the afternoon. It is that telltale hour when Fatigue lays its heavy hand on the worker; when energy ebbs and the parched and fevered senses turn to thoughts of peace and quiet and cooling breezes. But the heat and cooling zreezes. But the hang in the murky stillness of the air. There is a ceaseless din and roar and shout, as if all the hideous devils of the pavements were met in unholy ceremonial over your battered nerves. Motors fill the air with fumes, and dripping thousands crowd into the ferry with the haunting expression of helpless despair in their drawn faces.

They hang in their places like drooping flags chained to a mast—motionless, whipped out, spent. Negroes, laborers, workmen in sodden clothes clinging to the grime of their labor, shop-workers, office help, carmen—toiling by day in the City of Brotherly Love and creeping off by night to the humble houses of Camden for the welcome rest their weary bodies may wrest before before another sun summons them to their tasks again.

They are the limestone and the phosphates of our national soil, each season a new outcropping works its way to the surface and sweetens and fertilizes. But, again, they are the children of despair, the numb and inarticulate foundlings of hope. I was sorry and I was glad. I felt the the great, rolling sweep of Whitman's lines crowding in upon me when I saw them, mingled with them and sensed with them the sting of the day and the scant promise of the night. For these were the people Walt Whitman loved; to him, they stood for the greatness, the strength, the democracy of America. And among them he chose to live and die—with them in their din and heat and squalor— Walt Whitman, a seer!

Mickle Street is but a five minutes' leisurely walk from the ferry in Camden, New Jersey. It isn't a secluded spot suggestive of the beauty and quiet we so commonly associate with poets. There is here none of the majestic peace and beauty we find on Brattle Street, in old Cambridge, where lived both Longfellow and Lowell. It isn't even served with the ordinary attractiveness we find in the ordinary residental streets of our cities.

Mickle Street is a typical "back alley" so far as one finds in it the atmosphere we expect to find. There are no front yards or lawns; the houses—small, narrow, squat—stubbornly hug the sidewalks. They are dull and melancholy houses, somber in their leaden gray. The sidewalks ar efull of dirt and missing bricks and here and there a tree struggles hopelessly for life.

Back across the alley to the rear are the switch yards, where stubby locomotives puff up and down the

live-long day. Even the benediction of twilight brings no ransom for them. The rough cobblestone pavement in the streets groans and shrieks and rattles to every passer-by, and the curb smolders under its garbage and refuse. Dirty, dark-skinned, vigorous children swarm all over it like pent-up larvae struggling in their cells.

Number 330, a tiny, low-roofed, two-story house, was the home of Walt Whitman for the last eight years of his life. He had lived for slightly more than ten years in another part of Camden with his brother before moving to Mickle Street. It has, within the last year or two, been purchased by the City of Camden and set aside, as a permanent memorial to the seer and poet.

I entered the tiny door, wondering how a man of Whitman's size and bulk ever could find it adequate for his use; how a man of his enormous sweep could ever be comfortable in such narrow confines as this tiny cottage afforded.

The hallway is pinched in size. You enter, on the left, a tiny parlor, devoid of furniture, save for a case or two lining the walls and full of relics. A very small fireplace, which seems pinched and starved like the Victorian age to which it belonged, is opposite the dor. Two windows face the street. There is nothing here at all suggestive of the man or his work. Things are small, cramped, narrow. Whitman was anything but this.

But here we are wrong. We err when we seek to read him in atmosphere, in architecture, in material surroundings. These are incidental, illusionary, fleeting. He came to Camden no tfor the landscape or the view; no sparkling shore, or whispering wind in the swaying trees, no greensward of meadow or hill made him happy and contented in Camden. It was the folks—the folks in this back alley who were unspoiled, simple, frank and sincere. And they are still there—their type—all about.

On a weary day in the midst of the War Between the States, Abraham Lincoln arose from the Cabinet table and walked to a window. He chanced to see a great hulk of a man, dressed in workingman's clothes, swinging leisurely up the street. There was that in Walt Whitman which arrested the attention. Lincoln saw him and was conscious at once of his power. He turned and said to those about him, "There goes a man!"

There goes a man! It would seem that such should be the customary comment whenever a member of the genus homo went abroad, but, alas, how few out of all the millions are, indeed, men! Learned students of the whole realm of human activity spend a lifetime trying to find even twenty men in all recorded history who have by thought or deed really earned the proud title.

"What think ye of Whitman?" asked sturdy old John Burroughs of every poet crossing his path. Tell me what you think of Whitman, says Burroughs, and I'll tell you what kind of a poet you are—what measure of fame will be yours! Then Burroughs hastens to add that Whitman

is the one real poet produced in the whole Christian era.

This is, perhaps, a salty morsel for the average person of literary turn to enjoy. Indeed, a great many people are bored to drowsiness by his queer lines. They find no beauty, no form, scant substance, in his unorthodox scribblings. Instead of poems, they find only the record of thinking out loud, of jottings, of meaningless gropings.

The strength of Whitman lies in the fact that he is unorthodox and unhampered by the usual literary fetters. He is not a poet of form; in fact, he is not a poet at all in the ordinary acceptance of the term. He is a true poet, a herald of the whole cosmos, a singer of the universe. It is his acceptance of the universe and every part of it; his glorification of even the details we often shrink from; his great, majestic sweep and breadth of vision—that feeds and startles the mind.

One cannot sincerely read the man, or dip into him anywhere, without striking flint that almost amazes one in the boundless realms of thought it opens up. Sometimes, only a line or two about America, sweeps into the vision every nook and cranny of this broad land. His words, seemingly arranged without thought or order, often are like flashes of lightning. They are not the thunderbolts that Emerson shot, but the sympathetic illumination of the whole landscape as comes from the gentle heat lightning on a summer's evening.

His is essentially the voice of maturity—strong, virile, throbbing maturity. There is nothing of the beardless youth groping for life and merely skimming off the frosting. Whitman was not a distiller of life, he brewed a beverage as raw and strong as life itself. His manhood is hairy-chested and his womanhood was a far glimpse into the future.

He was a writer with a deadly purpose—and a staunch, eternal faith in his own ability to fulfil that purpose. He sought to catch and interpret the vrility of Democracy, perhaps to lead it to his own goal. And he had the true poet's vast sympathy for those who struggle and contend, mute and helpless, in the grim arena of life. He wanted to help, to give himself and his bubbling, exhilarating faith to all.

Whitman's songs were not of subjects or people unfamiliar to him. He was born on Long Island, within sound of the tides, and spent several years as a boy on the farm. The mysteries of nature, no doubt kindled by the eternal mystery of the sea, early filled his life with the habit of reflection and introspection. He drank so deeply of the woods, the fields, the stars, the sea, that in later life he evidenced no desire or interest to live where they were near. "I know them," he would say, "I know them completely. Your man of the woods and fields must be all hands and feet to get about, but here"—and his glance swept Mickle Street—"I can touch and sample life hourly."

His youth and young manhood were spent in Brooklyn working at various trades, among them printing. He later made a long tour of the South, and gathered his first great glimpse

of the magnitude and new rawness of America. It is likewise whispered that on this trip, while in New Orleans, he met, loved, and was loved in return by a talented young Southern girl far above his social station in life. Of his attachments for the opposite sex, we know little or nothing save for what rumor and intuition tell us, as he was pointedly silent on them.

They no doubt inspired many of his love-poems, the love-poems of mature manhood, which raised such a storm of protest all the days of his life. Whitman possessed a rare nature for the age in which he was born. When shame and sham were at their height he insisted on stripping bare his mind in broad daylight. He not only went about with his great hairy chest uncovered, but he was unabashed in doing it. Likewis, he wanted to see men and women glory in love and drain out the artificial.

"Come, I will make the continent indissoluble;
I will make the most splendid race the sun ever yet shone upon;
I will make divine magnetic lands,
With the love of comrades,
With the life-long love of comrades.

I will plant companionship thick as trees along the rivers of America, and along the shores of the great lakes, and all over the praries;
I will make inseparable cities, with their arms about each other's necks;
By the love of comrades,
By the manly love of comrades.

For you these, from me, O Democracy, to serve you, ma femme!
For you, for you, I am trilling these songs,
In the love of comrades,
In the high-towering love of comrades."

Emerson, we know, was frankly a staunch admirer of Whitman for he saw at the very beginning, when Leaves of Grass was first issued, what Whitman was seeking to accomplish. But Emerson walked for three hours on Boston Common with Whitman, when his third edition was being published, urging him to drop the objectionable pieces. Whitman said little, but when Emerson at last asked what he thought about it, Whitman observed: "What you have said only determines me the more to let them stand." "Very well," smiled Emerson, "let us go and have dinner!"

Whitman knew his own motive, and he was, at the same time, a shrewed publicity man. He knew that to take out these poems would be to admit that he was all the opposition had claimed; that his book would cease to be talked about and would die as surely as sin must perish. The more he was prosecuted —even the Postmaster-General had to rule that his book was not obscene once—the more people bought it to see what it was all about. We even have evidence to show that in the early days when the first edition

came out, Whitman wrote anonymous reviews assailing his own book, to start the tongues wagging!

He spent ten years in Washington as a government clerk, serving in three departments. His spare time, during the Civil War, was spent in nursing wounded soldiers, in writing numberless letters home to mothers and sweethearts for them, in raising funds to buy them little delicacies, in mothering them.

His great sympathetic heart caused him to drive his magnificent body beyond all reason, and it was his labors in this work that wrecked his health and shattered his body for the rest of his days. But he did not complain; his strength ever was his great, contagious good nature.

In Washington he became the friend of John Burroughs, then also a government clerk. That friendship was to last until Whitman breathed his last, thirty years later. He not only gained a friend in Burroughs but a staunch defender.

His chief fame, with the great mass of our citizenry, came when he wrote his "O Captain, My Captain!" upon the assassination of Lincoln. It is probably the only orthodox poem Whitman ever wrote, certainly the only one with any semblance of meter or rhyme.

He attracted to himself an odd crew of friends. They were so diverse and opposite in their nature and bents. We have already mentioned Burroughs. There was Colonel Ingersoll, Emerson, Thoreau among the famous; and across the water Tennyson, Swinburne and others. Among those untouched by fame, his friends were legion. Even Mrs. Burroughs, somewhat old-fashioned and peppery, was charmed by his rare sweet, good-nature—even if he was invariably late at his dinners and the meat had turned cold!

He filled his place. He suggested things we need to know. He was rebel and revolutionist in many things, but he stood firm as a rock in his belief in the goodness of this world, in his childish, simple faith in the eternal goodness of the cosmos. He was a firm believer in another life, and once "called" Ingersoll when the latter was trying to read something else into his poems on a Philadelphia platform.

Whitman is now generally accepted as a literary star in the American constellation. He will doubtless live, and as he lives, he brings more sympathy and understanding to those who read him.

The man who reaches the top is the one who is not content with doing just what is required of him. He does more. Every man should make up his mind that if he expects to succeed he must give an honest return for the other man's dollar. Grasp an idea and work it out to a successful conclusion. That is about all there is in life for any of us.

WHAT SHALL WE HAVE TO EAT TODAY?

By Emma Mauritz Larson.

Sometimes our mothers say, "What shall we have to eat today? It seems as though I've cooked everything I can think of, and no two of the family like exactly the same thing anyhow." And it is a steady and very real problem that they have on their hands.

But there are men in New York who have a much more complicated problem than any housekeeper, or even than the people who cater a great number of boarders in hotels. They are the scientists and naturalists who have charge of the 3,352 animals in the Bronx Zoological Gardens on 208th Street.

When the say, "What shall we have to eat today?" there have to be many and queer answers given in reply. The zoo animals come from many places and have been used to such a wide variety of food in their native lands.

The aardvark of Ethiopia never had any trouble at home deciding upon his dinner. It was terimtes every day and as many times a day as he was hungry. But there are no termites to be had in America. At first he was coaxed along on meals of dried grasshoppers imported from Ethiopia, but that was too difficult to keep up. Finally, after slow training, the Cape aardvalk accepted finely chopped beef and rice mixed together.

But beef and rice would never do for the Guereza monkey, brought back from Africa just a year or so ago by Ellis Joseph. The monkey scorned the usual fruit diet of other species of monkeys and only by chance was it discovered what he wanted for dinner. stopping at a hotel en route to the Zoo, Mr. Ellis had a meal in his room and the monkey showed an eager interest in the beans on his tray. And after he was established in the Gardens vegetables and milk were the steady answer of the Guereza to the question of "What shall we have to eat?"

There was one rare inhabitant of Bronx Park who had come far and who only lived five or six weeks after his arrival in New York to the great regret of both the scientists and the public. He was the duck-billed platypus of New South Wales, and had been brought ten thousand miles that Americans might see his duck bill so strangely combined with a dark brown furry body, and study the life of this strange species of egg-laying mammal. The animal had cost $1,400 by the time it arrived in America because it had been so difficult to procure. And every care was taken to help it adapt itself to the new climate and diet.

Meal-time for the duck-billed platypus brought tiny shrimps and oysters, wood grubs and water insects even harder to gather. So it cost the Zoological Society four or five dollars a day to feed this strange animal. But they would willingly have borne the expense to have it live and thrive in the United States. In spite of all the care, however, it died.

There is a varied chorus of answers to the eating question from cormorants and snakes and alligators. One of the alligators was hatched at

the zoo in 1900. At that time he seemed no more than a light strip of leather, eight inches long and weighing less than a quarter an an ounce. His meals of beef have evidently been quite satisfactory for ,even fasting for half of each year during the dormant period, he has managed to reach a portly weight of 200 pounds And from the tip of his jaws to the tip of his tail he stretches over eight feet long.

The tortiose, who is an old inhabitant of the Gardens, has doubled its weight in twenty years and now weighs three hundred pounds. The usual length of life to animals of his species is thought to be about three centuries, so he is likely to be a boarder at the Bronx Park when the great-grandchildren of the boys and girls of today look through the enclosure.

The Koala bear should have chosen California for an American home instead of New York City, for his favorite diet is the leaves of the eucalyptus trees, native of Australia, but which grow well on the southwest coast of the United States.

But the walrus turns up his tusks at eucalyptus leaves and says, "I'll take clams, nothing but clams." He cares nothing that the clams so plentiful on his native rocks of the north are something of a delicacy in the big city.

The big python gives still a different answer with the addition that he indacates that the keeper needn't bother about food for him every day. In fact, once a fortnight is often enough, and sometimes even that occasional appetite fails him and he touches no food for weeks.

The pet of the zoo, the pygmy elephant who stands only about five feet high at five years old, gives his own orders for meals, as do all the thousandh of other species of birds and beasts and reptiles and fish on the 261 acres of the landscaped park; so that it sometimes seems as though everything edible on the face of the earth has to be on hand for dinner time.

But when we say they "give their own orders," we have to understand that their speech is not man's speech and sometimes it is worse than a crossword puzzle to try to solve what food the frog-mouthed podargus or the gavial, the musk ox or the sacred Myna bird of India want.

But because the Bronx Zoological Garden is a scientific institution every one of these problems is studied out so as to keep the animals in good health. And the study goes far afield into every odd place of the globe whence the animals are brought by explorers and naturalists.

America can be proud of the work that the Zoological Society has done in sending its own expeditions to Brazil and Africa, Trinidad and Borneo, the Malay Peninsula and the Galapagos Archipelago, and many other far-away and wild places. Never before has so much been known about the wonderful wild life of all the countries of the earth as since these men have gone out from New York to study the animals in their own lands and bring back living specimens for us all to see.

Public-spirited men have given millions of dollars, and the city of New York has added its generous share to develop this collection of wild life.

That the people appreciate it is

shown by the fact that tweny-five years ago about 180,000 people a year visited the Bronx Zoo, which had a few animals, but in the present year almost three million people have seen the wild beasts and birds and fish and reptiles.

There may seem bigger questions connected with the Zoo than that "What shall we have to eat?" But after all, there would be no zoo possible if this question of the proper food for all the queer animals were not carefuly studied. And the greatest of the scientists do not consider the question beneath them since it means life and health for all their charges.

THE VALIANT.

(Asheville Citizen.)

"Here in Asheville, a health resort," writes a Citizen reader, "the tale is often told of one man or another displaying heroic courage in his struggle to get well. But the story frequently untold is that of a woman, wife or mother, who helps him to make his fight, What of her?"

Exactly. What of her?

She is doubtless the heroine. She gives uninterruptedly an infinitude of service, which, because it is drudgery and is done without ostentation or complaint, goes unrecorded save in the archieves the angels keep. She knows long days when she must be able to smile for two, beating back the discouragement which momentrily has engulfed him. Always she must meet the morning with the light of happiness upon her, and at night refuse to weep lest the tears that would ease the agony of her suspense cut from beneath him the thin edge of hope on which he stands.

She makes her own suffering an alien thing with which she dare not traffic. Because his reliance upon her is the difference between life and death, her every move, the very light of her eyes, is governed by his need and the complexion of his mood. And out of her love so nrucified by the harsh detail of his pain and peril, she draws that strength sufficient to meet each demand and discount every threat.

His concern is with the passing hour. He measures up when he boldly fronts its test; and for him there is the knowledge that, if he loses, the relief of death is his end. But she, summoning a giant's nerve to conquer the present, can not forget, despite her greatness, the larger threat of a future in which he is not, a future black with grief and cruel with sharpened fangs of need.

Nevertheless, because she is valor's own, even the last extremity reveals her noblity. Asheville has many times discovered that, when such women lose their long and burdened fight, they are unbeaten. Rebuilding their lives with the superb stuff which so long held death at bay, they put their ineffaceable impress upon the life of the city. Asheville owes a debt to the inspiration of their presence and the influence of their words and works.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Stanley Armstrong.

All the boys got a haircut during the past week.

The barn boys have been plowing and harrowing at the lower place during the past week.

Some of the farm boys have been clearing some of the land at the lower place.

John Bostick, David Yorke, Swift Davis, Sylvester and Harry Sims, former students at the institution were present here last Sunday.

Some of the boys, under the direction of Capt. T. L. Grier, have been grubbing stumps at the lower place.

All the rooms have been practicing on a song "America!" during the past week. This song will be sung on Thanksgiving.

Union suits were given out to the boys last Saturday afternoon. Now all the boys know they will keep warm.

Walter Evers and Felix Moore, members of fifth and ninth cottages, have the job of firing the furnace in the school building. We hope that they will succeed in their efforts to keep the school building warm.

Julian Commander and Garfield Mercer, members of the first and third cottages, were permitted to leave the institution to work for Messrs. L. O. Groves and M. L. Groves, of Henderson. We wish them all success.

Stonewall Literary Society of second cottage has opened up its meetings, with the election of officers as follows: Jimmie Steavenson, President; Russel Capps, Vice-President; Roy Lafon, Secretary; Clarence Withers, William Beamon, Reptorting Critics; Bertie Murray, Bible Reader; Herman Goodman, Whitlock Pridgen and Jimmie Steavenson, Program Committee.

Jackson Gregory, who, nine years ago was a student at the J. T. S., visited us last Thursday. We all feel proud of the record Gregory has made, and wish that some of the boys here now would do the same. After he left the school, he attended high school, and after finishing this course, he went to Pennsylvania University. When he was at the school, he was on his way to Florida to open a law office there.

Rev. George F. Rogers, pastor of Saint Peter's Church, of Charlotte conducted the services in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. He displayed a number of relics, which consisted of a knife used by the Spaniards, a gun used by George Washington, a cannon ball, an original Declaration of Independence

written by Thomas Jefferson, a knife found in the War Between the States, and several other things. Rev. Rogers talked mostly about winning one's freedom. All enjoyed the sermon and wish that Rev. Rogers would come again.

Last Thursday afternoon Mrs. Blanche Stearns, Guilford County Welfare Officer, visited the institution, bringing with her a guest, who by name is Miss Nina Troy, of Soohow, China. Miss Troy for twelve years has been a missionary in the foreign fields. After visiting some of the departments and inspecting the Guilford County cottage, they went to the auditorium, where a short but, educational program was presented. When they arrived at the auditorium, the evening school section was already assembled there, with the School's band on the stage, ready to render a concert. As the visitors came into the auditorium, they were greeted with a musical selection by the band. After the band finished it's selection, Prof. W. W. Johnson made a short address, then he turned the whole program over to Mrs. Stearns, who also made a short speech. Then Mrs. Stearns introduced the visitor, Miss Troy. She had brought a number of thing over with her from China, and decided that the boys would be interested in them. So she started her share of the program by showing the boys some of these things. She showed how Chinese dress, use chop sticks, adding machine, memorandum, Chinese top, some rubles and a number of other things. She also told a number of interesting stories about her experiences in China. When she was through with her program, the school sections returned to their rooms. Before Miss Troy left the institution she presented the Chinese top to the boys. She also left anumber of things for the Guilford County cottage. We hope that Miss Troy will come again and render a program for all the boys. We thank her for her entertainment.

SAVING SPACE AND INK.

capital letters must go. no more will the scholar have to worry with two different characters for each letter of the alphabet. this decree has been handed out by comrade k. salovsky, of russia, who has applied to the commissioner of the public instruction to abolish all capital letters in writing in russia. how do you like the looks of it?

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SCHEDULE

South Bound

No.	29	2:35 A. M.
"	31	6:07 A. M.
"	11	8:05 A. M.
"	33	8:25 A. M.
"	45	3:55 P. M.
"	135	8:35 P. M.
"	35	10:12 P. M.

North Bound

No.	30	2:00 A. M.
"	136	5:00 A. M.
"	36	10:25 A. M.
"	46	3:15 P. M.
"	34	4:43 P. M.
"	12	7:10 P. M.
"	32	8:36 P. M.
"	40	9:28 P. M.

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Southern Railway, Concord, N. C.

THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XIII CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 7, 1925 No. 50

SHE WAS A CROESUS.

The richest woman in Raleigh was buried yesterday—Mrs. Mattie Atwater Jenkins, matron of the Methodist Orphanage. Her love and care and mothering of many children without parents had caused her to garner the love of hundreds of children and all who came within the sphere of her helpful Christian influence. She had few dollars, but she was a Croesus in the possession of the only wealth that counts or endures.—News & Observer.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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NOVEMBER WIND.

The wind is out with his broom today,
And he sweeps the leaves from his path away;
He whirls the dust through the street along,
And he sings as he passes, this lusty song.
"Sweep oh! sweep oh!
From end to end of the earth I go!
Over the hills, the street, the town;
Over the valleys sere and brown,
I and my broom together go,
Singing 'Sweep oh! sweep oh! sweep oh!' "

And then he comes with a mighty roar
And rush and bluster the country o'er,
Trumpeting over each flower-decked way,
Wielding his broom with a martial sway,
Shouting hoarsely, "To bed! to bed!
Let every flower-cup bow its head!
My voice is mighty; your day is o'er;
Down into your chambers! I'll shut the door!
Sweep oh! sweep oh!
Instead of dust there will soon be snow."

—Onward.

* * * * * * * * * * *

JUST LOOK AT THIS.

Lots of real worth while information is frequently sent out by departments

of the government and by other agencies; but occasionally you run across an item sent out by the AP for some agency that is the veriest rot. The afternoon papers, carried this item under date line of Raleigh, N. C., October 31:

"Good rains are largely responsible for improving crops in all sections of North Carolina, except those counties in the southern Piedmont, from Rutherford to Richmond, says the fifth district Federal Reserve Bank, through its monthly Review, released for publication in today's papers."

Pray, what crops are benefitted by "good rains" at this late day? What corn was raised is ripe and most of it is gathered; cotton is practically all picked, and the stocks have been killed by the frosts; sweet potatoes, where they were not a complete failure, have been gathered and many of them already consumed and wheat is yet in the ground or yet unsown. About the only crop that could be benefitted at this period of the year by "good rains," of which the Monthly Review favors us with such remarkable information, is turnips or collards, both of them very choice vegetables but not dignified enough for the Fifth District journal to get so hilarious about.

The fact of the business is this stunt is a wasteful one. Some poor hard-worked office fellow had to waste good time in penning it, using up ink and paper and putting the type-setter to the task of reducing the thing to type and troubling the AP in broadcasting same, which is no more benefit to any one than a monkey wrench in a cyclone.

Was all this to hearten folks, or help drive down prices?

* * * * * * * * * * *

THE JURY SYSTEM.

There seems to be much dissatisfaction among the people over some recent murder trials in the state, if we are to place any credence in many correspondences and newspaper editorial comment.

People do not quite understand why one man, indicted and tried for a killing which they regarded cold-blooded and premeditated, should be turned loose with the compliments of the jury; and in another county, not fifty miles from the said jury, which turned the defendant in the above case free, a man made a fatal shot in defense of his life, as testimony seemed clearly to show, at the door steps of his own castle, should be convicted of manslaughter and given a sentence of five years in the penitentiary.

The public blames the jury system for this uneven hand in meting out punishments for grave crimes—temperament of the people in different counties being keyed on a different note. But much of this court record may be due to

fine Italian minds of lawyers, who stack up witnesses and select jurymen susceptible to their influence.

But whatever may be the defect in our jury system, nothing has been proposed as a substitute which appeals to court officials and the legal profession as a better method to try violations of the law.

It is humiliating, however, to the normal North Carolinian, to know that, on the basis of population, there are two and one-half times the number of murders in this country as the records show for England. But the most humiliating feature noted in our court records is that the whites have largely taken the place of the negro in furnishing business for the courts.

* * * * * * * * * *

TALKING ABOUT A LOCAL HOSPITAL.

The several civic clubs of Concord, including the Rotary, Kiwanis, and the Chamber of Commerce, at recent meetings appointed committees to investigate what is necessary to make the city and county elligible to participate in the hospital endowment of the Duke Foundation.

These committees met at the Y. M. C. A. Monday afternoon to carry out the wishes of their bodies. Mr. G. L. Patterson, representing Dr. Spencer, president of the Chamber of Commerce, presided. A general round-table discussion of the matter was had. It was the concensus of the gathering of representative citizens of the city that the matter was highly worthy of a consideration. By a motion prevailing, Chairman Patterson was authorized to appoint a sub-committee of five to confer with Dr. W. S. Rankin, who is in charge of the hospital department of the Duke Foundation, with the purpose of learning all the conditions and requirements connected with administration of this fund. This committee is composed of Dr. McFayden, Dr. Dick Rankin, Dr. Spencer, Dr. Hartsell and J. P. Cook.

This special committee met afterwards and instructed one of its members to get in touch with Dr. W. S. Rankin, inviting him to Concord to make a survey of the field, consult with the doctors and others and meet with the whole committee. That's how far this hospital idea for Cabarrus and Concord has proceeded. The magnitude of the late J. B. Duke's monumental gift to North Carolina and South Carolina is just beginning to dawn upon our citizens.

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PUBLIC CONDUCT.

Among the thousands and thousands, who attended the recent fair in

Cabarrus county, the conduct was most exemplary. If there was a fight, it did not become of public knowledge; if there was a drunk man, he was not in evidence to many. A fine, well-behaved crowd of folks that made one's heart glad.

Contrast this behaviour with such as could be witnessed years ago in large crowds, one is brought to a living realization of the effect that prohibition has had on the general public. At the old Poplar Tent Fair and the one held at St. John's and even the one once held in Concord, where the county officials were aided by town police, it was not uncommon to see drunkenness and fights galore.

The biggest sensation that was ever pulled off at the St. John's Fair, aside from the family horse that trotted around the track with no harness on save collar and traces, carrying a hack full of little children, was a mighty man from Stanly, stepping out to declare that he was the best man in the state. His challenge was accepted by a Concord man, who had taken boxing lessons. In a jiffy, the Stanly man tumbled to the ground, and, as he slowly raised his mighty frame from the ground, he offered his hand to the Concord champion and remarked: "My friend, I took in too much territory."

Some folks are drinking what they think is whiskey—violating the moral law and aiding others to violate all kinds of law—but it cannot be denied that prohibition has worked wonders in the conduct of vast crowds publicly assembled.

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DENOMINATIONAL LEANINGS.

Miss Moore, the registrar of the N. C. Women's (Normal) College, at Greensboro, issues an interesting tabulation of the student body, as to their religious leanings. Only 27 have no preference. These may have been the result of the influence of the skeptic on the faculty, who went about the state blackguarding the Bible, but we doubt it, for a man who gave utterance to such rot would have no influence among normal people except to have them cry out "To your tents, O Israel."

The rigistrar's figures are as follows:

"Interesting information is given in a list recently prepared by Miss Mary Taylor Moore, registrar of North Carolina college, which shows the religious leaning of the almost 1,650 students now present at that institution. Only 27 of the group indicated no preference.

He is the list: Methodist, 582; Baptist, 432; Presbyterian, 304; Epis-

copal, 108; Lutheran, 51; Christian, 38; Methodist Protestant, 24; Jewish, 23; Friends, 11; Reformed, 10; Universalist, 4; Disciples, 4: Moravian, 3; Church of Convent, 3; Congregational, 2; Christian Science, 2; Catholic, 2, Bible Student, 1; Holiness, 1; Unitarian, 1; Church of Christ, 1; no preference, 27.''

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THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW.

There may be miscarriages of justice at hands of a jury, at times, but when trouble breaks out you may depend on the power of law, through conservative and wide-awake judges, to see that things shall proceed legally and in order.

Terrible deeds have been enacted in Buncombe recently, resulting in the trial of several colored men for the nameless crime. The people are aroused, as might be expected when such a crime is perpetrated three times in succession. The indicted parties are on trial, and that no mob violence may occur Judge Stack is taking every precaution to secure an orderly hearing. To this end, he cleared the court room, and then admitted the morbidly curious, one by one, via an examination of their persons to see that no artillery accompanies the would-be court attendant.

There are enough law-abiding people among us to make supreme the majesty of the law when violence and the mob undertake to run things.

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The Uplift rejoices in the fact that Mr. R. P. Benson, who some weeks ago suffered a stroke of paralysis, has so far recovered that he has resumed his work at the Concord Tribune-Times office. Bob is an institution in the Tribune office, having been a valuable attache of that newspaper office over thirty-six years. Mr. Benson is president of the Cabarrus County Sunday School Association, and he has hosts of friends who know of his recent affliction and who will rejoice over his victory.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

It was a Sunday evening—not long ago. I was admiring the beautiful heavens, which a crescent moon was illuminating with the softness of its delicate and benign light; myriads of stars had hung out their twinkling lanterns across the azure firmament, and sent their streams of light throughout the bending heavens, whose quivering gleamings lighted the pathway of the queen of night with chastened glories, like a sheen of silver seemingly woven in a heavenly loom of beauty. As I approached a church sweet voices rang out clear and hearty, in praise of the Great I Am. How appropriate it was that the hearts on the inside should be singing songs of adoration to the loving author of the beautiful world outside. As wave after wave of the blessed and inspiring hymn, "The Sweet Story of Old," rose and rose, and swelled and swelled, I felt what a glorious thing it is to hear and be near the blessed "author and finisher of our lives." That song was a sermon, and I thought surely the strains of those human voices must mingle with the grander songs the angels sing in glory, as they up there do, too, rejoice over the "dear and sweet old story."

There are just two ways of acting. One way is to be just persistent enough. Another is to be too persistent. Some of us (who will never see forty again) realize that we undertake quite joyously at thirty, and even at thirty-five, an impossibility now and then. At all events, it was something too difficult; it would have required too much time and tissue to pay to do it. The salesman, the letter-writer, the foreman, the work manager, the good, game man of any station who undertakes to do things, not to chance it in the way not to do them, is liable at almost any time to go too far; which is only another way of saying that as he gains in experience with age, he learns to separate the impossible thing or the thing too difficult from the thing not easy to accomplish but possible to accomplish with such an expenditure of valuable time and of still more valuable nervous energy that it will pay to put them forth. The good, game man need not fear that he will be regarded as a quitter if he quits the undertaking that it will not pay to succeed with. On the contrary, if he will do that very thing with a kind of refinement of selection which enables him all the while to work harder as well as better upon the possible and the paying things, no matter how difficult they are, he will score the greater success in the end, or perhaps a long time beeverywhere along the road.

When your home business man, merchant or groceryman presents you with his bill do not allow the hair on your spine to rise like porcupine quills, and look as though you shall all take off our hats to him fore he gets to the end of it; and we

could eat a saw-mill, or had been insulted. The chances are that he has trusted you for the shirt on your back, and the groceries to keep your family. Speak kindly to him who has accomodated you, for you know you like prompt pay in others. A man whose temper rises to ninety degrees in the shade when asked for a just account, and feels his dignity has been trampled on is a good man—not to trust.

There are some things in this hustling, bustling, rustling old world that a level-headed human being should never do. One thing is to argue with your wife when she is in the right and nine times out of ten she generally is; kindle a fire with kerosene oil; walk on a railroad track; try to get on a moving train, or step off a moving train or car in the opposite direction from the way it is going; point a gun or revolver at another person; keeping savings in an old stocking under the bed; play a game of chance with a prepossessing stranger; run for office when you have a paying position in private life; calling a bigger man than yourself a liar. Well, there's just so many things a fellow should not do to be happy, that I'll have to stop. Haven't space to enumerate them. They will naturally suggest themselves to every one.

There is a persimmon tree on Liberty street, and its fruit is ever in the small boy's eye; and frequently in his mouth, but only for a few seconds. The persimmons have not been touched by the frosts sufficiently to make them palatable. Anyone who has bitten a green persimmon knows what it tastes like. The other afternoon a flock of little boys made a raid on this Liberty street persimmon tree. One little tot, who had his first experience with green persimmons, ran home crying and told his mother that 'his mouth was wrong side out, and he was twisted up in the face.'' A green persimmon has a way of doing that, apparently.

A good one is told on a high school boy of this city. Like a good many boys now, in the past, and likely to be in all future time, that boy loved a high school girl. It so happened that this girl bore the same name of her mother. The other afternoon, after school, when all pupils are supposed to be at home, this boy calls up, I'll say Sally Smith. Sally Smith answered the phone. The conversation ran about thus: ''What are you doing this evening?'' the h. s. b. inquired. ''Nothing particular, that I know of, except sit by the fire and read.'' ''What do you say to my taking you to the movies?'' ''What take me to the movies?'' came the reply. I'll be delighted. This is Sally Smith; little Sally Smith's mother.'' The h. s. b. was so dumb-founded that he forgot to hang up the receiver. There is no account of either of the Sally's saw the movies that night. It got out and the boys friends are about to guy him into despair. Moral—when a girl bears her mother's name be sure you ask which one it is before you begin your conversation.

A negro man, in the humbler walks of life, died in this city Tuesday.

who was a hero in the world of endeavor, self-respect and independence. Albert Williams, though his skin was black, had a brave and white heart beneath. By misfortune he had only one good hand; the other was off between the wrist and elbow, and had been for many years. Instead of giving up begging his way through life, he boldly and courageously met his fate with energy and thrift. He worked daily, chopping wood, mowing lawns, and did other jobs. He was always employed, and always in demand. It was because he did faithful work, crippled though he was. He was saving and left a good bank account, what a commentary upon those with all of their faculties, who amount to so little, when a cripple, with independence, is so successful. White friends laid wreaths of beautiful flowers upon this humble colored man's bier. In life he was appreciated; in death he was not forgotten.

The Apostle Paul was a great philosopher. He realized that progress was impossible to the people who lived in the past. So he counseled his students to "forget the things that were behind, and to press forward to the mark of the high calling." In other words, as I understand this, we are to forget all the disagreeable things; all the disappointments, fears and illnesses that we have allowed to drag us down in the days that are gone. Some ask, "How can we forget the things that are behind?" "How can we forget that sorrow and that separation which at the time almost broke our hearts; the influence of which has been woven into the warp and woof of our lives? How can we forget the sad scenes we have witnessed, and how can we forget our dead?" These questions are both sentimental and illogical, but they are the ones that are constantly asked. To forget anything, however, disagreeable, not only suggests to these anxious persons a lack of affection, but an intolerable selfishness. Take for instance, the query: "How can we forget our dead?" By "dead" they mean those who have passed from their sight, out of the material environment or consciousness and have commenced another life. They err greatly in calling these very much alive people dead. The command that bids us forget the friends we love would be a cruel one indeed, and quite impossible to obey, But we need not remember their sufferings, or our own sorrow because of them. In order to press forward toward the mark of the high calling with any hope of success we must remember only the good and happy things which distinguished our acquaintance. Let the rest go. Whatever memory causes a sinking at the heart and a gloomy, despodent view of life, should be religiously fought against until it is stilled forever.

Our great commonwealth is the child of Christianity; it may with equal truth be asserted that modern civilization sprang into life with our religion; and faith in its principles is the life-boat on which humanity has at divers times escaped the most threatening perils.—Bancroft.

KNOWING FOLKS.

By R. R. Clark in Greensboro News.

It is a habit to say when the name of a person with whom we are acquainted is mentioned, "I know him well." The acquaintance may be merely a passing one. One may know the name, place of residence and business, family connection and some of the outward characteristics of an individual and not really know the man; even when there are intimate personal and business relations that would seem to give an insight into the real man, he isn't always known. It is generally agreed that it is only possible to know people well, to find out what they really are, by living in the same house with them for quite a long time. That is the nearest approach. Association under all conditions, day after day, is likely to show what the individual really is. But husbands and wives living together for a half century sometimes do not really know each other. Much depends, of course, on the characteristics. Some people are so transparent, so guileless so far as concealing is concerned, that they may be fairly well known on casual acquaintance, even one contact. Others are so skilled in keeping a part of themselves to themselves, that even their most intimate associates of years are sometimes astounded by the revelation of a side they ha dnot suspected.

The foregoing commonplace is suggested by a published review of "Notes and Anecdotes of Many Years," by J. B. Bucklin. Mr. Bucklin was long time in the newspaper service, through which he came in contact with many of the great and many of the small as well. The latter is the accepted part of the job; the former is a sort of exception. It is notes and anecdotes of the first classification—as Mr. Bucklin counts them worthy—that make up the book. Theodore Roosevelt is one. Mr. Bucklin was intimate with the former President; devoted to him and adhim greatly. "He is not an American, you know. He is America," is quoted of Roosevelt with approval. That might be allowed to pass without debate by those who do not approve, as the estimate of admiring friends. But here is what jolts—Bucklin speaking of Roosevelt: "There was not a trace of personal vanity in him;" there was never about him anything that "took the form of self-glorification."

It is possible the country didn't know the real Roosevelt, who was popularly supposed to be one of the most self-revealing of our public men? The public certainly didn't know Roosevelt if Bucklin knew him. The prevalent opinion of Roosevelt, or so it seemed, was that with all his ability and the qualities that ranked him with the great Presidents, his egotism, his self-glorification, was a most outstanding characteristic. Even those who didn't wholly approve him agree that he had that of which to boast, and the manner of his self-glorification was such that it was often allowed to pass with a smile. But is is amazing to hear

anybody declare that the quality which seemed most conspicuous in Roosevelt was in reality entirely absent.

But it is questionable if Bucklin is capable, with all his long experience in the newspaper trade making for clear and unbiased analysis, of making an unbiased estimate of Roosevelt. He agrees that he felt toward Roosevelt as Lowell felt toward Lincoln, thus expressed: "I consider it a benediction to have lived in the same country and the same time with Abraham Lincoln." That might be said without undue glorification, but obviously we can no more give an unbiased estimate of those whom we so greatly revere than we can give those we dislike all they deserve. If the dislike is strong we can't be entirely fair in statement, no matter how much we think we are or try to be.

In this connection the Lodge book on the league of nations and incidentally Lodge's estimate of Woodrow Wilson is suggested. Some of the Lodge criticisms of Wilson, in brief that he was centered in self, may have foundation in fact, although friends of the late President will make heated denial. But when Lodge disavowed personal animosity toward Wilson he set down what a large part of the public—the greater part, it is believed—can not accept. His whole public attitude toward Wilson indicated dislike that bordered on hatred, if it wasn't that and his seeming maliciousness toward the President crops out in characterization of Wilson as "lacking in scholarly attainments." At least it is impossible to believe that Lodge was capable of giving unbiased estimate of Wilson for reasons exactly the opposite of those which made Bucklin probably incapable of correctly estimating Roosevelt. The public may not know, probably does not, either the real Wilson or the real Lodge, bu tif the Massachusetts senator and scholar had no animosity toward the late President, then the public doesn't know what constitutes animosity.

PUNCTUATE THIS.

This will not sound so foolish if you will put in the punctuation marks.

A funny littl eman told this to me
I feel in a snowdrift in Junt said he
I went to a ball game out in the sea
I saw a jellyfish float up in a tree
I found some gum in a cup of tea
I stirred my lik with a big brass key
I opened my door on my bended knee
I beg your pardon for this said he
But 'tis true when told as it ought to be
'This a puzzle in punctuation you see.

—The Hoosier Motorist.

MINING IN NORTH CAROLINA.

By R. L. Burkhead.

If Mr. Burkhead will consult Wheeler's History he will find that he erred in his interesting article in the Lexington Dispatch, wherein he says the early discovery of gold in North Carolina was in 1820.

Right here in Cabarrus county, at the Reed gold mine, a 28lb. piece of gold was found in 1803. *(The finder didn't know what it was—but it was gold;) a 9lb. piece, 7lb. piece, 3lb. piece, 2lb. piece and a* 1 3-4*lb. piece in the year* 1804.

Even up to this date, the natives never dress a chicken in the neighborhood of the Reed Mine without closely inspecting the gizzard for small pieces of gold—that refuses to digest.

Among the earliest discoveries of gold in this country, was the discovery made in North Carolina in 1820. As early as 1825, the gold mines of North Carolina had made a name for themselves and their record of production was greater than that of any other State. In 1830 the annual output had increased to about a half a million dollars.

Until the discovery of gold in California in 1848, North Carolina produced more gold than any other State. With wonderful tales of the richness of California deposits, thousands of miners from this and other states migrated to that State and by the end of 1849 there were more than 55,000 miners at work in the California gold fields; more than $40,000,000 in gold dust and nuggets had been washed out; and a territory which before only been known for its hides and tallow, was completely transformed. As shown by the 1920 Census Reports, California is the fifth richest State in the Union and in 1919 produced 728,590 fine ounces of gold, valued at $15,613,000, while North Carolina only produced 82 ounces, valued at $1,700 and stood 15th in the list of 20 states showing a production of gold during that year.

With the exodus of miners to California, many of the North Carolina mines were abandoned. There were some however which continued to oporate more or less irregularly, until the War Between the States. Only one mine, Conrad Hill, kept up its record of prodution. Gov. Moorehead leased this mine in 1835, for a period of 99 years and worked it with slave labor, at such seasons of the year as he could spare the slaves from the farms.

With the beginning of the War Between the States, the Confederate Government commandeered the Silver Hill Mine. This mine was operated during the entire period of hostilities and produced practically all the lead used in the ammunition supplied to the Confederate Army. No attention was paid to the gold recoveries (during this period,) which were small.

For a long period after the War Between the States, little was done in the way of mining, but in the early eighties mining again became active and several of the old mines were un-

watered and operated at a profit. New mines were discovered and creditable records were made with the crude machinery in use at that time.

The revival of mining attracted the attention of speculators and stock-jobbers and with their entrance into the business, the decadence of the mining industry began. Stock-jobing became the order of the day, mines were sold at fabulous prices and millions were lost. Not because the mines were not good producers, but because they were over capitalized and could not earn dividens on the excess capital. Mines which had been paying properties for years, were wrecked and the principal ownership tied up in foreign corporations, which, while they held the properties at exhorbitant prices, refused to invest money for their operation. However, the values are still there, and it needs only modern methods and machinery, common sense and a little money to rehailitate what was once a great industry.

Today the heirs of former owners are willing to take reasonable prices for their holdings. Only a short time ago I was offered an option on an old mining property for only a little more than the farm value of the land on which it is located. Others can be bought just as reasonably and there is absolutely no good reason why North Carolina should not again take her place as a large gold producing State.

"SWEET-IEE."

(Morganton News-Herald.)

It's a sorry sort of a "sport" who can't take a joke when it happens to be on himself, or herself, as the case may be, but in "taking" this one that is reported in The Hickory Daily Record the editor of The News-Herald passes along gratis this advice—never tell a newspaper man anything that you don't want to see in print, for in all probability, sooner or later he will let it out:

"We always hate to hear a man start out by warning his listeners that he will now tell a joke, but that is just exactly what we are going to do. A joke is weighing heavily upon us and we propose to unload it at any cost. If Miss Beatrice Cobb, editor of The Morganton News-Herald, come a-hunting us with a shot-gun in each hand we are prepared to pay the penalty, but the joke must be told.

"Several months ago the North Carolina press convention was held in Asheville. Miss Cobb is secretary of that body and naturally she was kept pretty busy during the meeting. After a particularly hectic day she was dressing for dinner in her suite at the George Vanderbilt hotel. Miss Cobb had suite E. We presume there is a suite A, and suite B, and suite D, and maybe down through suite Z. That is speculative, however, and we are positive that Miss Cobb had suite E.

"During her rush to get ready in time for dinner the telephone rang. Miss Cobb answered and a tender

masculine voice said, or Miss Cobb swore he said, "Hello—o—o. Is that Sweet-iee?"

"The color rose to Miss Cobb's cheeks, we feel sure, and she says that her glance left icycles on the telephone. In a haughty voice she asked, 'Whom do you wish to speak to?'"

"'I want to speak to Miss Cobb. Isn't that Sweet-iee?' replied the man.

"The persistence of the speaker almost coored the Morganton editrix. She told him it was Miss Cobb but she did not mention the endearing name he had tacked on. The business was discussed over the 'phone and that night when Miss Cobb saw the man she asked him hotly what he meant by calling her "sweet-iee."

"'Why, I was only calling your suite. Haven't you got suite E?' he asked.

"And that's the joke on Miss Cobb."

MAURY.

(Greensboro News.)

"This is inexplicable," said Heywood Broun when he read that Matthew Fountaine Maury and Benjamin Rush had received more votes for election to the Hall of Fame than Walt Whitman. Nothing should be inexplicable about the Hall of Fame because everything is. Mr. Broun's own paper, the New York World, comes as near telling the truth as any other when it says that the institution has always had too much of a New England flavor.

But Br. Boun goes further. "To my shame," he writes, "I must confess I never heard of either" Maury or Rush. Perhaps not; not many persons on land know anything about Matthew Fountaine Maury. Mr. Broun should go to sea.

He should go to sea because the moment his liner leaves her Hudson river pier she comes under the influence of Maury. If she cuts across the North Atlantic lane to Southampton or Liverpool or Cherbourg or any European port she will be in Maury's hands. If she turns southward to the other America she is still in Maury's hands. If she pushes her prow into the Pacific Maury will be steering her. If she follows Conrad to the east every warm wind that blows over her will have been measured by Maury. She cannot enter any of the seven seas without finding Maury ahead of her and still with her, guiding her, directing her, showing her where to go and how to get there.

It is Maury's fate that with most of those who know of him his name is connected inevitably with school books. Fate is unfair. Here is a man who measured and mapped the seas, who build the modern science of navigation, whose work is felt on every trade route on the waters of the globe, and he is remembered because his name was on the outside of a geography you may have studied in the seventh grade. Greensboor's own Alphonso Smith felt that fact keenly. In his latter years he

set about writing the story of Maury. It is a great story because it dealt with a great man.

Maury wrote a treatise on navigation before he was 30 years old. He made the old depot of charts and instruments into the United States naval observatory. He measured winds and currents through specially prepared log books in the hands of scores of sea captains until he had hundreds of manuscript volumes. He made the international conference at Brussels in 1835, which laid down the laws of modern navigation. He mapped the greater part of the globe for the benefit of the nations. He did more for navigation than any other single man. Europe knew that. Europe gave him high honor and acclaim, more than his own country. America has never cared especially for him—chiefly, no doubt, because nobody ever told America who he was or what he did. The fact that he was born in Spottsylvania county, Virginia, and died at Lexington in the same state may account for much of the ignorance about him.

NOISE AND SERVICE.

Exchange.

A MOTOR-CYCLE makes a lot of noise. It gets over the ground rapidly, but it lets you know it by the vast amount of sputtering it does. It is not an easy traveler. You can hear it until it is almost out of sight. With the automobile it is different. It travels quietly. And besides, it may carry as many as a half-dozen passengers, whereas the motorcycle is built for one person. The writer is not voicing a prejudice, for he owns neither of these modern vehicles. He writes out of the impression he has gained from observing the two.

But it is not alone with machinery that you sometimes find noise and service in inverse ratio. You may discover it in the home, in the field, in the office, in the hospital, in the church. There are persons in all the walks of life who turn over a tremendous amount of work, and yet they do it easily. You would scarcely judge from looking at them that they are busy. Then there are others who do much less, but they make more noise about it. They are always talking of how hard pressed they are, how important their work is, how tired they are, how underpaid for what they do. What vast multitudes of people there are in our churches who leave nothing undone their hands find to do, and yet they move about easily. They are not conspicuous. They are not all the time reminding you of the burdens they bear, they carry no banners, seek no plaudits. You scarcely know they are around. But they do their full share. They are always in their place. Their motto is, "Service to the front, noise to the rear."

Don't forget worthy causes Nov. 26, 1925.—Thanksgiving.

SHE TELLS THE WAY.

The Old Dominion has produced some wonderful folks, from Presidents down. Besides authors and orators, she has produced men and women of great activity and power. Among these is Mrs. Marian Estelle Eley, who, besides being the honored head of the State King's Daughters and president of the Woman's Club, understands something about political philosophy, as witness the following address delivered before the Norfolk City-Wide Democratic Woman's Club:

We are living in an age of rapid change; hardly do we accustom ourselves to one style or method when lo, it has passed. The procession is moving on and something or somebody is pushing us from the back; in popular parlance "we have to step lively" or we are out-distanced. The automobile will see to that for, as some facetious person has said, "There are only two classes today, the quick and the dead and, if you are not pretty quick you will soon be dead." Speaking of changes, I noticed in the paper recently in a prediction of the fall styles that the skirts would be shorter and the earrings longer, which seems to me to be rather the wrong way around—and so it goes, but of all the changes that have come, or are likely to come, nothing is comparable to the change in woman and the attitude of the so-called sterner sex toward woman since her entrance into politics. Any woman who has been, say before her city council, for a favor or had a private interview with some small town politician before woman had the vote and since, wil vouch for the truth of this statement We count now, politically speaking. I was much interested in an article I read some time ago, written by a woman too, entitled, "Has Woman Made Good in Politics?" The writer said "NO," but neither have the men who have been playing the game much longer and therefore should be better qualified. Some woman has said, "I'm not denying that women are fools, but then the Lord Almighty made them to match the men." Pretty hard on both, wasn't she? At any rate, women have come to share equally with men the responsibility of the electorate; they are coming into the legislative halls in increasing numbers; they are assuming judicial and executive positions; two women are serving as state governors, with perhaps others aspiring to these offices. Why not?

In every new endeavor there must be necessarily pioneers who blaze the trail; we are doing our best that those who come after us may do a great deal better. We are very serious about the matter of franchise, I think most women have accepted it as a religious obligation, realizing their responsibility but none the less thankful for another opportunity for service.

Let us consider some of the ridiculous things said by some men, and by some women too, as to why woman should stay out of politics. Some say simply, it is no place for women. Why? Why? They couldn't tell

you and I have never been able to find out. Others declare a woman's place is in her home. Yes, I think so too, that is at least a part of her time, but I'm sorry for the man and the children who have to spend their lives with a woman who never gets out of her own home. Some weak sister says, "I'm willing for my father or husband to vote for me." I sometimes wonder why they didn't go a little farther and say 'I'm willing for my father or husband to think for me." Some women will tell you with a very complacent and superior air even now, "I'm not interested in politics." Mrs. Winter says, when a woman says that, she wonders if she stops to think that what she really says is "I'm not interested in home, husband, children, city or country," for politics offect all these and there is no getting away from the fact. This is true for, after all, government is an expression of ourselves deciding on our own business, on the things that affect us vitally. It does not mean that all women should turn politicians by any means but it does mean that every woman ought to be a good citizen. How can she exercise her right of citizenship, registering her approval or disapproval of men and measures? By her vote! When only half of us vote, it means that half of us don't care very much, that we are citizens in name only. My advise is vote "early," yes and "often," as often as the opportunity presents itself.

Now what are women actually doing in politics; are they likely to make things better, cleaner? I answer "Yes" and I think I can substantiate my claim. There are evidences on every hand that the standard has been raised, voting booths have been changed from barber shops to school houses in numbers of cases; there is no drinking and swearing as formerly on election day. I believe woman is going to stand more and more for higher standards in political life; she is the home builder who is going to clean things up. We are going to build a better democracy. Not only is this true, but I think the men recognize this fact, and honor and respect women for it. Governor Trinkle said that women at the New York Democratic convention were serious and contributed greatly to the tone of the meeting; that men realized that women had arrived in politics. One of the outstanding features is the fact that women are adjusting themselves as evidenced by the fading out of the woman movement. They realize that suffrage creates a partnership. Doesn't all this, I ask you, make for better understanding and better politics?

A great Englishman has declared that we are the high priestesses of a better and brighter political dawn. There is opportunity and room for so much improvement yet.

I said tha twoman was the housekeeper to clean up, yes to war against all forces of evil. Woman's work has always been characterized by service. It has been said, and certainly to her credit, that no group or organization of women has ever come together to exploit self, but rather for the good of a cause in their community. I think their training through the ages is responsible for this, and herein lies the hope of the ages, that woman may stamp her

citizenship with high ideals of service. We are looking to woman to set an example in law enforcement. The laxness of this is the disgrace of the age. Why make more laws? Let's rather enforce those already on the statute books. I mean all laws but but naturally our minds turn to the one that is so flagrantly, even boastfully and defiantlyy, violated every day, the Eighteenth Amendment. Of course we've all listened to the old story that the United States was not ready for prohibition. I have always thought that what the people meant who say that is that they were not ready for prohibition. Remember even the Constitution is no stronger than it's weakest link; you break one law, I another. How long will the social structure stand? Civilization itself may be threatened. What women must work for is public opinion; public opinion back of government to uphold the Constitution. I said that women should war against all evil; in order to do this, my friends, we need an awakened conscience and a deep abiding religious sense of responsibility. We cannot get far without it. We must not be afraid to be called reformers. Roll up your sleeves; go in and help to clean up. That's your duty. Who knows but that, like Esther of old, we may have come to the kingdom for such a time as this. We realize our shortcomings; we know our failures; we may not be supremely successful. Neither have been the men. But don't let's sit down and grieve or give up if we don't succeed at first. Rather let us use our very failures as stepping stones to higher and better things. In this way the very realization of our shortcomings will work for our good. And finally, as the preachers say, let us appreciate this gift that has lifted us from a class of criminals, paupers and idiots, and placed us on an equal footing with our lords and masters. Let us, as good citizens bring our very best effort into this important business of life and let our love of our fellow man and our country work toward a time when peace and international justice shall prevail; when the doctrines of a real democracy shall be the directing ideas of human society.

OUR OWN NAPLES.

By Emma Mauritz Larson.

More than one world traveler steaming into the narrow gateway that forms the only entrance to the almost land-locked harbor of San Diego has looked at that blue, blue bay, with its picturesque shipping and its shores built up with a glistening white city and said "It is as lovely a bay as Naples, and it does not seem really American but like home foreign shore tacked onto our own coast."

It is true that this southernmost harbor on our Pacific coast, or as the people of San Diego prefer to call it "The First Port of Call from the Panama," has an attraction all its own. And happily all its varied beauties and interests are accessible

just about every day of the year, for whether the visitor arrives in January or June he is apt to remark on the softness yet freshness of the air and of the wonderful clearness of atmosphere that makes the world look perfectly new and on the sparkling quality of the sunlight. When the native replies to such admiration of his steady, every day climate, "Yes, it's that way all the year around," the answer isn't simply the result of local pride, it is the Weather Bureau, attested, scientific fact. The climate of this city on the blue American Italian Bay provides weather each day that allows the tourist to see the city and its shining harbor in comfort and with keen enjoyment at an average temperature for the year around of sixty degrees, for the San Diego mercury slides only fifteen degrees or so from summer to winter.

So it is no wonder that many interests center here in this fortunate and nature-favored corner of the United States. Stretching out for ten miles into the harbor is a silver strip of sand, just a few hundred yards wide most of its length and well called the Sliver Strand. On it the auto speeds with blue waters on either side, and a wonderful outlook over to the city on the inner edge of the bay. Humming above the bay and the Silver Strand there are almost always the big winged creatures of spruce and steel, two or three or twenty or forty airplanes at one time, that add the last touch to this beautiful land and sea.

They come, these fleets of airships that fill this blue California sky, from the place nearby where the Silver Strand broadens so much that it provides hundreds of acres of flat land. North Island the broadening of this strip is called, though it is not truly an island but hung onto the rest of the Coronado promontory. But North Island is the site for Uncle Sam's Army and Navy School. At. Berkeley young men may take the theory and book knowledge of aeronautics, but it is here that they come actually to learn to fly.

The conditions of sunshine, and little rain, no storms of snow and sleet, give the students at this flying school the best chance in all the world to have daily practice in the air. So up they swoop as early as six-thirty in the morning, the planes for the beginners having double control so that the instructor may manipulate it if the student flier makes a serious mistake that might mean crashing down to death.

A ferry takes passengers and autos across from the heart of the city to the flying school, a bare mile of water. The buildings grouped there on North Island house the students and their classrooms. The course includes a thorough mechanical training so that they may be able to keep on friendly terms with their motors and engines. Spanish Mission architecture has been used for these buildings for both army and navy students, and it seems to belong here by these blue waters.

Quiet harbor on one side, a harbor with twenty-two square miles of water, and rolling Pacific on the other, together give the navy students a chance to launch their hydroplanes under varying conditions. So North Island is a busy place at all times.

Not far away, on the mainland, edging the city on the north Uncle Sam

has set another big business, the Naval Training School with its hundreds and thousands of students. There the boys in white or in blue drill and study and gather for the great outdoor mess. It is a summerland scene, no matter what the calendar may chance to say.

If it does happen to be winter it is likely that within the harbor will be the many battleships and auxiliary ships of the part of the national fleet assigned to the Pacific. Mid-summer may see the boats steam out from Battleship Lanes, as the California folks call that part of the harbor where the gray ships are strung out in close set and parallel rows, for they go up toward the Puget Sound coast for maneuvers. But this San Diego Bay, again because of its climate that turns winter to summer, is the headquarters for the greater part of the year for the western part of the fleet.

Uncle Sam's wisdom in finding this corner of his own land for flying and for navy use is acknowledged. But he has not had the monopoly on this southland knowledge. All America realized that here was a playground to which to go when it was desirable to escape the winter storms of the east. So San Diego, counting now about a hundred thousand in steady population, has too a very large number of visitors all the time.

Some of these folks from many states like best that beautiful Coronado Beach with its fine hotel and its tent houses in long, long rows. But all the city seems a delightful place for tired folks to rest and be refreshed by beauty and new scenes. The people of San Diego seem always to be saying, "This is our city, where we work as busily as you work at home, but it is different from most other American cities, and we believe that nature has been very good to it, so come and see what a fine city it is to rest in. We have kept Balboa Park for that very reason."

And the tourist who turns from the heart of the city and rides just a little way by street car or auto toward one of the residence sections soon finds himself at the entrance to this park. Even though he may know before hand that this is no ordinary park, he has the surprise of many wonders beore him. The great beauty of buildings and of landscapes created for the Panama-California Fair in 1915 has been preserved by this city on the Harbor of the Sun as a civic centen, which tourists may share as fully as the townsfolks.

That exposition was unique in many ways, in the fact that permanent buildings were erected and the planting done about them in such perfection that it seems like an old Spanish city, palaces and cathedrals and patios and prados, come true from some dream. Some of the buildings still house the same or similar exhibits to those of the exposition year, the History of Man for which the whole world was searched to provide scientific material, the Natural Life Museum, and the Art Gallery with many treasures.

"The Park of a Thousand Interests,, it has been aptly called, and the number mounts up and up if the visitor can persuade himself to go indoors from the gardens that are like an artist's dream, to see the collections that have been made to show

all the strange old life of the Indians of the southwest and of South America not only in the recent past of a few hundred years ago but of the long ago ages.

If the illusion that we steam into a foreign harbor is strong in coming by sea to this city of the south, the feeling is quite as strong in Balboa Park. For hour after hour, loitering in the art or science buildings, or in the gardens where the tropics have been transplanted to Amrican soil, the traveler seems to be in a strange and beautiful land far removed from our everyday life and our everyday land.

But Balboa Park doesn't belong all to the past, within its bounds is as modern a thing as there could be, a great pipe-organ given for the pleasure of the folks of all the world by a citizen of San Diego. And indeed ens of thousands have come to listen to this wonderful instrument in the daily concerts. The music of the masters may have seemed wonderful heard in great arched cathedrals, but there is a new power felt when the strains are heard out under the most mighty arch of all, the azure sky over the hilltop that in its turn overlooks the wide sea.

After the concert in the sparkling afternoon sunshine there are the pigeons to feed on the plaza, and this does seem like Venice indeed, even to buying the grain from a dark skinned lad. That he is probably of mixed Mexican and Spanish heritage does not matter. He seems so like the Italian boys of the Venetian canals.

Indeed this city of charm is such a little way within our own borders, just a few miles from the Mexican line, that it just escapes being in that country. And yet it is as American a city as the whole United States can boast in spite of the foreign beauty it has captured in architecture and trees and flowers. The City of California's Beginnings,, is another of its nicknames, for on its soil Cabrillo, the Spanish explorer first set foot when he sailed north to learn about the virgin lands beyond Mexico.

He found the safe harbor for ships, and an Indian population on the shore that seemed friendly to this first white man. So other boats that sailed north to this newly discovered land which they called "California," or "Near to Paradise," stopped here too and both explorers and early missionaries made San Diego their headquarters.

Here and there about the modern city are the ruins of the old adobe huts of that early day, just a touch to recall that the city of today is the successor of a little Spanish settlement whose beginning was as far back as 1542, just fifty years after Columbus found a new continent on its eastern edge.

Here in the farthest southwest there were several civilizations before the white American era, for the Indians had their own arts and crafts, and later their life under the chain of more than twenty misisons. Then there was the Spanish town here on the Harbor of the Sun, with its life centering around a plaza.

The same plaza or park that was the heart of the old town has happily been preserved, with its palms growing tall and plumey in the midst of the business buildings of today. That is like San Diego, to appreciate the

past and to reach out to the future at the same time.

The big new high school erected in Balboa Park, beyond the open air organ and the museums, illustrates this fact for it provides the newest courses for the young folks of the town. But not far from it is the cliff dwellers' village still preserved from the exposition, a very faithful reproduction of the pueblos of the southwest, Arizona and New Mexico. The Boy Scouts now have the care of this interesting historical relic.

The children of modern San Diego have their very own building in the park, one of the fair buildings purchased later by public spirited people of the city so as to form a center for play and story-telling and other activities. To have this place with its very adequate space and in the very midst of the group of buildings of such interest and beauty means much to the boys and girls.

But San Diego has not stopped either in Balboa Park or at the strict bounds of their own city. Old Town, the quaint remnant of the historic town of several centuries ago, is a little north of the present big modern city. There, beside the highway, is an old Spanish abode ranch house so typical of the days of great Spanish estates before California came into the possession of the United Sttes.

It was this low building, with its flowery patio in the center, that Helen Hunt Jackson used as the house for Ramona's marriage in her story of the California Indians. And to most people it is as real a historic relic as though the Ramona of the story had been a living girl. Tourists found it interesting, and after the last of its owners left it to live in a modern home they visited it in great numbers. But alas they had little respect for the quaint old home and its furnishings and they had carried off almost everything movable as souvenirs, even chipping the building itself, until the historic place was almost a ruin.

Then San Diego's citizens rescued Ramona's marriage place, buying the old adobe, repairing it and fitting it up as a museum with as many old treasures from the Spanish days as could be found. With a caretaker, who not only protects it but who tells its eventful history, it has become one of the most interesting spots in the southern part of the State.

So old San Diego and new San Diego mingle under this soft southern sky to make a land good to visit, better still to live in, for many a traveler reluctantly leaves our own Naples, wishing somehow that his own work and life might be here beside the blue bay.

Statistics state that more than 8,500,000 women in the United States are working outside their homes for wages and salaries.

And more than that number are working for their board and clothing and rearing families. The latter is the happier class, no doubt.—Eugene Ashcraft.

DECEMBER 6, 1925.

The second International Golden Rule Dinner of the Near East Relief was launched at the Hotel Roosevelt, September 29th, when about 1,500 men and women, representing every walk of life, every organization, religious and secular, Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant, and those of no established church but all believers in Christ's Golden Rule sat down to a frugal repast of meat stew, macaroni and cheese, bread and cocoa served on a tin plate—the same fare served to hungry Armenia.

Dr. John H. Finley, vice chairman of the committee, with his usual wit and brilliancy introduced the notable speakers of the evening.

Zadi Gannaway, six years of age, the little adopted daughter of Dr. and Mrs. C. R. Gannaway—whose father was slain by the Turks and mother left to die—sang the grace, just as do the children of the Orphanages.

"Thou are great and Thou art good,
And we thank Thee for this food.
By Thy mercy are we fed,
Give us now our daily bread."
Amen."

After which one of the clergy offered the blessing, not only for food and strength, but for the privilege of salvaging life and saving the souls of these babies.

Bishop James Cannon, of Virginia, Methodist South, who has just returned from visiting the work in the Near East, brought tears to all eyes as he related his experience and his talks to 1,400 girls and 1,000 boys, all sheltered in one great orphanage. Bishop Cannon said, he was accustomed to talking to youth but these kiddies differed, this great army of 2,400 were all under twelve years of age, all without a mother's love and in a strange land. He spoke of their splendid discipline, their confidence in America, (which means you and me,) and their training, paying a glowing tribute to those men and women who, on the field, are sacrificing all to bring Christ and the joy of childhood to the little ones in our Lord's own country.

Dr. James Barton, Mr. Hamilton Fish, Jr., Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, and many others, all recently returned from a survey of the field, brought the work vividly before the audience. Dr. Cadman, president of the Federal Council of Churches, in praising the work of the Near East Relief, deplored the "squandering in this country of millions of dollars for feminine beauty devices, which fail to accomplish their purpose." He pointed out the great need for this money for the saving of life and charitable relief.

Mr. Vickery, executive secretary of the Near East Relief, said that "None, save the Father of us all can tell how long America must mother these orphans—perhaps until America herself, her own boys and girls, are purified by the Golden Rule and come back into more wholesome living."

The meeting closed amid great applause and the singing of "America," each to carry the message back to their own field of service, urging friends and fellow-workers to make December 6, 1925, verily a "Golden

Rule Day," a day when the world will gather around a common table, eat a simple frugal meal, that the orhanages of the Near East may continue to shelter, train, educate and encourage back into useful citizenship these children of whom our Lord said, "Even as ye do it unto the least of these; ye do it unto me, my brethern."

TO A SUICIDE.

By James Hay Jr., in Asheville Citizen.

In Rock Creek Cemetery in Washington stands one of the noblest statues in the world. To me it is the noblest of them all. Fashioned by the hands of genius and marking the grave of a suicide, it is a mecca for all those who love beautiful things.

The woman whose memory it perpetuates was the girl-wife of the author of "The Education of Henry Adams." Illness, physical and mental, overwhelmed her. He, desiring a memorial of her that would be symbolic of her loveliness and he courage, commissioned St. Gaudens to make it.

The sculptor gave four years of his life and the crowning effort of his imagery to the task. The result is in bronze, a woman's figure of heroic size. St. Gaudens never gave it a name; there is in it a challenge and a majesty that can not be defined by any name. But he superbly complied with Mr. Adams' instructions; he created a work of art before which countless thousands stand spellbound.

They have called it Sleep, and Death, and Nirvana, and Grief. It is more generally known as the Adams Memorial. Everybody finds it full of meaning. Everybody finds in it a different meaning.

No man can look at that heroic bronze woman without paying her the homage of profound feeling.

She sits, throned upon a rock, meditating in the silence of the encircling cedars—within the city of the dead and yet not of it, her back always to the rising sun, the lengthening shades of the evening at her feet. And the people, sitting on the curved marble bench before her, discover in her all that mystery—the mystery of death, of lovliness, of life, of pain—which lifts up or bears down every heart.

The very mantle that drapes her from head to foot is mystery. In the face of all expressions, as if all things were mystery. And the bended arm supporting the head—or does it support?—has in it either expression or perfect rest.

It is as if she had thought out many things and realized the uselessness of thought; as if she had watched men buy and sell and had learned the vanity of barter; as if, having shared in the everlasting struggle, she knew the futility of conflict.

Looking upon her, you may persuade yourself that she has come a long journey and is starting upon another; or that she has reached the fi-

nal goal; or that she has nowhere to turn; or that the trails of the Beyond are long.

Behind the closed eyelids there may lie, in equal strength, the belief that to escape is blessedness and the conviction that to die is without avail.

So far, she has solved everything—there is nothing to solve. Toward life she entertains a sweet indulgence: like her, the sons of men amount to so very little. She has suffered; and yet, to have suffered is to have won, because perhaps through suffering alone one achieves the strength she shows. And yet again, what is strength?—does she smile?

The cool of the spring rains, the spurious silver of the moon, the rose petals that carpet the acres about her, the golden hand of the dawn that reaches out each morning behind her, the strains of solemn music, the stifled sobs of mourners, the hum of the city, the voices of the warriors housed across the road from her—all, all these things have touched her in life and in death, and each of them means at one moment peace, at another yearning.

She lives—she is dead. Just a moment ago that ray of sun across her check showed a face illumined by infinite content; now a new shadow makes her every feature a definition of longing. Yesterday she was like one who seeks a place wherein to sleep forever: today her tired soul questions sleep.

All is change; nothing endures. What she was in summer she can not be in winter. The world can not be still; neither may the wearied spirit. This morning gives new color to last night.

To live is wonderful. To die is wonderful. But a greater wonder really than either of these is in her still, calm face.

To desire, to yearn, to hope—that is happiness. To find, to discover, to realize—this is not lasting happiness. To wonder, like a child; to find mystery in everything every day; to be suprised continually; to clap one's hands in glee as every brilliant hour flashes by—and not to be quite satisfied, ever—that is happiness.

Like all of us, she lives and she is dead. How much of You died yesterday? How much of Me will live tomorrow?

No matter what myriad things she has learned, through how far countries she has traveled, to what beauties she has been led, or what denied, she still turns from the past, not hating it, and hopes—for what?

That is why people who look upon her forget to speak. That is why the man who created her could give her no name. It is why she charms and mystifies the world.

Figures for the first ten years of operation for the Panama canal show that at least one government utility is paying for itself.—Kenbridge News.

HALL OF FAME.

(News & Observer.)

The Hall of Fame in New York annonymously donated in 1900, contains space for 150 panels. Fifty names have been chosen and five additional names may be added each fifth year, provided they receive 65 votes out of the possible 100. No name can be selected until twenty-five years after the death of the man who bore it. Only two names were selected this year—Edwin Booth receiving 85 votes, and John Paul Jones receiving 68. The others receiving votes and the number of each were:

John Jay	59
Samuel Adams	58
Thomas J. "Stonewall" Jackson	53
Matthew Maury	52
Benjamin Rush	51
Noah Webster	50
Philip H. Sheridan	48
Walt Whitman	44
William Penn	44
George R. Clark	40
Nathaniel Greene	38
John S. Copley	36
Cyrus W. Field	34
William Lloyd Garrison	32
Horace Bushnell	27
Dorothea L. Dix	27
Henry H. Richardson	26
Sidney Lanier	26
Benjamin Thompson	24
Henry D. Toreau	21
Wendell Phillips	19
Charles Bulfinch	15
Paul Revere	15
James Otis	9

As a test in the knowledge of history and biography let every reader of The News and Observer lay down the paper and see how many can tell the achievement attributed to these men that cause voters to regard them as entitled to a place in the Hall of Fame.

YOUTH SINNED AGAINST.

(News & Observer.)

"More sinned against than sinning," is the verdict of Dr. Pickett, research secretary of the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Good Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in respect to the present day generation of youth in America. Therein he spoke a fact worthy of consideration. There is no question but that the "misbehaviour" of present day youth is a menace that must be dealth with, but it is a slander on youth to saddle all the blame upon the younger generation.

Men and women for filthy lucre pollute the streams that corrupt youth. They do it for money or else in reckless disregard of the standards of morality that the fathers have set. They set the example for youth, which cannot be blamed for stepping into the pollution that is spread before their eyes. It is the nature of youth to explore and seek adventure

Organizations like the Boy Scouts and the Campfire Girls, to say nothing of the farm clubs and other organizations, prove amply that youth welcomes healthful adventure.

The remedy for the "misbehavior" of youth lies not so much with youth as with their elders. Dr. Pickett is right when he declares:

The erotic dances are evolved by bold-headed dancing masters. The erotic plays are written and produced by men of maturity; salacious novls and magazines are not the product of youth, even though they are produced for youth.

When parents realize more fully their duty to protect and their children from such corruption, there will be less "misbehaviour."

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Clyde Bristow.

A number of boys shucked corn last week.

We have had a number of rainy days during the past week.

Letter writing day came around again last week. All the boys were glad to write to their home folks.

The band, under the direction of Mr. Paul Owensby, has been practising regularly during past week.

Last Tuesday night, several officers of the institution attended the United States Navy Band Concert, at Charlotte.

James Gamble, member of the second cottage, received his parole last Friday morning. Gamble was a member of the dairy force.

George Howard, member of the fifth cottage, returned to the institution, after spending a few days with his people in Dunn.

Halloween passed at the institution last Saturady nearly unoticed for most of the boys did not think of it.

Some of the boys under the direction of Capt. T. L. Grier, have been clearing off the old stumps and filling the washouts with dirt, at the lower place. This makes it have a better appearance.

The following boys received a visit from their parents or relatives last Wednesday: Mack Wentz, Bill Goss, Clarence Hendley, Austin Serrett; Delmas Johnson, Ralph Hollars and Ernest Brown.

The score between the teams that played at the ball ground last Saturday evening was 17-10. The boys and officers played a very interesting game. The basketball team also had a good practice. The games were not stopped, although it was

too cold to play most of the time.

Rev. Thomas F. Higgins, pastor of the Forest Hill Methodist Church, of Concord, conducted the services in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. His selected reading was from the thirteenth chapter of Luke. He took his text from Matthew 5:12. Rev. Higgins preached a very interesting sermon.

Through the courtesy of Manager Merriwether, of the Concord Theatre, the boys at the J. T. S. were enabled to see another very good picture, "The Clean Heart." The picture was made from a book written by A. S. M. Hutchinson and was very interesting all through the eight reels. All the boys certainly do thank Manager Merriwether for his great favor and wish that he would again let the management of the school have another picture. This is not the first picture that he let us have, for on several other occasions he sent pictures to the school.

HONOR ROLL.

Room No. 1.

"A"

Ernest Brown, William Case, Day Hagwood, Geo. Howard, Carl Henry, Howard Keller, Hallie Matthews, W. Miller, Clyde Pierce, Louie Pate, Washington Pickett, Delmas Robertson, Howard Riggs, Zeb Trexler, Archie Waddell, McWentz, Aubry Weaver, Robt. Ward, Isaac Anderson, Russell Bowden, Joe Carroll, Fleming Floyd, Jas. Gamble, Hyram Grier, Albert Johnson, Jno. Keenan, Valton Lee, Chas. Loggins, Craven Pait, Donald Pait, Whitlock Pridgen, Cucell Watkins, Hurley Way, Jas. Cumbia and Herbert Poteat.

"B"

Herbert Apple, Brochie Flowers, Herman Goodman, Elwyn Green, Ralph Martin, Roy Rector, Alwyn Shinn, Lee McBride, Jas. Stevenson, Jas. Watts and Wm. Creasman.

Room No. 3.

"A"

Lonnie McGee, Lumie McGee, Clyde Smith, Ed. Moses, Tom Grose, Delmas Stanley, Simon Wade, Sam Poplin, Robt. Whitt, Charlie Carter, Jackson and Leonard Atkins.

"B"

Bloyce Johnson, Gottin Gattin, R. Glasgow, Glen Walker, Ralph Hollars and Garland Rice.

Room No. 4.

"A"

William Wafford, Theodore Teague, Maston Britt, George Lewis, Earl Green, Cecil Trull, Lionel McMahan, Melvin Kelly, Kenneth Lewis, James Davis, Guy Haddock, Paul Sisk, Jack Stevenson, Virgil Shipes, Hoyle Austin and Claude Dunn.

"B"

Geo. Cox. John Presnell, Clarence Weathers, George Lewis, Levin Caraway, Frank Ledford, John Taylor, Chas. Murphy, Hewitt Collier, Clay Church, Roy Glover, Clarence Rogers, Woodrow Kivett, Elias Warren, Rex Allen, Broncho Owens, Lawson

Beasley, Frank Watson, Roy Swindell and James Sprinkle.

Room No. 5.

"A"

Chas. Tant, Waldo Moore, Howard Riddle, Tessie Massey, Ben Chatten, Munford Glasgow, Earl Torrence, Theodore Coleman, Otis Floyd, Turner Preddy, James Cooper, James Long, Burton Emory, Dub Ellis, David Whitacker, Myron Tomisian, Tom Tedder, Norman Beck, Robert Sprinkle, J. D. Sprinkle, James Williams, Wannie Frink, Claude Wilson, Elbert Stansburry, Hazel Robbins, Leonard Miller, Robert Hayes, Lee King, Ray Brown, Parks Earnheart, Amos Ramsey, Kellie Tedder.

"B"

Chas. Huggins, Earl Edwards, Andrew Parker, Chas. Beaver, Aaron Davis, Vernon Jerningan, Charlie Norton, Gerney Taylor, Arnold Cecil, Pinkie Wrenn, Bill Goss, Ben Cook, Elmer Mooney, Chas. Carter, Marshal Weaver, Nicolo Bristow, Paul Sap, Clarence Davis, Hallie Bradley, Reggie Payne, Colon Clapp.

HOW HE GOT WISE.

(Monroe Enquirer.)

M. S. Baucom, good farmer and citizen of Goose Creek township, one day last week told me of the first and only chattel mortgage he ever gave. It was about forty years ago when as a young man he and his wife began housekeeping. An agent came along and persuaded Mr. Baucom to purchase a clock—price $11.50.

"Money was scarce in those days," stated Mr. Baucom. "We needed a clock, so I paid part of the purchase price and gave a mortgage for the balance in order to possess it A few days thereafter an old uncle of mine visited us. He spied the clock and asked me what I'd paid for it."

" 'Eleven dlolars and a half,' he was told.

" 'Why," said uncle, 'you could have purchased the same clock over at John I. Long's store for only $4.50.' "

"Then," continued Mr. Baucom, my uncle sagely observed, "Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other,' which, no doubt has kept me from investing in Paul Rubber company stock and other get-rich-quick schemes all during the years since I purchased that clock and gave a chattel mortgage."

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SCHEDULE

South Bound

No.	29	2:35 A. M.
"	31	6:07 A. M.
"	11	8:05 A. M.
"	33	8:25 A. M.
"	45	3:55 P. M.
"	135	8:35 P. M.
"	35	10:12 P. M.

North Bound

No.	30	2:00 A. M.
"	136	5:00 A. M.
"	36	10:25 A. M.
"	46	3:15 P. M.
"	34	4:43 P. M.
"	12	7:10 P. M.
"	32	8:36 P. M.
"	40	9:28 P. M.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIII CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 14, 1925 No. 51

NEEDS NO PRESS AGENT.

It is a commentary upon how little we heed the Christian standard of greatness that we still measure a man by the external paraphernalia that publicity puts around him. Any fool can become famous if he has a good press agent.

The truly great man needs no gaudy advertisements. He is not worried because the crowd rushes by to crown a bogus hero with a tinsel halo. He is happy with his vision and his work and finds, in them, sufficient reward. He craves no praise but the commendation of God. And if he utters the best within him he will not be counted a failure when the work of his day is done.

—VANCE HAVNER in Charlotte Observer.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920 at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of 4, 1923.

ARMISTICE DAY.

Armistice Day again approaches. Don't you remember that uncontrollable shout of joy that went up from the heart of the American people on November 11, 1918? Is there still in your heart that deep resolve this nation made when it sent forth its sons to battle that the mothers of men in the future should not be called upon again for such sacrifice? It was the right to live peacefully, to enjoy the pursuit of happiness that we declared we were fighting for—Not only for ourselves but for the world.

Our boys by the millions went into the war believing they were fighting against war. They cared not for glory that comes from killing their fellow-men; their country sought no ransom from anyone; it coveted the territory of none; it did not fight for trade advantages or for any selfish motive. No nation, we daresay, ever fought with such high resolve. A great ideal is the one thing we put into the war. It is the one thing worth preserving seven years after its close. That ideal is peace and the reign of the Golden Rule.

——Lexington Dispatch.

* * * * * * * * * * *

IS IT AN INDISPENSABLE ELEMENT?

Can a college be a college; or a university be a university, or an academic school be an academic school without a foot-ball team? It seems not. There is ten times as much space given to sports in the public press as that given to real worthwhile educational endeavors.

A prominent college professor said in our presence that the sport page receives more attention among students than other matter, and that one-half of

the conversations carried on are about this and that sport, the record of that school in sports and the probable outcome of the season's contest. We are prepared to believe that he is correct. And what is it worth?

A young man of this town that had started on what was believed a most promising career, as judged by his popularity and standing in a near-by college, in the first game of the season had his leg broken—today he is yet a cripple, and has withdrawn from school. They say for a season, but it may prove more serious.

Thert is a new grave in China Grove. It is occupied by the body of another young man, who was dearly loved in his school among his mates, not only because of his personal merits but very largely because he was a star in football language and that rallied about him a host of friends and admirers. He played in a game, last Saturday, at High Point. He was doing what they called brilliant playing. Before the game was over he was found on the ground with a broken neck, and he soon passed away. Is the game worth the price? And can't educational institutions devise some other method to entertain the student body—anyhow a game that is devoid of such serious risks to health and life, if not one that may be justly characterized as a little short of brutality.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

POINTING OUT EVIL INFLUENCES.

The Protestant Methodist Church Conference has just concluded its annual meeting at High Point. Among the resolutions, setting forth its views of influences that enter into the lives of the young, is this one:

> "So far as we can see there can be no objection to a properly conducted swimming pool where the sexes swim apart," read the report, which was adopted unanimously by the conference. "We do, however, most seriously object to such pools where the sexes swim together. Our indictment of such pools is based on the belief that the general mixing of the sexes in this manner tends to destroy modesty, which is an indispensable safeguard to character.
>
> Japan attributes the low morals of her people to her public bathing places. Judges from the court bench having spoken strongly against this evil, and surely the church can not be silent. Our children should be parentally restrained, and the people of our congregations warned against this menace."

One newspaper, indulging in a little levity, lamented that there remains several swimming pools that are beyond the Conference's ability to dry up—for instance the Atlantic ocean and some others. There is no analogy

between these. People have to go to the ocean to come under the good or bad influences on the sexes mingling together in the water to the hurt of their store or sense of modesty. In the case of the average swimming pool, the evil influence is brought to most every point with outstretched inducement to people in nearly every locality to make the dive.

The medical profession, at least a part of it, is on record as claiming that the average swimming pool is a breeder of physical ills. How could it be other wise with all elements of society wallowing in a common water? But it's a fad that will run its day and something else will take its place which may prove even worse—a youngster that can come through his teens, battling against the temptations of the day and in a period when home government seems at a low ebb, and not fall a victim, is made of the real genuine stuff.

* * * * * * * * * * *

COULDN'T DO WITHOUT NORTH CAROLINA.

"Little" Washington in this state has come into considerable fame by one of its civic organizations calling upon the National government to change the name of Washington, D. C., because of a conflict in mails and in other ways that are distasteful to the classy little city down east.

Up to the time of going to press with this issue no correspondent close to the President has intimated whether that subject will be discussed in the coming presidential message. But Washington, N. C., has considerable advantage over Washington, D. C., in the manner in which she has produced outstanding men, who have accomplished many big things. For instance, the beauty of the national capitol may be missing had it not been for the artistic taste of an architect, who hailed from Washington, N. C.

Elsewhere in this number we carry an article from the News & Observer, which tells of the accomplishments of a noted artist we loaned to the work of making the capitol a thing of grandeur. We are sorry that we can not give the picture to which the article makes reference.

Who ever before knew that North Carolina played such a big part in the city on the Potomac?

* * * * * * * * * * *

A CHEERFUL SOUL.

Edward E. Britton, for twenty-five years associated with Hon. Josephus Daniels, as reporter and editor of the News & Observer, as private secretary

to the Secretary of the Navy, and later Washington correspondent of the Raleigh paper, after a few hours of illness, died in a Washington hospital on Monday.

Nearly every member of the reading public of North Carolina knew of or personally of this cheerful and hopeful gentleman. He had no malice in his heart, he literally loved himself into the friendship of all men who knew him personally. He had marked ability, indomitable energy and the highest type of loyalty. His sudden passing is a great shock.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Charlotte was crowded to the very roof with visitors, on Wednesday, giving vent to their love of sport, if that may be a correct term. The speedway, as the Observer suggests, is a wonderful means of putting Charlotte on the map of the whole world. Outside of bringing thousands of people to a very fine city, giving them an opportunity to spend lots of money legitimately and many of them illegitimately, the sport is not contributing a single item to the betterment of the community or to humanity. And this does not take into account the element of danger to life and health.

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THE UPLIFT.

(Asheville Citizen Editorial.)

One of the best weekly publications in North Carolina is "The Uplift," published by the printing class of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School at Concord. Running about thirty-two pages to the issue, it carries several pages of editorial matter characterized by an inspiring optimism and a fine insight into human nature. Supplementing the original contributions are excerpts and reprints from the State press and national publications, all selected because of their information and their tendency to instill high ideals and priciples in the boys. The make-up is attractive, and the printing, every bit of which is done by the boys, is singularly free from typographical mistakes.

"The Uplift" is typical of the work being done at the Jackson Training School under the supervision and management of Mr. James P. Cook. Mr. Cook has made the institution a great constructive agency in the life of the State. He has gone on the theory that the way to make a boy a credit to his community and a satisfaction to himself is to teach him how to do good and important work. It is said of the school that it has never had to label one of its boys "unmanageable." Those who have left the school have gone into all sorts of work and the professions: the ministry, the law, the army, printing, store-keeping and so on through a long list.

"The Uplift" is the voice of a mighty uplift within the walls of the school. It compels the admiration and deserves the enthusiastic support of every North Carolinian. Mr. Cook and his associates are doing a noble work. They are building a high type of citizenship and sending it out to do its part in the life of the State.

JUDGE ALLEN.

Judge Oliver H. Allen, veteran Superior Court jurist residing here, has been undergoing treatment in a hospital. His health appears to have improved materially and Judge Allen, though now on the retired list, will conduct many more terms of court, friends declared today. Now 75, he is one of the best-known jurists in North Carolina. He was appointed to the bench many years ago and subsequently elected for several terms by the Sixth District voters.

Better versed in the Bible than most ministers, Judge Allen is a confirmed fundamentalist. "Enemies of God are trying to break down His holy truth," he asserts. "They shall not prevail, but they are doing great mischief among the people. There are regrettable divisions in many denominations. Ingersoll and his kind attacked the Bible from without the church for the most part. A bone of contention is the alleged conflict between the first and second chapters of Genesis. There is no conflict. The second chapter is simply an elaboration upon the first."

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

We hear a great deal about Florida these days. In fact, some people get florid over Florida. It is said that in a certain city in that state, when a fellow tells a girl she is pretty, the aforesaid pretty girl, blushingly replys, "My, am I." (Miami.)

England, I read, was shocked to see pictures in the London papers of the Prince of Wales in a bathrobe of jazz design. It was taken when he was playing a feminine role as a "flapper" at an entertainment on shipboard. He was showing his legs to the knees and wearing a bob and shingle wig. Evidently the prince is a regular fellow.

It is left for a Durham man to solve a hitherto perplexing problem. It had been the habit of his wife to grab the sporting page of his favorite newspaper first and he had to wait until she got through with it. He hit upon an idea that gives him the sporting page in short order. He seizes the society, dress-making and beauty page and begins to read its contents. The sporting page, in the hands of his wife, soon floats to the floor and wifey wants the part he is reading. She gets it. He gets the sport page. Clever ruse.

The merchants of Durham have decided to send their tardy and backward customers their bills in red envelopes. From what I can understanding some folks are already "seeing red." I imagine the merchants are doing this to be sure that they are "read." I was in the postoffice the other day and a citizen took from his box a letter, which he found to be an itimized statement, marked "third notice." This citizen began to warm up and there was sulphurous streams in his remarks. He was saying it out loud, too. The first opportunity I got to squeeze in a word, I said: "Neighbor, your letter reminds me of the negro drayman who was informed that he could not get his money for hauling until he had submitted an itemized statement, and after he had figured quite a while he presented the bill to this effect: '3 comes and 3 goes at 4 bits a went—$3.' " The citizen broke into a big laugh, and said, "Old Hurry, you are right; I'll go right down and settle this bill. That fellow should have his money; and I was a fool for getting mad." If he did pay the bill it was a case of a fool and his money soon parted.

We have heard a good deal about "the man behind the gun," and "the man at the wheel." They are important places and many men have filled them with signal ability. But did you ever stop to think that an otherwise successful manager is too often handicapped by higher officers and those in authority and not allowed to develop. No man can concentrate on his work and bring out the best that is in him, and consequently the best that is in a product, if his concentration is overruled by the ones higher up. Get a man at the wheel in whom you have

confidence—then let him alone. Confidence begets ambition and success.

A professor at Duke university, on class a few mornings ago, had the subject of imitation . After impressing the boys with the idea that it was good to imitate the good, the true and the noble, asked the class if people did imitate each other. The answer was yes. If children imitated their elders, or each other. The answer was yes. To that answer the professor demanded, "Give me an example." The student replied: "Well, sir; I was in a Durham clothing store and a negro man came in and wanted a blue cap. The clerk showed him several but they did not suit. "Ah wants one ob de latest caps out," the negro insisted. "One ob dem little blue caps wid a F on it, I sees so many wa'ring around here." Readers at a distance may not understand this, but the point is the negro wanted one of the regulation caps the freshman of Duke unifersity are wearing. That's sure imitation; the genuine article, in black and blue.

This is a funny old world in some things. The fat folks want to get thin, and the thin folks want to get fat. And they are doing all kinds of stunts to bring about the results both ways. It has been that way ever since I could remember. Forty-nine years ago it was blue glass and liver pads the people were raving over. They would sit in the sunshine under blue glass for all kinds of ills. People who were blue from their ailments would look still bluer. Blue glass windows were put in houses and sun porches. And peaple would sit under their light and looked like they were saturated with indigo. Some said they were benefitted; others said the whole thing was a humbug. So it went. Then there were the liver pads. Everbody was wearing them, for every ill flesh was heir to. Some folks went about with humps all about the body like bumps on a camel. Some were literally dressed in pads. The pad is not altogether a thing of the past. Then, at that time, they had an anti-fat, that was recommended to reduce fat people. Capt. Gus Landis, of Oxford—who long since left us—was rather fleshy and he thought he would give the anti-fat a trial, and took it. Sometime after, no reduction being noticed in his size, he was asked how he was getting on with his new medicine, replied: "Thing not worth a cent; instead of falling off the stuff is making me fatter." And the Captain would laugh over his anti-fat experience.

A comely Miss is seen, almost daily, around 7:15 o'clock in the postofflce, looking intently out of one of the front windows at the passerby and those coming to the offlce. I passed through the offlce the other evening, and she inquired of me the time. As I had to spare, I complied with her request, and furnished the desired information, but at the same time I could not resist postofflce, looking intently out of as she was in the postofflce so frequently, if she was waiting for her "male." She smiled blandly, but "never a word did she speak.

Haven't you met people who were

cross and irritable, and thought everything was wrong with the world outside of themselves? I meet 'em; meet 'em most every day. Those kind of people can set it down that there is something wrong with the ego inside of themselves. Perhaps they have been eating too much; staying up too late o'nights; not exercising enough; or, perhaps, they are just plain bad tempered, onery, as they call it in some localities. What they need is to change their viewpoint. Look out instead of looking inward at self so much. Think more of the comfort and happiness of others and less of self is the key to goodfeeling and cheerfulness.

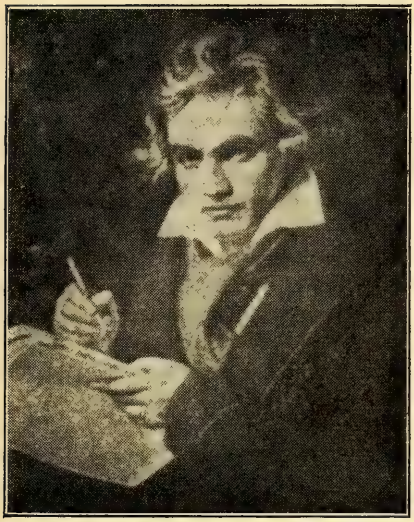
Forty years ago reversible overcoats for men were in the market in America. Most of them were plaid on one side and a plain color on the other. Their vogue was brief. Now reversible dresses and cloaks are winning great favor at Monte Carlo. Each may be turned inside out and serve all the purposes of two garments. A cable says "a demure maiden swarthed in black at the Casino may turn in a twinkling into a gorgeous vision in sparkling gold." Even hats are being made reversible, with felt or straw on one side, and silk or some other material on the other. The reversible, or two sides of living, among some people is as old as life itself. Some people can be one thing in the morning and something else before the day is over.

The "calling wherewith ye are called," as mentioned in Scriptures, is a call to service. The kingdom of Christ needs all kinds of service, and there is no need for anyone to feel that he is useless. What America needs most is a multitude of Christian homes. Or is may be the service of the Christian business man in his office, for surely the spirit of Christ is sadly needed in the business world today. Or it may be a more Christianly treatment of our fellow man. Whatever it is, the important thing is that we should be doing our bit as Christians; that we should be justfiying our faith in Jesus Christ by our words and actions. St. Paul said: "I therefore, the prisoner of the Lord, beseech you that ye walk worthily of the vocation wherewith ye are called, endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of Peace."

The boy who came back from overseas on crutches several years ago and was showered with praise and gifts, Saturday saw many folks refuse to pay even a small amount for a little forget-me-not. Still more folks blame Jack Dempsey for not fighting.—Shelby Star.

THE COMPOSER WHO COULD NOT HEAR HIS MUSIC.

By Archer Wallace.



Ludwig van Beethoven

Ludwig van Beethoven, who became one of the greatest—if not the greatest—of all musical composers, was born at Bonn, Prussia, in 1770. His childhood was not by any means a happy one. His father, who was a musician, earned only a very small salary wherewith to support his family of seven children, and besides he was a man whose drunken habits reduced the family income still further. Often the three boys, Carl, Ludwig and Johann Beethoven, had to stop their play and assist their staggering father into the house. The Beethovens had to sell their linen and much of their furniture and tableware. Frau Van Beethoven grew paler and paler and then it was that Ludwig's musical ability was discovered.

He was only four when he began to study music and by the time he was nine he had mastered all that his father could teach him. At the age of seven he gave a series of concerts in Cologne. Very soon he began to compose music. When only ten he went on a tour to Holland with his mother, and a year later he was appointed deputy organist in the Elector's Chapel. While he was still very young he went to play before the great Mozart. Mozart was very busy and did not want to be bothered. He took very little notice of young Beethoven, which disappointed the lad; but he sat down at the piano and began to play in such a manner that the great musician said to his friends, "This youth will some day make a noise in the world."

While he was still in his teens the boy's mother died, and as his father was a worthless character, the lad felt very lonely. Some years later he went to Vienna to continue his musical education, and at once his great genius was recognized. With his wonderful playing, and still more with his compositions, he astonished and delighted the music-loving people there.

Then it was that a very serious thing happened to Beethoven—he began to lose his hearing. For awhile he would not admit it, even to him-

self. That he, who was so passionately fond of music, to whom it seemed the sweetest thing in life, should cease to hear seemed too cruel to be true. It was just the same as if some great artist were suddenly to lose his eyesight and never again see the beauty of colors. He consulted one doctor after another, in frantic efforts to find a remedy. It was of no avail. His deafness increased so quickly that while still a comparatively young man he was nearly stone deaf.

As he realized what was happening, Beethoven became unutterabley miserable. He realized that resignation to his faet was the only thing left for him. In utter misery he exlaimed, "Resignation! what a miserable refuge, and yet it is the only one left for me." He even thought of taking his own life. "If I had not read," he exclaimed, "that man must not of his own free-will end his life, I should have done so long ago." A mechanician named Maelizel made a pair of ear-trumpets for him and at first the composer thought that they would be a great help, but he was bitterly disappointed and he discarded them.

Then it was that Beethoven faced his terribly calamity with an amount of courage that seems amazing. He applied himself with increased enthusiasm ot his musical studies and at times seemed almost to forget deafness. There is no doubt that his affliction touched his spirit so that there is in nearly all his compositions, a peculiar melancholoy strain. He lived much to himself. He had already written, "Poor Beethoven, there is no external happiness for you! You must create your own happiness." When he was only a little over thirty he wrote a leetter which shows how extremely crushed he was for a time. He wrote, "My heart and my mind were from childhood prone to the tender feelings of affection. Nay, I was always disposed to perform great actions. I have been attacked by an incurable complaint, made worse by the unskilful treatment of medical men, disappointed from year to year in the hope of relief, and at last obliged to submit to the endurance of an evil the cure of which may last for years, if it is practicable at all. Born with a lively disposition, susceptible to the diversions of society, I was forced at an early age to renounce them, and to pass my life in seclusion."

It was not to wondered at that Beethoven developed some peculiar habits. He loved the out-of-doors, but if for any reason he could not get out he had ways of creating inspiration. "He would go to the wash-bowl and pour several jugs of water over his hands and wrists and dabble there until his clothing was drenched. Often in his rapture he would pour a great deal more water out than the bowl could hold, and the water would soon be dripping through the ceiling down into the room below." Somtimes when he was composing he would scarcely eat for days at a time, and it was utterly useless for friends to remonstrate with him, because he was like a man living in another world. Once when he was engaged on a great composition a friend called upon him and thus describes his visit: "The house was deserted by servants, every comfort was absent. Shut up in a room alone the great

man resorted to singing, shouting, stamping, as if in the throes of mental torture. In appearance he was wild, dishevelled, exhausted with long periods of work and abstinence from food of any kind.''

He got his greatest inspiration out-of-doors. He would go out in the wettest of weather, then come in dripping with rain, shake the water from his hat and clothes, quite unaware that he was spoiling the carpets, coverings and furniture. It seemed as if he must get alone with Nature and with God, in order to do his best work. His mind was strangely awakened by the sight of a storm. He seemed supremely happy when the wind bent the pine trees around him and the lightning flashed. He could not hear the sweet singing of the birds, but he loved to watch their flight and he remembered how they sang. He would stay in the solitary woods until his whole being seemed full of strange music, then he would hurry back to his room to put down what he had heard while the inspiration was still upon him. As he raced through the streets with his hat gone and his bushy head bowed, not looking at any one, the people who knew his strange moods would laugh and say, ''It is just Ludwig Beethoven. Only his body is in this world.'' At other times he would sit down at the piano and, bending very low over the keys in frantic effort to catch the sound, he would play on rapturously, not seeming to know who or where he was; meanwhile a crowd would be gathered around the window and at the open doors.

There is no doubt that at times Beethoven was subject to fits of irritability and even to fits of rage. But it must not be forgotten that he was a great suffeerer. In addition to being stone deaf, he suffered much from rheumatism, indigestion and finally from dropsy. Sometimes when out walking with a friend he could not help noticing how much his friend could hear and he could not. The singing of birds, the music of the flute, the sound of human voices, and similar joys were lost to him and as he noticed how much they meant to others he would often be overwhelmed with grief. Frequently when in the company of friends he would talk brilliantly for a while, then suddenly lapse into silence from which none could arouse him.

For a considerable time after he became deaf Beethoven continued to lead the orchestra in his great compositions. He was extremely sensitive and no doubt he often pretended to hear when in reality he could not. He was just as eccentric in leading an orchestra as in private. He would put tremendous physical energy into the task, making himself smaller and smaller to compel softened sounds, then rising and staanding on tip-toe with head thrown back when every instrument of the orchestra burst forth. He could not endure frivolity when music was being rendered. Any apparent restlessness or apathy on the part of the audience drove him frantic. On one occasion when he observed some young people laughing and talking while he played, he stopped immediately and said, ''I do not play for such swine.''

All during these anxious years, when sickness and poverty dogged

his footsteps, Boothoven continued to compose such music as ranked him one of the greatest composers that ever lived. He was very anxious about his "Choral Symphony," and urged on by friends he consented to conduct the first performance. His friends could not have realized the full extent of his deafness or they would never have allowed him to be placed in such an unfortunate position. He stood up before the orchestra and energetically waved his baton, but evidently he could not hear the music. At the conclusion of the piece the audience thundered its applause, which Beethoven could not hear, but some one turned him around to face the people, who were wild with enthusiasm, and then it dawned upon the great musician that they were showing tremendous appreciation and he was deeply moved.

Beethoven died in Vienna on March 26, 1827, in the fifty-seventh year of his age. He had undertaken a long journey in winter, and the severe cold and exposure brought on inflammation of the lungs and dropsy.

Beethoven will ever rank, not only as a great musical composer, but as a very brave man. All through his life he was beset by troubles which made him at times very unhappy. His deafness, which made companionship with others almost impossible, was a constant source of mental reflection and misery. Then his health, never at any time of his life was good, and coupled with these things was the fact that practically all his life he was in poor financial circumstances. The wonder is, that with so many things to harass him, he continued to produce such music —music that will continue to thrill people as long as the world lasts.

He died during a terrible thunderstorm, and prompted no doubt by the heavy burden he carried so long, he said with his last breath, "I shall hear in heaven."

HE HAS CLOSED THE FORM.

There have been greater editors and more prominent legislators than W. K. Jacobson, long editor of the Washington (N. C.) Progress and member of the General Assembly, but not one with more sterling honesty, more caurageous devotion to the rights of the average man or truer sense of right and justice. He never compromised his convictions or bent the "pregnant hinges of the knee that thrift might follow fawning."—News & Observer.

FLORIDA-SUNSHINE-MONEY VALUES.

By C. W. Hunt.

The majority of writers, as to conditions in the real estate market in Florida take the position that the ever increasing values in the Alligator state will burst in a bubble; but the question is, will it? This writer is not posing as an expert in values, but is basing what he says partly on personal knowledge, part on psychological reasons. He has no interests there, has no axe to grind.

Less than five years ago, a reckless boomer of this state made the bold assertion that: "Florida and California were creatures of advertising," leaving the inference that neither had any thing to compare with North Carolina. With that this writer took issue, and in an article intended as a feature told of the climate of these states, of the things they had that no state north of the Florida peninsular could have or ever hope to have. The idea of attacking any one was the furthest from his thought, but the article appeared as an attack on the editor, in the kickers column, accompanied by a column leading editorial belittling the writer for giving out correct information, the end of which is not yet.

Many busy men and women, and by far the larger majority are of such, have never had the time nor the opportunity to think of what Florida offers, of the fact that it lies South of all her sister states, and shoots into the waters of the Atlantic and the gulf for a distance of approximately 500 miles, getting warmer as you go south; that the gulf stream is only a few miles off its eastern coast, which tempers all the cold northwestern blasts that reach that far south; that three fourths of its surface is tropical and fruits and flowers bloom and grow perenial, and few serious frosts come to kill vegetation; that when you cross the line near Jacksonville and proceed south, you are out of the United States, so far as latitude is concerned. These things make it a veritable paradise climatically, in winter one being able to live out of doors more comfortably than in the best houses in those states bordering on the Great Lakes and in New England, and one can grow in most of the state, anything that will grow three thousand miles further south.

These things have been known to a few for hundreds of years, but only the rich could afford the beauty and the comfort until the auto and paved roads came, since which time Florida has been booming in spots, with northern and western capital in the lead. Why has such a commotion set up in a year's time? There are two main reasons: the auto and paved roads have made it so all classes can leave the frigid climates of the north and west and travel a thousand miles south about as cheaply as if at home burning coal and trying to keep warm. Thousands of whom live out of doors in tents and in houses on wheels, never feeling the pinch of cold; the other is there is a prosperity, the country over, that enables people to do things they formerly thought were prohibitive.

These are the foundation facts, which facts make possible the ever increasing tide of values. There is serious doubt if the ever increase can be prolonged indefinitely, but with the cessation of boom prices there will still remain the facts set forth above that will hold out a perpetual offer for comfort and return on investments. The first sightseerers that traveled in cars all the way to Miami, went as curious sight seeing; some bought, made shacks, returned again, brought neighbors with them, strangers came. Some of the first settled too far from centers got lonesome, quit, the shacks rotted; and this very fact that the half of livable Florida has never been touched, makes it possible for boom conditions to last all the longer. There are thousands and thousands of acres all along the east coast, with the very same climate, that will grow the finest of oranges and grape fruits and berries and such, that are now lonely wastes; and it is upon such that a world of people can draw for enlargement, and on which new centers can be founded.

Southern Florida works from centers, there being little real rural life. The schools all being in the towns, to which the country children are hauled daily. Northern Florida is different, in this section they do general farming, the exhibits of which are a revelation at the fairs. In many of these exhibits one sees all the products of the states further north and with them all manner of citrus fruits. These different things makes the Aligator state all the more wonderful. Her executives have known these things for years, have catered to the traveler, have paid high taxes that roads and schools might be had, making possible the travelers paradise as at present seen, and has "come into its own" much more rapidly than its most sanguine friends had hoped, so fast, in fact, that it is literally "swamped." And for the reasons stated, it is not like a hamlet whose confines are soon filled, but has come on merit and unlike the "hot air artists" whiff of wind. Great fortunes have been made, some will be lost for the want of common sense. Easy money attracts rascals, plenty of whom still live, but Florida will live and grow and continue to be a tourists paradise when it traducers are long forgotten. Why? Because she will still have the climate that attracts men. The present way of living makes sick men, make rheumatic conditions, and few things seem as attractive to those in the frigid climates of the west and the north, as does the sunshine and out door life of Florida.

The road systems in many states are far from complete, and with the building of which more and more people will winter in Florida, many of whom will summer there also, and thus the great wastes where:

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its fragrance on desert air"

will resound to the axe and hammer and saw, and the foot of man will tread where the rattlesnake has been supreme for centuries. Florida has the stuff, is just coming into its own.

AID AS WELL AS WEEP.

Greensboro News.

Preaching from the text "Jesus Wept," John 11:35, with his subject "Tears and Their Tale," Rev. R. Murphy Williams, pastor of the Presbyterian Church of the Covenant yesterday morning at the chrch pointed out that the tears of sympathy are worthless if "We refuse to lift a finger to help the suffering or to relieve distress."

It is mockery to weep over the erring, Mr. Williams said and then to do nothing to save them. Only when "We bear another's burdens do we fulfill the law of Christ."

Mr. Williams said in part:

"In this text we have the shortest verse and the longest truth in the Bible.

"When the absent Master came back to the bereaved home of Martha and Mary in Bethany, the one home in all the neighborhood of Jerusalem where he was accustomed to find rest and comfort, he was met with the unreasoning reproaches of love.

"Their brother Lazarus, his friend, had died and if Jesus had only been present his life might have been saved.

"Martha, the strong steady sister, had voiced this faith in calm confidence, as she broke away from the professional mourners in the house and hastened to meet Jesus in the way.

"Here was the stout heart that bears up under the blows. In the midst of her own grief she made a magnificent affirmation of the Messiahship of Jesus. Quickly, with characteristic tactfulness, she went back to her sister Mary and told her of the nearness of the Master.

"High-strung, emotionally hysterical, Mary flung herself at the feet of Christ, wailing aloud, in Oriental fashion, her grief and her lament.

Mary did not have the steady soul of her older sister. Her paroxysm set off the wailing women who accompanied her and the scene was so tense that Jesus had to curb the strong emotion of His own spirit.

"In answer to an inquiry, he was led toward the tomb, and the record runs, "Jesus wept," not the noisy ostentatious weeping of Mary and her companions but the silent shedding of a strong man's tears.

Second only to the wonder of the incarnation is this testimony of tears. By those silent tears, shed before the tomb of his friend, the heart of Christ is cemented to every other sorrowing heart on earth.

They reveal all that man needs to know concerning the character of Christ and the Father whom He revealed. That Jesus, being what He was and knowing what He knew, should yet love and sorrow, even unto tears, is an expression of self-forgetting affection and of human sympathy that simply transcends comment.

This world is plunged in intellectual difficulty concerning God; lo, here we behold the answer, in the tears of Christ, "Oh, how He loved him."

At the open tomb of man whom

Jesus loved he demonstrated that He is king over death as well as Lord over life. He brought back to its fleshy tenement, forsaken for three day, the spirit of Lazarus. It was a majestic moment. Other hands had removed the stone from the sepulcher; Jesus does not do for man, for man can do for himself, and, after solemn acknowledgment of his association with the Father, the Master called forth the dead to return to life. Yes, this is the shortest verse in the Bible but it is also one of the largest and deepest in its heavenly pathos.

All of the mysterious meaning that lay back of those tears we may never be able to fathom, but do we not see in them the honest expression of grief for a friend who was dead and of sympathy for two women?

The power of our Lord at the sepulcher overwhelms us; it was the power of God. But His pity touches us deeply; it was the pity of a man.

The sympathy that walked 20 miles to Bethany, that drew Him to those desolate women; that started the tears down his cheeks and choked his voice with emotion—that sympathy links us to Him as the sharer of our burdens.

Our Lord here rendered a most practical sympathy. Had He come to Bethany and taken the two bereaved sisters into the parlor and had a good cry with them, and then gone away and left Lazarus in the grave and them in their grief it would have been all we could have done, perhaps, for one of our friends and neighbors in great sorrow and distress.

But this was not like Jesus. He did not come to Bethany simply to weep. He came to work a marvelous mircale of life. He wept as a man; He worked as the Lord of power and glory. He pitied first, and then he helped.

The same love that moistened His eyes moved his arms to unlock the jaws of the grave and bring Lazarus to his feet. A few days after this He wept for sinners and then wrought out salvation for sinners by His own death on the cross.

What are tears of sympathy worth if we refuse to lift a finger to help the suffering or to relieve the distressed.

And what a mockery it is to weep over the erring and then do nothing to save them. Only when we bear one another's burdens do we fulfill the law of Christ.

There is another connection that weeping has with working. We relieve our own suffering hearts by turning upon some wheel of practical activity.

We would be a miserable lot of people if we nursed our own troubles all the time. The millstones grinding upon themselves soon wear themselves away, but useful occupation is not only a tonic but a cure.

Instead of looking in upon our own griefs until we magnify them, we should rather look at the sorrows of others in order to lighten them and lessen them. Some of the best work ever done for the Master is wrought by his servants when the hammer of affliction is beating away on the heart, but is beating down selfishness and unbelief. When sorrow is allowed to settle in the soul it often turns the soul into a stag-

nant pool of water out of which sprout the rank rushes of self-will an unbelief and rebellion against God.

If the sorrow is turned outward into currents of sympathy and beneficence it becomes a stream of blessing. A baptism of sorrow and trial is often the best baptism for Christ's service. It drives us to toil and toil will in turn drive away tears and give us new and sacred satisfaction.

When our blessed Master wept it was on the eve of his mightiest works, once in raising the dead and once in redeeming a dying world.

So weeping and working may blend most profitably together.

CORN BREAD AND LOCUST FATAL.

As a result of several weeks of starvation on the only available diet of corn bread and locusts, while the father served a sentence on the Union county chaingang, little Mary Cook, of Lancaster county, S. C., is dead, and her mother and sister are not expected to survive. This story has been made known to the world as the result of an investigation after Zeno Cook was paroled by the chaingang authorities to bury his little girl.

Cook was paroled last Saturday at the request of his father, an old man tottering on a cane, to attend the burial of his daughter. He was to return in time for work on Monday morning. It being rainy, the prisoner returned on Sunday afternoon, for fear that he might not be able to reach the convict camp on time if he deferred starting until Monday morning. When he came into the camp, he reported and added that he might have to ask for another parole, inasmuch as another one of his children was not expected to live. His report was made known to H. K. Helms, who had issued the parole, and the Wingate mayor and chairman of the Union County Road Commission, immediately brought the matter before that body, and had Cook excused from the remainder of his sentence to look after his people.

Lacked Food For Weeks.

Not satisfied with this, some investigations have been made, and a prominent citizen from the Waxhaw neighborhood says that from facts which he has learned, he is willing to state on oath that Cook's family has subsisted for some weeks on corn bread and locusts.

The locust, in which the stream lands of Lancaster county, S. C., abounds, produces a acrid fruit enceased in a tough pod. The pod must be eaten to get the fruit. It is relished by a stomach over fed on meats, and is appetizing; but on an empty stomach, it is irritating and increases the gnawing pain of hunger. It is said that inflammation of the stomach, resulting from eating locusts, is the immediate cause of colitis which is killing the Cook family, and that the weakened condition from hunger is adding to the evil effects of the situation.

Young Cook was sentenced to the

Union county chain-gang for making whiskey. He stated when he was given his release that he had never intended to make whiskey but for a short while; that he was without means, and hoped that by making whiskey he would get a start in life; that he intended to reform his ways as soon as he secured a small start and make good as a citizen. He stated further that he was making whiskey for a bunch in Charlotte, N. C.

While a citizen of South Carolina, he located his still just across the line on the North Carolina side, and not far from the birthplace of Andrew Jackson. It was while operating here that he was apprehended and sent to the gang.

Unkept Promises.

Cook stated to fellow prisoners that his gang in the liquor business had promised to look after his family while he served the sentence. In consideration of this, Cook was to not give them away at the trial.

The Welfare Departments of Union and Lancaster counties were censured in Monroe today in terms most emphatic. It was suggested that well paid officials on welfare jobs, eat at well filled tables set by public taxes, while the little helpless children of men in prison die of extended starvation, and the people know nothing of it until too late, if ever. When it was suggested that Lancaster county has no welfare repartment, answer was made that North Carolina has the appropriation for a well organized force, and that one of its first duties is to enquire into the condition of families, the heads of which are in North Carolina prisons.

Chairman H. K. Helms and the whole Union County Road Commission were praised today for freeing a prisoner whose children were starving, and ordering him to go immediately to their rescue. Sentiment is very keen that a great injustice has been done to children, and the public here will not rest until the blame is placed, even thought the children are not citizens of this State.

The ten commandments do not need to be re-written so much as they need to be re-read—or observed.

WASHINGTON, N. C. FURNISHED THE ARTIST.

By Carl Goerch.

When this town recently issued a firm but respectful request to Washington, D. C., asking that city to change its name, quite a umber of indignant residents of the national capital took it upon themselves to write vigorous letters of protest. They claimed that the people here were persumptuous in even suggesting such a thing and several of them sarcastically inquired if Washington, N. C., would like to have the Capitol and the White House moved to the shores of the Pamlico River.

Some of those letters were published in local newspapers. It was after reading them that W. H. McDevitt, a well known local citizen, made answer to the effect that Washington, N. C., might not be able to get the Capitol moved here, but anyway she had the satisfaction of knowing that one of her citizens "had the distinction of building the darned thing."

And it's a fact, borne out by historical records, although there are comparatively few people who know about it. But then, there are comparatively few people who know of the inspiration that Washington has given to some of the most distinguished citizens that this nation ever has produced—either through their being born here or through having lived here for a period of their lives.

There was Josephus Daniels, for example. Former Secretary of the Navy. There was Cecil De Mille, noted film producer. There was Miss Sue Dimmock, the first "woman-doctor" ever licensed to practice in the United States. There were many others, including Thomas U. Walter, grandfather of Glenn Walter, of this city, who was the architect in charge of construction work on the Capitol dome and the east and west wings of the building.

You probably have seen many pictures of the United States Capitol Building, but the chances are that the accompanying photograph is the only one you ever have seen of the building in the course of construction. It is a picture of considerable historical value and it is doubtful whether there is another one like it in existence. The original belongs to Glenn Walter and has been in the possession of his family for a number of years.

Thomas U. Walter is recognized as one of the greatest architects that this country ever has produced. He was born in 1814 and died in 1887. He was born in Philadelphia but he managed to overcome the handicap by living for a time in Washington and becoming inspired through his residence here.

When he took charge of construction work at the Capitol and when he made public his plans, other architects laughed and scoffed at him. They claimed that no such dome, as he contemplated, could be built; that it would be impossible to make it bear its tremendous weight.

The dome of the original central building was constructed of wood. covered with copper. It was in 1856 that Mr. Walter started constructing the new dome. It was build of cast iron and was completed in 1865. The entire weight of the iron used was 8,909,200 pounds. Other architects insisted that the dome would be unsafe; that it would fall in and cause a horrible catastrophe, and that any such "fool idea" ought to be stopped. There was even talk of issuing an injunction.

But Thomas U. Walter had made his plans and he went ahead, despite all opposition The huge girders were swung aloft and the work progressed, slowly but surely. The accompanying picture was taken just after it had been completed and before the scaffolding was knocked down.

The height of the dome above the base line of the east front of the building is 287 feet and 5 inches. The greatest diameter of the base is 135 feet and 5 inches. The rotunda is 97 feet in diameter, and its height from the floor to the top of the canopy is 180 feet and 3 inches. The dome is crowned by a bronze statue of Freedom, which is 19 feet and 6 inches high and weighs 12,985 pounds.

That was a tremendous piece of construction work in those days, but Mr Walter saw it through to successful completion. And it is generally admitted that from the standpoint of architectural beauty, the capitol dome is in a class by itself.

Not only did he build the dome, but he also directed the building of the east and west wings. The corner stone of these extensions was laid on July 4, 1851, by President Fillmore, Daniel Webster officiating as orator on the occasion. The material used in the walls is white marble from the quarries of Lee, Mass., and that in the columns from the quarries of Cockeyville, Md.

The Treasury Building and the Postoffice Building extensions also were built under the direction of Mr. Walter. In addition, he constructed several college buildings and numerous busines sstructures in Philadelphia and other cities.

Washington, N. C., thus far has been unsuccessful in getting Washington, D. C., to change its name, but the town on the Pamlico river can console itself in the fact that the most pretentious buildings at the national capital were built by a Washington, N. C., man.

And so it is, that when a Washington, D. C., man takes a visitor along Pennsylvania Avenue to show him the sights, the former is often humiliated.

"What building is that?" the visitor will inquire.

"That's the Treasury Building."

"What a magnificent specimen of architecture. I wonder who designed it?"

"Guy by name of Thomas U. Walter."

"Where was he from?"

"From Washington, North Carolina."

They proceed along a little further. The visitor sees another imposing looking structure.

"That's the Postoffice Building," says the resident of Washington, D. C.

"What a magnificent, wonderful specimen of architecture. I wonder who designed it?"

"Same guy, from Washington, North Carolina."

They reach the Capitol grounds. The stranger pauses and removes his hat. He gazes reverently on the structure from which the profanity of senators and congressmen has emanated for so many years.

"What a magnificent, wonderful, awe-inspiring specimen of orchitecture!" he murmurs. "What beautiful, symmetrical lines! What an imposing ensemble!"

The tears come into his eyes and he turns to his friend, who is grinding his teeth in helpless rage.

"Who," asks the visitor, "Who is the wonderful genius, the unequalled architect that designed that wonderful dome? Who is the man that thought of such beautiful lines for the east and west wings. May his memory ever be kept sacred, for he was indeed a genius among geniuses. He must have come from Rome, or Paris, or some other art center, where he spent many years in laborious study and research. Tell me, my dear friend, the name of the man who did that splendid work and whence he came."

"He came from that damn little town of Washington, North Carolina," shrieks his companion, as he breaks away and flees down Pennsylvania Avenue again, looking for a place to hide.

They've placed a bust of Thomas U. Walter in the rotunda, but nothing is said on the plate about Washington, N. C. It's just as well that there wasn't, for the chances are that somebody would have obliterated the "N."

Gaze again at the accompaying picture, ye people of North Carolina, and as ye gaze, reflect upon the fact that it was Washington, N. C., that made it possible for ye to thus gaze upon it. It was Washington that supplied the natoin with so many prominent men of past ages and that is continuing to supply them in the present. It was Washington that crossed the Delaware.

In all my wanderings round this world of care.
In all my griefs—and
God has given my share—I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down. —Goldsmith.

THE UNKNOWN GENIUS.

Asheville Citizen.

We know that some are endowed with a genius not given to other mortals which ranks them as illustrious among the sons of men, and we—the multitude—honor this genius when we recognize it but recognize it not unless its possessor proclaim it by some spectacular attainment.

We credit it to those whose accomplishments are so outstanding that we term them great, be their works good or evil. So we call Alexander a genius, Caesar, Napoleon, Shakespeare, and when they are gone will add to the list Thomas A. Edison, Madam Curie and perhaps Henry Ford. What they have done proclaims each a genius to us—we recognize no genius whose works are not loud speakers. We know no Cromwells to whose genius no opportunity appealed.

But there are geniuses, rare specimens whose intellect lifts them high above us, who spend their lives among us unwitting that they are. We—the multitude—pass them by but to a few they are known as superlative persons, having proved their merit by great but inconspicuous service.

How many of ue ever even heard of Vice Admiral William Reginald Hall of the British Navy? Scarcely one —we do not place him in the sea fights with Beatty and Jellicol; he won no distinction as a fleet commander. Yet so notable a judge as Walter Hines Page, ambassador to Great Britain, who saw crucifying tests applied to merit thus speaks of this unknown man in November's World Work:

Hall is one genius that the war has developed. Neither in fiction nor in fact can you find any such man to match him. Of the wonderful things that I know he has done, there are several that it would take an exciting volume to tell. The man is a genius—a clear case of genius. All other secret service men are amateurs by comparison. If there be any life left me after this war and if Hall's abnormal activity and ingenuity have not caused him to be translated, I wish to spend a week with him in some quiet place and then spend a year in writing out what he will have told me. . . . I shall never meet another like him; that were too much to expect.

Superlatives from a man not given to exaggeration to one who had no favors to bestow—"no man to match him!" This man can read men's minds—they can speak no language he cannot translate. He was "intelligence" for the British in the war. He early read the cipher which the Germans declared was a secret beyond the wit of man to read, and all the German radio-cast messages were to him an open book. A genius indeed but one lacking perhaps the ambition to make the world recognize him.

It always amuses us to see a strapping six-footer jerking soda water.

AN ILLUSION SHATTER.

(Asheville Citizen.)

Pessimistic Clarence Darrow holds to none of the hopes which serve as beacon lights to most people, and cherishes no illusions. Rather he is a destroyer of illusions.

We doubt not he destroyed one fondly cherished by many of the Negroes whom he addressed in Detroit Sunday—shattered it beyond hope of restoration as the child's Santa Claus is broken by the materialist who values only Truth—Truth often more repellant than pleasing. Abraham Lincoln was not, he told them, the Great Emancipator they thought.

The great War President, Darrow said, "Was not an abolitionist of the stripe of Sumner and Garrison," and his proclamation of January 1, 1863, was "a devil of an emancipation proclamation." It did not abolish the institution of slavery; it was not made for altruistic movies but simply as a war measure directed against the South.

History endores what the iconoclast said and even adds more, Mr. Lincoln declared even after his election that he had no intent to interfere with slavery in the South—he was indeed no abolitionist like Garrison. It was not, however, the Emancipation Proclamation itself which "told the South if it quit fighting it could reenter the Union and keep the Negroes as slaves."

This was the substance of the preliminary proclamation made September 22, 1862, which warned that on the first day of the next January the slaves would be freed "within any State or designated part of any State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States." It was this which constituted a bid to the States to return to the Union under penalty of losing their slaves.

How much influence that bid had, we cannot of course assert, but the Emancipation Proclamation proceeded as it promised. It freed the slaves in Southern States and parts thereof which were then "in rebellion," but left the slaves still slaves in other States and sections. It left Negroes still slaves in the Border States, in West Virginia, in parts of Louisiana and Virginia. It was not until after the close of the war that slavery as an institution was abolished.

We do not know that Mr. Darrow rendered a good service—we are not quite sure that the truth must always be spoken and doubt it in some cases illusion should be destroyed. We are not admirers of those who shattered the fable of George Washington and the cherry tree. Mr. Darrow's hearers, we venture to say, were not so happy after he spoke as they were before then.

One of life's strange complexes is that the fellow who know how to do everything never has anything to do.

FOR WANT OF THOUGHT.

Selected.

We were just coming out of the church and the first drops of rain were beginning to fall. To my left one lady remarked to another that she was so sorry it was cloudy and threatening rain, for she did want so badly that the weather should continue fair as it had been for the past week or two. The reason she was anxious for clear skies was revealed in the later remark that rain would interfere with her playing tennis.

Then I recalled reading in the paper only the day before that the governor of one of our commonwealths had issued a proclamation calling upon all the people to gather in their respective places of worship and pray for rain. And this state-wide prayer was to be sent up to the Father of all merices on the very day a lady wanted fair weather for tennis. And then I recalled further that in a certain county in our own state the corn and other autumn crops were dying for want of rain and united prayer throughout the county was being made in the hope the drought would be broken.

Putting these conflicting wishes together I could not help feeling that under ordinary circumstances we are exceedingly thoughtless. We are so absorbed in our own pleasure and gain that our wishes have a hard time getting beyond our personal needs and spheres. I take it that this attitude grows out of want of thought rather than want of heart. It is not as important that I prosecute my pleasure as it is that little children be fed and the beasts of the stall be kept from perishing.

In "Father and Son Week" the father is expected to tell the son how many mistakes he made in his youth. This confidential information is intended to let the son escape the pitfalls into which his father fell. However, it is likely he will discover some new ones. The best thing possible for fathers and sons, as well as mothers and daughters, is close contact with no secrets.—News & Observer.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Stanly Armstrong.

Last Sunday was the fourth consecutive time it has rained on that day.

Some of the boys have been cleaning out some of the ditches during the past week.

Bertie Murray, member of the second cottage, has been given a position in the laundry.

The basketball team is still practicing hard. No games have been scheduled so far.

A number of boys have been cutting wood and grubbing stumps during the past week.

The chicken boys and Mr. Lisk have been sorting out chickens and getting them ready for Thanksgiving.

The farm boys, under the direction of Mr. Long, have been gathering turnips and distributing them around the different cottages.

A good number of the boys have been practicing kicking a football. A good number of them can kick the pigskin pretty well.

Mrs. Clarke and son Edmund, of Charlotte, were recent visitors of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Carriker, officer and matron of the fifth cottage.

A number of the barn boys have been plowing and harrowing during the past week. Several of them have been repairing the roads about the institution.

Mrs. Chas. E. Boger, wife of the superintendent, who has been ill for the past week, underwent treatment in a hospital in Charlotte. All the boys wish that she will soon recover and return again to the institution.

The boys of the second cottage are very grateful to Miss Francis Hill, of Concord, for the crochinole board. A number of boys have already learned to play this game. We thank Miss Hill for it.

The teachers in the different school rooms will have to find something for the next quarterly contest. A number of subjects have already been used, among them are: Spelling, Declamation, Reading, Drawing, Writing and Catechism Contests.

A number of axe and shovel handles were put in by the carpenter shop boys. They also made several coal bins for the different cottages, and repaired a number of wagon beds for the barn force.

Saturday afternoon was a warm

day, and all the boys had a fine time at the ball ground. The boys on the big diamond played a good game, the score for the evening was 7 to 6. Cox pitching for the winners and Pickett for the losers.

Lee McBride, George Howard, Ralph Wright, Herbert Poteat, Hewitt Collier and Ralph Ballard, composed the "Happy Squad," last Wednesday, with a visit from relatives and friends.

The Cook Literary Society of third cottage, elected the following officers for the ensuing three months: James Allen, President; Cucell Watkins, Vice-President; Willie Smith, Secretary; Maston Brit tand Lester Love, 1st and 2nd Reporting Critics; Douglas Williams, Librarian.

Poles for the soccer goals arrived at the ball ground last Thursday afternoon. These poles are of cedar wood, and were cut under the direction of Mr. T. V. Talbert. As soon as they are put up and the lines marked off, the boys will again start on this great game.

Rev. Max Turner, pastor of the First Baptist Church, of Kannapolis, conducted the services in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. He read for his Scripture Lesson several selections from the New Testament. His sermon was about "The Meanest Man in the World," and "How he could be saved." Rev. Turner preached a very interesting sermon, and it was enjoyed by all.

Through the courtesy of the Charlotte Observer, it was arranged so that the papers will be dropped off at the school early in the morning, when a truck from their office comes by the institution. They have been sending the papers through the mail, and the mailman bringing them out to the institution. Mr. Carriker of the carpenter shop put up a box on the right hand side of the road, so that the driver of the truck will be able to drop the papers into it. We are now enabled to get the papers before breakfast, which is very convenient to the subscribers.

The boys in the evening school section have been having some good times after school lets out. Last Monday they assembled in front of first and third cottages, and there they chose sides, and had a good belt race, in which each ran one hundred yards, it was a hotly contested race, as one side would gain on a good runner, then the other side would gain back what they lost. After an hour's racing, the last two boys started on the run, and it came to the end, as one side already had gained half a lap, by which score the other side was defeated. All the boys enjoyed running in this game. Then again, on last Tuesday, the boys assembled at the ball ground, choose sides and where in it for a big game of tug of war, some of the boys returned with the rope, stretched it out, and both sides took hold of it, at a given signal they began to pull, as they were pulling as hard as they could and then a little harder, all at once the two big groups of boys

found themselves sprawling on the ground, the big rope which they had depended upon was pulled in two like a little piece of twine, they tied this rope together, and then tried again to have the game, but it was unsuccessful, the third attempt was the same. After some of the officers seeing that the boys could not have this game, they called it off. All the boys enjoyed these games, although they had several good spills, and all wish to have these games at another date, when they can find a good rope to withstand the boys' heavy pulling, and not break.

It was decided to hold the fourth quarterly contest on Friday, November 6, at 7 P. M. Long before this day, each boy in the different rooms had been working hard to be one of the winners.

When the night of the contest arrived, the boys assembled in the auditorium, with their uniforms on and all were eager to find out what the outcome of this contest would be. The boys on the program were ready to go, and they assembled in front of the stage, so that they could easily gain entrance to the stage. As the boys were coming in the band started the program with a march—"New Hartford," and after this they played a waltz—"When You and I were Seventeen," the program is as follows:

Room No. 3.—Story Reproduction Contest.

"Voyage of Sinbad the Sailor"—Paul Lanier; "Jason and the Golden Fleece"—Henry Jackson; "Roland and His Horn"—Brit Gatlin; "Battle of the Frogs and Mice"—Lonnie McGee; "The Vain Jackdaw"—John Creech.

This contest was a good one, and all the boys tried very hard to win, but as only one could win, the lucky fellow happened to be Henry Jackson, member of the fourth cottage, and he was declared the winner for this room. Then the band played another number, "O Sole Mio!"

Room No. 1.—Declamation Contest

"The Curse of Selfishness"—Hurley Way; "Nothing to do but Work"—Albert Garrison; "William Jennings Bryan"—Cucell Watkins; "Shall the Monroe Doctrine be Abandoned"—Floyd McArthur.

This was a good contest and the declaimers tried very hard. This showed what the boys could do when they had to face a crowd. Albert Garrison, member of the eighth cottage, was the happy winner. After this the band played a selection, a march, "Bassology."

Room No. 2.—Scripture Catechism Contest.

Twenty boys stood up for this contest and it was one of the hottest ever presented at the Jackson Training School. Prof. W. M. Crook, teacher of the room, gave out the questions. The first question was given to a small boy, and it kept on going up the line. Slowly the line decreased in number, and was soon cut down to ten, and gradually the number decreased, until they had gone through the entire catechism. Only four boys remained, after skipping about in the book, Prof. Crook gave it up and these boys were declared the winners:

James Beddingfield, David Driver, Homer Montgomery, members of the twelfth cottage, and Walter Evers, member of the fifth cottage. Beddingfield was the first boy to memorize the whole catechism. The band's next selection was "Misere," featuring a duet for cornet and trombone. Aubrey Weaver playing cornet and Clarles Flowers trombone.

Room No. 4.—Reading Contest.

"Spress Yourself Ike"—Virgil Shipes; "A Boy and His Stomach"—Melvin Kelly.

This contest furnished a laugh to everyone present and both of these boys were given the prize.

Room No. 5.—Drawing Contest.

Alfred Stansberry, member of the third cottage, had the best exhibit in this contest, and he was the winner. Honorable mention was fiven to Eddie Moore. While the judges were out the band played several selections. "La Ditteri," "Dixie," "Groups of Operatic Selections." After which the judges rendered their decisions. Judges for the evening were: Supt. Chas. E. Boger, Miss Vernie Goodman and Mrs. J. H. Hobby.

The School's band made a very good impression, as they can play very good now.

This contest was originated by Mr. J. J. Barnhardt, of Concord, and we are sorry that Mr. Barnhardt was not here to see it come off, for he would have been delighted with the boys' progress in these studies.

BUILT TO LAST.

Bilger built my stately dwelling, to protect me from the blast, and he said, "There is no telling just how long this house will last; but if cyclones do not break it, blowing it to distant spheres, and if earthquakes do not shake it, it will stand a thousand years. Your remote descendants, bragging, will remark to friends who come, 'Not a joist or sill is sagging, not a beam is out of plumb. Not for gingerbread or gilding did our noble fathers care; they were only keen on building houses that would last and wear.' That was long ago, my masters, nad the builder's rede seems true; other houses meet disasters, but my own's as good as new. Other houses are disbanding when the howling tempests blow, but my mansion still is standing, not a blemish does it know. Other houses burn like tinder, homes of wood and homes of bricks, but my stone walls seem to hinder all the fire fiends's choicest tricks. I should be a happy mortal, sunny smiles I ought to wear, but I do not sing of chortle as I climb the winding stair. For the house is out of fashion, it's a relic of the past; I denounce it with a passion that would make you stand aghast. There is no one who will buy it, there is no one who will rent; and the years that slither by it do not leave in it a dent. All in vain I make endeavor to the blithesome, glad and gay, for I'm doomed to live forever in a house that don't decay.—Uncle Walt Mason.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SCHEDULE

South Bound

No.	29	2:35 A. M.
"	31	6:07 A. M.
"	11	8:05 A. M.
"	33	8:25 A. M.
"	45	3:55 P. M.
"	135	8:35 P. M.
"	35	10:12 P. M.

North Bound

No.	30	2:00 A. M.
"	136	5:00 A. M.
"	36	10:25 A. M.
"	46	3:15 P. M.
"	34	4:43 P. M.
"	12	7:10 P. M.
"	32	8:36 P. M.
"	40	9:28 P. M.

For further information apply to

M. E. Woody, Ticket Agent

Southern Railway, Concord, N. C.

Thanksgiving In Our Hearts

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIII CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 21 No. 52

Carolina Collection,
U. N. C. Library

A PSALM OF PRAISE.

MAKE a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.

Serve the Lord with gladness; come before his presence with singing.

Know ye that the Lord he is God; it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise; be thankful unto him, and bless his name.

For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of 4, 1923.

THE LEPERS.

Way back yonder somewhere in Samaria or Galilee ten men afflicted with leprosy stood afar off. Their cry to the Master brought relief and they were cleansed.

We read in Luke: "And one of them, when he saw that he was healed, turned back, and with a loud voice glorified God." And again, "And Jesus answering said, were there not ten cleansed? but where are the nine?"

This occurred centuries ago. Ingratitude existed then; it exists today. It is not altogether a national sin; it is human—and of the devil. We are ungrateful to each other. Men forget the answers to calls to come help, to rescue a child, or to span a chasm or bring relief or to do kindly and personal service. They forget and proceed along their courses unmindful of acts of helpfulness and mercy, and sometimes turn and rend their helpers and benefactors. The "marble-hearted fiend"—ingratitude—is nothing but selfishness in action. But may we indulge the belief that we are growing better today and that there are more than one in ten who feel impelled to turn and render thanks.

As we approach the great national Thanksgiving Day, on which day we are specially called upon to render unto the Creator and Preserver our thanks for his goodness and mercy to us, as individuals and as a community, may we know that there exists no occasion to ask, "But where are the nine?"

The Uplift, desiring to acknowledge its belief and faith in the efficacy of a public utterance of gratitude for the many blessings we all enjoy,

carries in this issue a number of Thanksgiving expressions, which we feel will strike a responsive chord among our reads and the boys of the Jackson Training School.

* * * * * * * * * * *

THEY KEEP FALLING.

Tuesday morning, after a period of declining health, Mr. William A. Foil, of Concord, passed away. Though not a surprise to those who knew of his affliction and fondly hoped for the better, it nevertheless is a shock to them.

As we mortals are wont to see such bereavements about us, Mr. Foil was too young to die and there were many things that his energy and vision would have him to do; but a Higher Wisdom, who never errs, willed otherwise, and trusting Him who gave and who takes away resignedly say "Thy will be done."

Mr. Foil was a highly useful citizen; he took a lively interest in all public questions; he was possessed of a marked capacity and ability. Being of a genial nature and enjoying the traits of a good mixer, he gathered around him a wide circle of friends and admirers, at home and in the state.

At the time of his death he held the position of State Senator and was chairman of the County Democratic Executive Committee, to which responsible positions he gave a high order of faithful service.

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VOLUME XIV.

With this number The Uplift completes Vol. XIII. If there be any just or imaginary superstitious notions about "thirteen" being an unlucky number, it failed to impress itself in this office during the past year.

The Uplift enters upon its fourteenth year full of hope and confidence. This heartening outlook is predicated on the character of support and appreciation by its subscribers, who, from time to time, make known to us what they think of the little messenger. The Uplift was established and for a particular mission and it has adhered strictly to that purpose.

It is rather a novel experience in this time and period of strange things and tastes that a weekly paper that eschews the business of recording the crimes of infidelity, murder and vice and even sidesteps the slobbery social stuff, which so many good people court and in which they find an engaging interest could survive and be healthy.

Today, as has been the case ever since the first number appeared, the same

unrequited editorial service has been given to it. "Unrequited"—not exactly. While this service draws no pay or expense, it does enjoy to an appreciative degree the commendation of hundreds who assure us that they enjoy The Uplift from week to week.

We will have done violence to our sense of appreciation of a worthy assistance, should we fail to publicly acknowledge the aid of a number of correspondents, who contribute readable and beneficial articles to our columns. They too, following the example of the editor, appear nowhere on a pay-roll nor come in contact with a pay-envelope. The great mission for which this little magazine stands appeals to them and scores of other people throughout the state.

As an example of faithful and continued service, The Uplift here gives expression to the loyalty of another one, who has been with the cause since the first number was born. It is the director of our printing department—Jesse C. Fisher. It is a novel thing in newspaper experience to find one man on the same job for thirteen years.

We have room on our mailing list for other subscribers.

* * * * * * * * * *

FIFTY YEARS A LONG TIME.

That must have been a pleasing sensation that enveloped Col. Wade H. Harris, editor of the Charlotte Daily Observer, on Monday evening last. Any man, satisfied with his good name and jealous of his fine reputation, might well feel proud to witness such an outpouring of representative citizens of his state to do him a deserved honor. Men, in life, do not always get a realization of the public's estimate of his contribution to the affairs of the world.

But in the case of Col. Harris a brilliant crowd gathered round the banquet board in his honor and told stories of his accomplishments and made him understand that they knew his contribution to society, to his community, to his state and section for fifty years in the newspaper game. The beauty of the occasion lies in the fact that everything said and done that evening towards the veteran editor was well deserved.

Clarence Kuester, the genius that hovers over the Charlotte Chamber of Commerce, planned all this splendid expression of love and esteem, and some of these days the public will drag Kuester out and tell him a few things that richly belong to his record.

How much better it is to face a man in the presence of his family and lay

before him and them the public's estimate of his services—anybody in the presence of death may think up something that will get one by, but he dare not in life give utterance to the false.

Of course it is long time off, if the wishes of his thousands of friends in the state have their way about it, Col. Harris has in this event just an inkling of what may be truthfullly said of him when he "goes west." The Uplift was not present, or else it might have told that brilliont assembly how Col. Harris sprouted his newspaper wings in reporting the stunts of nature and her creatures out in Cabarrus county—be it remembered that the veteran editor is a product of Cabarrus, and he will not deny it.

* * * * * * * * * *

CONSIDERING AN OPPORTUNITY.

The sentiment is crystallizing to the effect that there is need of a County Hospital for Cabarrus County. For several weeks agencies of the Chamber of Commerce, of the Rotary Club and the Kiwanis, have been sounding the attitude of the people on the subject.

Monday evening the Cabarrus County Medical Society, composed of far-thinking physicians and men whose hearts are always attuned to a high service, met and unanimously endorsed the proposition. This means much in giving the people a right conception of the present needs.

That the public may have first hand information relative to a participation in the hospital service of the Duke Foundation, Dr. W. S. Rankin, the director of that great agency, has been invited to address our people.

Dr. Rankin accepts the invitation most gladly to come to his native home and talk face to face to the public in behalf of this most important undertaking.

So Monday evening, November 23rd, at 7 o'clock, in the court house the public is cordially invited to assemble to hear the proposition of a county hospital discussed by Dr. Rankin.

A representative audience is confidently expected, for no subject concerns us more than that of public health.

A GOOD TIME.

By Marian Douglas.

Said good Grandfather Gay,
"On a Thanksgiving Day,
If you want a good time, give something away."
So he sent a fat turkey to shoemaker Price,
And the shoemaker said, "What a big bird!..How nice!
And with such a good dinner I ought
To give Widow Lee the small chicken I bought."

"This fine chicken—oh, see!" said the pleased Mrs. Lee;
"And the kindness that sent it, how precious to me!
I would like to make some one as happy as I;
So I'll give Mrs. Murphy my big pumpkin pie."

"And oh, sure!" poor Mrs. Murphy said, "'Tis the queen of pies!
Just to look at its yellow face gladdens my eyes.
Now it's my turn, I think. So a sweet ginger cake
For the motherless Finnigan children I'll bake."

Said the Finnigan children—Rose, Danny, and Hugh—
"It smells sweet of spice, and we'll carry a slice
To little lame Jake, who has nothing nice."
"Oh, I thank you, and thank you," said little lame Jake;
"Oh what a beautiful, beautiful cake!
And, oh, such a big slice! I'll save all the crumbs,
And will give them to each little sparrow that comes."

And the sparrows they twittered, as though they would say,
Like good grandfather Gay, "On a Thanksgiving Day,
If you want a good time, give something away."

EXPRESSIONS OF GRATITUDE.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

By T. H. Webb.

It is entirely proper for our national and state governments to set aside a special day each year for publicly returning thanks for all the blessings vouchsafed to us by an all wise Providence.

It is much more fitting in my opinion, that every day each individual should reverently and solemnly thank God for the myraid of evidences of His favor which we are all too prone to accept as coming to us as a matter of course. Therefore, let us give grateful thought to the Great Source from which these good things emanate and show our thankfulness by sharing liberally with those less fortunate than ourselves.

Concord, N. C.

A THANKSGIVING MEDITATION.

By Rev. J. M. Varner.

There is a story of a rich man and a poor man. The rich man sent a large sum of money to a friend to be given to this poor man as he thought best. The friend sent the poor man a portion of the money, saying, "This is yours, use it wisely, there is more to follow." Again and again he sent the money to the poor man, always with the cheering words, "More to follow."

How this story illustrated the giving of God our Father. These bountiful blessings which he bestows upon us are ours. He would have us use them wisely. And with these present blessings there is always the promise of "More to follow."

Concord, N. C.

THANKFUL!

By Prof. C. L. Coon.

If I can live and work ten years more, I shall have been a North Carolina teacher for fifty years.

I am thankful that I have had some small part during the past 40 years in helping along the coming day when we shall give every child such education as will make it impossible for him not to be a good citizen. For the increased measure of affection in which the people hold every one of our institutions which minister to the welfare of children, I am grateful and thankful. I am confident we are soon going to provide adequately for the feeble minded and for all those

who suffer from tuberculosis and other principal ailments. I am also confident that we are soon going to acquire enough genuine religion to establish an intelligent and humane penal system, to enact a good secret ballot law, and to establish a decent and honest system of taxation.

If we shall have made some substantial progress in the evolution of these things, I shall be a supremely thankful North Carolinian Thanksgiving 1927.

Wilson, N. C.

A THANKSGIVING THOUGHT.

By Morrison H. Caldwell.

As individuals, as a community and as a State, at this Thanksgiving season, we should count our blessings and forget our disappointments. We should be thankful that we live in the age of radio, and in the land of sunshine so signally blessed with schools and churches; that our highways, automobiles and telephones, put us in such close touch with our friends; that neither famine nor pestlence, neither war nor anarchy disturb our sleep; that God has brought us safely through another year and will lead us all the way.

Concord, N. C.

WHY SHOULD I GIVE THANKS?

By C. W. Hunt.

Not because I am better than my fellows, but:

For being allowed to live in a land where so many blessings abound.

For the privilege of right thinking, and the worship of a God that knows our every need.

For a land of sunshine and shadow, and that the sunshine far outweighs the shadow.

For a Government that acknowledges God.

For the ability to and the privilege of helping a friend to make better men.

That I live in such an age, and see and feel and know so much my fathers never thought of.

For kind friends and loving kin

For the esteem and respect of neighbors.

For food and raiment and shelter.

For all these I should give thanks to a loving and merciful God.

Charlotte, N. C.

THERE ARE MANY CAUSES.

By Chas. W. Gold.

North Carolinians have many distinct causes for which to be particularly thankful, but Thanksgiving Day, 1925, finds the State in its most progressive mood. This mood is accompanied by an uplifting spirit, and,

in my opinion, one of the greatest uplifting agencies in North Carolina is its school at Concord, for the helping of wayward boys, who, but for this institution, might have landed in our jails or penitentiary.

Who can estimate the value of a man? Therefore, who can estimate the value of an institution which changes a miscreant into a man?

May you and your good work continue! May North Carolinians remember, in this Thanksgiving Season, the many blessings which the All-Wise Providence has showered!

Greensboro, N. C.

AN INESTIMABLE BENEFIT.

By Mrs. Addie A. Odell.

Thanksgiving is a day set apart for the special rendering of thanks to the Giver of all good, for His manifold blessings, peace, food convenient for us, the opportunity of doing for those in need. The Jackson Training School, with its ennobling uplift, is an inestimable benfit to our state, and we should give thanks for its splendid inception, and the efficient work it is accomplishing "In His Name."

Concord, N. C.

APPLAUDS UPLIFT WORK.

By G. Ed Kestler.

A few words as per your request. The Pilgrim Fathers first observed Thanksgiving Day in 1621. During the Revolutionary War, Congress recommended days of thanksgiving. President Washington in 1789 appointed a thanksgiving day in celebration of the adoption of the constitution, and again in 1795 for the welfare of the nation. Since 1817 New York has had such a day. Since 1863 all the presidents have issued proclamations making the last Thursday of November national holiday.

We have much to give thanks for this year and every year. The Jackson Training School deserves much from the people of the state. It is mother and father to over 400 North Carolina boys and this is a great responsibility. The smiles and tears, the hopes and fears and the lives and fortunes of these 400 souls and bodies rest upon this institution. We should give thanks that years ago the spirit of love for humanity inspired the heart of J. P. Cook to try to create such a wonderful institution as he has created by the cooperation of the people and the legislature. It has grown beyond his fondest dreams. This beautiful dream of his is now moulded—into brick and cement and into the lives of 400 noble boys and it affects the destiny of more people for good than any vision given to others in many years. John Milton had glorious visions of millions of beautiful angels. He heard them playing their golden harps and he makes us listen to their lullabies as they seem to come from their hearts

of gold, and this dream was sublime and sweet but it was too far away. Mortals need human angels more than celestial. It did not touch the heart-strings of the poor boys and those in trouble, without friends and influence.

These boys were thrown in prisons, they were worked on chaingangs, they were housed with criminals, they were treated like beasts of burden until this dream. And for what were these youths so treated? Because perchance they had taken a bite of bread to keep the wolf of hunger away, or had tried to keep a poor mother from starving, and thus violated the majesty of the law. It was an awful thing to do to drive thousands of these young boys, with hearts as fresh and innocent as the angels Milton speaks so sweetly about, into jails and chaingangs simply because they were too young to always know and do the right, and because they had no parents or guardians to watch their ways across the pitfalls that block the pathways of life. And so Mr. Cook had this vision of finding a way to save these boys, who never had a chance. He found the way, he has given them a chance to be manly and honorable men, and for this work, we should give thanks on November 26th.

The golden age of art and eloquence has passed away. The iron age of acts and deeds has come. The world today judges people by what they do and are and not by what they say. In every realm of thought—religion, government, philosophy and science—it is the one who lives the best and who does the most good to humanity who is crowned with the world's diadems Shams get nowhere. He who, as Leigh Hunt says, "loves his fellowman," leads all the rest and they are those "whom love of God had blessed." This is a beautiful picture that the poet gives of those true, humble lives who serve God best by serving their fellowmen. So with the one whose dream has come true as regards the Training School, and, I will say, this is true also of Mr. Babbington, of Gastonia, who opened the home for crippled children in our state. These men by serving the children of this age are best serving their Creator.

Concord, N. C.

OUR HERITAGE.

By Rev. W. C. Lyerly.

THANKSGIVING DAY! How needful this day of all our National holidays! It reminds us of our heritage. We are of the blood of Puritan, of Hugenot, of Cavalier. Our heritage is a heritage of faith in God, richer far than the heritage of those whose fathers come to America seeking gold.

Here in North Carolina we are of this original stock. In other parts of our Nation, the blood of a new stock mingles with the old. It is that of Continental Europe. They have come that they might enjoy the wonderful prosperity of America. With our increase of wealth, the enjoyment of pleasures, and the mighty influ-

ences of these who have come in recent years, we are in danger of forgetting God. "I planted, Appollos watered: but God gave the increase." 1 Cor. 3:6.

Thanksgiving Day is to remind us that God giveth us the increase, Thanksgiving Day reminds us our heritage is faith in God, richer far than our crops, our industries and commerce.

Concord, N. C.

GROWS IN MEANING AND PURPOSE.

By Mrs. Annie Craige Allison.

Every age has its compensation. To the young, Thanksgiving means a holiday, a big diner at grandmother's with turkey, pumpkin pie, etc.,—but, to those in the sear and yellow leaf, these joys are only blessed memories.

Our happiness is in the knowledge of the goodness of God, as we count the many wonderful blessings: lavishly, if undeservedly, bestowed upon our country and us. Our grateful hearts turn to our duty and responsibility of sharing with those less fortunate, not only create comforts, but also kind words of encouragement.

"What shall we render to the Lord for all His benefits toward us?"

Concord, N. C.

OBEDIENCE PROOF OF LOVE.

By B. R. Lacy.

The average Tar Heel does not take Thanksgiving seriously. Where one carefully reviews his life for a year, nine hundred and ninety take the blessings of health, loved ones, and the many, many kind and good gifts a loving Heavenly Father gives them, as a matter of course. God has cast our lot in a State unusually free from epidemics, earthquakes, tornadoes and other calamities of that sort. Are you grateful for these blessings, if so, have you ever lifted your voice or even your thoughts in praise to Him who rules all things?

Thanksgiving should be not only a day of feasting and good cheer, but one on which everybody, old and young, rich and poor, Protestant and Catholic, Christian and sinner should draw closer to God in prayer as well as in praise.

Talking to a man who carries his religion with him all the time, in success when the world goes well with him, and in trouble when days are dark and into his life rain is falling, he said, "I do not feel to God as others do, if my boy were to do wrong I would not kick him out of the house, I would put my arm around him and tell him that I loved him, and if he said that he was sorry I would forgive him and tell him not to do so again, and I know that God loves me more than I can possibly love my son, I think of God as looking down when I have committed some unnecessary sin as laughing at me and saying to himself, 'Will Dick

never learn any sense?' '' That was a new idea to me—God not frowning at a little sin, but really laughing—and showing love and sympathy for a man's weakness, and that He does not scowl and act as if he had committed an unpardonable crime.

We have much to be thankful for, but far beyond all earthly things is the love and patience of the good Lord. Obedience is the proof of love. Let us prove our gratitude and love by obeying Him as far as weak human nature can.

Raleigh, N. C.

REASONS EVERYWHERE.

By C. F. Ritchie.

Thanksgiving day should be a day when all humanity should pause and take time to inventory, as fully as possible, as far as human minds and hearts are able, the wonderful blessings bestowed upon us this year and all time by our Heavenly Father: the home life that we enjoy, the loved ones, our freedom, peace and happiness of our people and country, the wonderful provision He has made for us in every way, our friends, and the many institutions of our country that reach down and lift up the weak and fallen. For these we should truly be thankful and show it in our every day life by genuine Christian service.

Concord, N. C.

HUMANITARIAN LEGISLATION AND INSTITUTIONS.

By Miss Easdale Shaw.

Let God be praised for North Carolina's record of progress, above all for humanitarian legislation and institutions, and that ''We have come to believe that nothing walks with aimless feet.

That not one life should be destroyed.

Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God has made the whole complete.''

Rockingham, N. C.

THANKSGIVING—IT IS BEING GLAD.

By Rev. W. A. Newell.

The highest form of Thanksgiving is just to be glad.

All nature joins in gratitude. Smiling fields and forests, laughing brooks and singing birds; blooming flowers and winking stars are everywhere. The ancients thought the God of Nature took these things and bound them into the Pipes of Pan that all men every where might be glad.

In the world of thought we should be glad. Our desires and our needs are close akin and the love of the

Heavenly Father ever lifts us toward a longing for the best and lovliest things. He bids us "think on these things of good report" that we may rejoice in Him.

And that other world of the spirit is growing gladder every day. Those who would hurt are hushed by those who would help. Smouldering hate is turned to love's bright flame. Even when we have not done our best,—perhaps we have done our worst,—tender hands from home and church and state are reaching out to us with kindliness and voices low with mercy plead for a new start and a better day.

Let us join the throng of choice ones who are building a city of life with palaces of ivory, and walls of jasper, and gates of pearl, and streets of gold, wherein we shall be glad forever.

Mt. Airy, N. C.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

By Mrs. Margaret C. D. Burgwyn.

All praise and thanks to Him who "maketh the sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust!"

Thanksgiving, after war, suffering and sorrow, for peace and prosperity in our own land, and for dawn of these blessings for our brothers in foreign countries.

Thanksgiving for the men and women who are training and equipping the girls and boys in North Carolina to deal wisely with life's problems.

Thanksgiving for the boys of the Stonewall Jackson School, for their love and appreciation and for the dear little printer boys who are gathering in today, the messages of their many friends, making a beautiful song of Harvest Home.

Raleigh, N. C.

THANKSGIVING REQUIRED BY A JEALOUS GOD.

By Mayor C. H. Barrier.

In Exodus 20 : 5-6, we read: For I the Lord Thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy to thousands of them that keep my commandments.

In Psalm 50:14, we read: Offer unto God thanksgiving; and pay thy vows to the Most High; and call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.

The God who created us has a right to be jealous of our admiration and adoration. Likewise he has a right to punish us for our failure to recognize him as the source of all our blessings. Notwithstanding the fact that God has this inherent right, He holds out to us, in His Word, many precious promises to the individual, community, state or nation that will honor His Holy Name.

It was a great day for America

when our forefathers instituted Thanksgiving Day. Who can say that our nation does not owe her high standing among the nations of the earth today, and the fact that "Old Glory," has never gone down in defeat, to the action of our godly forefathers in establishing a national Thanksgiving Day?

Let us then, as individuals and as a people, continue this custom and keep this day sacred by entering into its solemnity in the same spirit that prompted our forefathers to establish it.

Concord, N. C.

THANKSGIVING TOUCHES EVERYONE.

By Brevard E. Harris.

Thanksgiving 1925, which has been recently proclaimed by the President of the United States and by the Governor of our own great State, finds us with many things for which we can be truly thankful.

Every person in this great Country of ours has something for which he or she can be thankful, and every community has had its blessings.

The people of our community and the members of the civic clubs, The Rotary and The Kiwanis, can be thankful that they have had the privilege of helping others, the work they have done for crippled children and the many things for civic betterment that they have helped accomplish during the past year, are things for which they can be truly thankful, and not only the citizens of our community but of the entire state can be thankful for the work of that great institution, The Jackson Training School, which is helping to build a greater citizenship for North Carolina.

Concord, N. C.

THIS DAY.

By Rev. C. F. Sherrill.

"Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend!"

Thus sang one of the world's great poets. Love, kindness, service, a noble life is the child's rich gratitude that makes glad the heart of the parent. Does the Father of all mercies expect less of us? Ingratitude has been called "a marble-hearted fiend."

"Father, I thank Thee" were often upon the lips of the sinless Son of God. He also said "I come to do Thy will." Thus He joined a thankful soul and a grateful life.

As individuals and as a nation we have abundant reasons for the giving of thanks. No tocsin of war calls our sons to the bloody battlefield. Peace and prosperity, twin angels, smile upon our land. All creeds and races in our united country are called by our President to repair to God's temples for national and personal thanksgiving.

"O praise the King, all glorious

above,
O gratefully sing his power and his love!
Our Shield and Defender, the ancient of days,
Pavilioned in spendor and girded with praise."

The seasons have come and gone, each beautiful in its time and each the bearer of the Father's mercies. "Praise waiteth for Thee, O God, in Zion." How grand to see the greatest nation on earth taking time, from activities, to repair to God's Church, to say, in heart and song: "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Those were troublesome days when our Pilgrim Fathers held the first Thanksgiving. An unconquered land, bleak storms, wild animals and savage Indians all about. O brave souls! O grateful patriots! Be they sons and daughters worthy of so noble a parentage!

For the adoption of the Constitution, Washington recommended a national Thanksgiving. The last Thursday in November has been designated as national thanksgiving, a day of pious gratitude, by every president since 1863.

No finer flower blooms in the King's garden than gratitude. It is the sunshine of the heart. It is the soul at its golden hour.

Christmas, New Year, Easter, Thanksgiving—these are the Pisgah peaks of the year. From these sunny heights we get visions of the Father's glory and goodness. Here we get refreshment and strength for the common place duties of life.

"In the beginning God." Yes, and all through life's pilgrimage. In common place duties as well as on the mountain heights; on sunny days and starless nights, when our friends, "All Hail!" and when by the tomb we bow our sobbing hearts.

"In November the harvests are gathered;
Thanksgiving brings praises and good cheer;
We thank the good Lord for the blessings
He sends us all through the year."

Shelby, N. C.

THE SIDE LINES.

By Rev. A. A. McGeachy.

When the fine soldiers from the Northwest were in Camp Greene a football game was played between two unevenly matched college teams and the soldiers sat their horses on the side lines watching. One said to another, "who shall we root for? We don't know either team." The answer was "the little fellows."

In this battle of life with the powers of darkness we Christians are the little fellows, and the side lines are rooting for us. "The earth helped the woman." The aggregate of those things like business and government and politics and industry which are looked upon as neutral are on our side. The government protects us in exercise of our religion. Business absorbs the surplus energies of man, as the earth swallowed the flood which came from the dragon's mouth,

and keeps them from meddling with us. Work makes men ready for the rest and worship of the Sabbath. Good men who are not avowed Christians are nevertheless ready to help a good cause. The earth is helping us. There is a sort of conspiracy among the powers that be to help us on to God. Let us be thankful.

God is our helper. Christ is our friend. Angels are ministers. The church stretches out enfolding arms. And besides all these those on the side lines are rooting for us. With such help it will be a shame for us if we fail.

Charlotte, N. C.

GROWS WITH THE VISITS.

By Col. Fred A. Olds.

Each visit I make to the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training School gives me more courage, more determination, more zest of life, more inspiration, more regard for the higher things. When I see the dear lads there doing so many things so wonderfully well; when I see what a fresh grasp of the better things they have, it gives me joy that the school bears the name of so great a soldier, man and Christian as "Stonewall" Jackson. It pictures his life, earnest, purposeful, resultful. He lives on and so may the school live, in the hearts and in the minds of the people of North Carolina.

Raleigh, N. C.

THANKFUL EVERY DAY.

By Mrs. I. W. Faison.

We should be thankful every day of our lives for the Stonewall Jackson Training School, at Concord, N. C., where so many of the bright boys of the State are brought under religious, moral and educational training.

Education without moral and religious training does not make a well rounded character.

Charlotte, N. C.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

By Mrs. Bettie P. Gibson.

One of the best things done by the Puritan Settlers of New England, was the observance of a day of Thanksgiving for their first harvest. General Washington called for a Thanksgiving to be held on Nov. 26, 1789.

Some of the States, at different times, observed similar days. But it remained for President Lincoln to establish an annual Thanksgiving day. He did this in 1863 choosing the last Thursday in November.

Surely no nation on earth has great-

er cause for thankfulness than "these United States!" One chief cause we have is that we are spared so many ills from which other nations suffer, and surely our abundant blessings should move our hearts to observe the day "in spirit and in truth."

Concord, N. C.

GRATITUDE FOR FAVORS INNUMERABLE.

By Julian Price.

The name of this publication "UPLIFT" in itself suggests a sentiment appropriate to the Thanksgiving season. Uplift and a lifting up of minds and hearts are closely related. Through the operations of both, directing them along helpful lines, we arrive at an understanding of those blessings that call forth an expression of thanks. In no portion of the Country can "good and perfect gifts," that come from Above, be more abundant. North Carolina and its citizenry are enjoying the harvest planted by our fathers. Their work was good. They have fallen from the line and we have taken their places. Doing well that which has been given us to do, we shall continue to see occasions for deep thankfulness on every side. Let the work of "Uplift" go on and for it there shall be a lifting up of the spirit in gratitude for favors innumerable, and causes for thanksgiving beyond human computation.

Greensboro, N. C.

IN HOC SIGNO VINCET.

By A. H. Eller.

I share with every one at this harvest season in thankfulness for our material blessings; but the dominant thought with me on this day is, while the workers depart the work goes on. Our great and good men and women have wrought so well that the younger generation is trained to better service than the older. The country is not going to the dogs, but its clarion note is "Excelsior"—higher, ever higher. **In hoc signo vincet.**

Winston-Salem, N. C.

"THE MORE YOU THANK HIM—"

By Col. Al Fairbrother.

The English language today has in it almost fifty thousand words yet, with miser's greed you limit me to one hundred of them to give expression to Thanksgiving sentiment. There should be 365 Thanksgiving days in each year. Each month, each week, each day, each hour, each minute, each second we should all be thankful for the manifold bless-

ings which Almighty God bestows with lavish and loving hands upon his wayward children.

There is no spiritual, physical or financial condition but what could be worse—be thankful to yourself and to your God that it is not. And take this from me: THE MORE YOU THANK HIM THE MORE YOU WILL HAVE TO THANK HIM FOR. This applies alike to individual and Nation.

Greensboro, N. C.

THANKSGIVING AND OPTIMISM ALMOST TWINS.

By Dr. T. N. Spencer.

The words Thanksgiving and Optimism are very closely allied in meaning and, while we are thankful for all blessings in the past, we must remember that the future holds many things in store for which we will be thankful.

An optimist is one who sees the beautiful highways of life, while the pessimist only points out the detours.

Each Thanksgiving finds us with more reasons for which to be thankful.

Let us each year use our same "stock" reasons for giving thanks and add new ones as they present themselves.

We are especially blessed in this community—our various organizations are working full time for the service of humanity, new buildings being erected, more and more homes being built, new citizens coming into our midst to locate—all of which add to our prosperity and make us thankful.

Concord, N. C.

INGRATITUDE—BASEST TRAIT.

By Judge Geo. P. Pell.

Ingratitude is one of the basest traits of character. If a fellow man helps us in time of trouble, we may utter a word of thanks, but how seldom do we thank that One who gives us our life, our food and raiment, our all. If we have forgotten the common gratitude due our Heavenly Father during the days that are passed, let us not forget it on Thanksgiving Day. Let us on that day so shape our words and acts as to impress our Heavenly Father with our sincere thankfulness for what he has done for us.

Raleigh, N. C.

HOW SHALL WE PRAISE.

By Rev. R. Murphy Williams.

"Let the people praise Thee O God; let all the people praise Thee." Surely this exclamation of the Psalmist strikes a responsive chord at

this season in the heart of every true citizen of North Carolina.

We are a remarkably blessed people. It has been my privilege to cross the State from east to west within the last few days. Its physical beauty is beyond description. Its homes are happy. Its people are prosperous. Its instiuttions are useful. We have been spare any great catastrophy. Yet all is not what we would have it. How shall we praise the Lord for His goodness? By restraining the evil; helping the good, lifting up the fallen, comforting the sorrowing, healing the sick, training the youth—serving our generation.

Greensboro, N. C.

HARKING BACK TO A BEGINNING.

By Mrs. Jas. P. Cook.

The King's Daughters of North Carolina give thanks for the spirit that moved the founder, and her coworkers, representing four Christian denominations, to organize an Order for a field of broader service and that for all time since solved the problem of cooperation in Christian activities.

In the words of the Psalmist, "let us come before His presence with thanksgiving," for this distinct order, the King's Daughters, who visit the sick and sorrowing; who see behind the wasted form of the victim of sin and vice the spark of divinity; who steady the palsied hand, give refuge to the aged as they walk towards the sunset gates; also for the band of "honorable women" in North Carolina, who in unity of spirit and purpose are privileged to work I. H. N. for the reclamation of wayward youths of the Stonewall Jackson Training School and Samarcand.

Concord, N. C.

A FEAST OF REJOICING.

By Clarence O. Kuester.

There is no publication in the State in whose columns a discussion of Thanksgiving Day and what it means, is more appropriate than The Uplift, because there it has under training a group of young men who are to be developed into good citizens, an accomplishment which is cause for adding thanks. The young people at the Jackson Training School are destined to look back on the days they spent under its hospitable roof, upon the comradeship and understanding of the managers of that Institute and they will ever carry a feeling of pride in and devotion to the State that gave them the blessings of a Christian education and training. The Thanksgiving season is one in which they have good cause for rejoiceful participation. They have reason to return thanks for the kindly care under which they are being raised, for the blessings of good health and bodily comforts, for the morals instilled into their minds

and for the practical education which follows them into the world and qualifies them to take their own part in its activities. God has been good to us all and he has been particularly good to the young people enjoying the blessings of the Jackson Training School. Thanksgiving among these young people should be developed into a feast of rejoicing.
Charlotte, N. C.

LET US GIVE THANKS FOR OUR CHANCE TO AID THE UNFORTUNATE.

By W. M. Sherrill.

As a State and a Nation we have prospered and it seems right and fitting that at least once each year we should set aside one day for Thanksgiving, a day not of supplication for future wants but one of thanks for past and present accomplishments.

In no other way has North Carolina progressed further than in her work for the unfortunate ones within her border, be they crippled of body, weak of mind, bereft of opportunity or otherwise handicapped to make useful citizens. We shoulld be thankful that we have been privileged to have a part in this humanitarian work and it is peculiarly fitting that some agency of the Stonewall Jackson Training School, where boys are being moulded into worthy citizens, should take to the people of North Carolina a true message of thanks and thanksgiving.
Concord, N. C.

OUR RAREST PRIVILEGE.

By Rev. L. A. Thomas.

Thanksgiving, our rarest privilege. A splendid custom of our country is this to observe this particular season. We should be thankful for such a country with such a custom. Thankful for the real people with whom we live; for their living interest in us and for the growing interest of all people for all people. Without this spirit would we want to live, would we have much to add to our living? Thanksgiving shares without counting the cost, it measures no sacrifice. It is the greatest enemy of selfishness, it is the expression of one of man's noblest ideals. It is acquired and not inherited.
Concord, N. C.

WHY WE SHOULD BE THANKFUL.

By R. R. Clark.

We owe thanks individually and collectively that we are permitted to live in this day of progress and opportunity; for the advancement of intellectual enlightenment and intellectual liberty; for the greater op-

portunities for the young people. We especially owe thanks for the humaneness of our humanity, for the enlarged provision made for the afflicted and the unfortunate, for the efforts made to direct the young in the paths of truth and light the way of usefulness, as exemplified in the institution and organizations maintained for their benefit. While candor compels the realization that our material progress has seemingly outstripped the spiritual, we may give thanks for the faith that spiritual growth will be quickened; give thanks for the hope that our growth in wealth will enable us to give more time to developing the finer and better things of life, and that we have in the making a finer and better citizenship than has gone before.

Statesvile, N. C.

ONLY YOUNG ONCE.

By J. G. Parks.

Thanksgiving Day, as all our friends old and young know, was first observed by our Pilgrim Fathers. Theirs was a Thanksgiving simple, but came from the heart. With most of us now, we are looking forward to feasting and wordly pleasures. This is not objectionable Let the boys and girls have a good time. They are only young once. Still, there is a limit to all things as we all know the old quotation, "Give an inch and they will take a mile."

Let us all have a joyous Thanksgiving, and as the day closes let each one feel grateful for each blessing however small, and at the same time, let each one try to brighten the day for some one more unfortunate.

Concord, N. C.

GRATEFUL FOR TWO AGENCIES.

By S. H. Hearne.

Our chief executives, both National and State, have issued their proclamations setting forth November 26th instant as a day of thanksgiving. We have very much to be thankful for. Our great state has prospered more in all lines, than any of her sister states—Educationally, Industrially and last but not least, Agriculturally.

I am proud and most thankful that we have in this grand old state, the Jackson Training School for unfortunate and erring boys. The state and friends have made it possible for it to equip and turn out such a large per cent of its boys, who have been reclaimed and are making good in different vocations of life. I am also thankful to Him, "who is the giver of all good and perfect gifts," who has made it possible for Albemarle, N. C., to have a school for the training and education of poor, deserving young girls, who are taught and trained in the Albemarle Normal Industrial Institute. After graduation, they go away to their res-

pective homes, in different counties of N. C., well equipped for home making—no flappers—but genuine true women, a credit to North Carolina, themselves and their forbears. I hope and pray our great state may hear and know more about what is being done for the girls at the A. N. I. I., of Albemarle, N. C.
Albemarle, N. C.

IN EVIDENCE.

By Mrs. A. S. Wolff.

"Now thank we all our God,
With hearts and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done."

Yea, truly has God done wondrous things during the past year. The world has seen a new light at last, a new era has dawned, a new era of peace and brotherhood as evidenced by the meeting of the Locaino Conference. A threatened war has been averted in Europe at the mandate of the League of Nations. Let us thank God for this at this season, as well as for our material and physical blessings which are without number.
Concord, N. C.

NO ROOM IN THE INN.

By Hon. Josephus Daniels.

If North Carolinians have any master passion, it is their concern for orphaned children. If the people of the State knew the number of children who are denied admission into orphanages, their Thanksgiving offering for this worthy cause would be as generous as the most bountiful harvest in the most favored section of the commonwealth. The world for twenty centuries condemned the hotel keeper of Bethlehem because "there is no room in the Inn," for the Christ child. How can we escape condemnation if in our day we say "There is no room in the Inn' for orphaned children?
Raleigh, N. C.

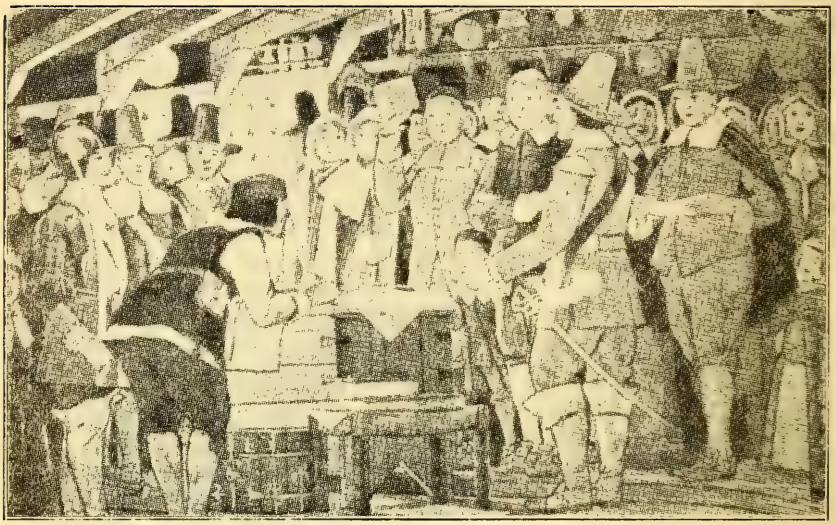
THANKSGIVING.

Lord, I woulld live my thanks in daily deeds
For windy hill and leaf-strewn woodland ways,
For clean bare branches, and the sunset's blaze,
For garner's full against the winter's needs,
For the miracle of life in sleeping seeds,
For quiet nights and crowded, joyous days,
Oh, let my life show forth my spirit's praise
In acts more valuable than spoken creeds!

—Wellsspring.

AMERICA'S THANKSGIVING DAYS.

By Earl W. Gage.



Signing the Mayflower Pact, 1620.

Since the earliest times and throughout all the nations of earth, there has been and still is observed some sort of festival in celebration of the ingathering of the grains and fruits of the soil. Moreover, religious services of some sort have always had a prominent part in the festival. As in ancient times, the people offered sacrifices and gave offerings to some special diety in gratitude for the present and supplication for the future, so today the sacrifice of praise and thanksgviing for the blessings of the present and solemn prayer for their continuance in the future are offered.

The Old Testament is filled with exhortations calling the Hebrews to bring their "first fruits," to adorn the temple with boughs and palm branches, and continue the feast and rejoicing for seven days. The ancient Egyptians offered sacrifices and gave offerings of corn and wine to Neith, the mother of the sun. The ancient Teutons and Scandanavians offered sacrifices to Frey, the god of rain and sunshine, and the author and protector of all fruits of the soil. Although, for the most part, present-day celebrations are connected with the final ingathering of the crops, the festive observance in many countries is still made dith the "first fruits."

Thanksgiving as commemorated in America, however, is disinctively an American institution. The day finds its birth in that first Thanksgiving

observed by the Pilgrim Fathers of Plymouth Colony in the fall of 1621, who were justly grateful for the first harvest in their new home in Massachusetts, and Governor Bradford appointed three days of Thanksgiving and feasting.

He dispatched a company of hunters into the forest in search of game, and fiishermen along the beach to secure fish and oysters, while the women brought forth the best of their store. Chief Massasoit and other friendly Indians were bidden to the feast, and brought with them four dressed deer.

As we of this day look back across an interval of more than 300 years to that first Thanksgiving Day in America, it would seem to most comfort-loving people that the Pilgrims had little cause to be grateful.

Those Massachusetts colonists were not only far away from their native land, but more than half their number had died during the previous bitter winter. At one time famine and disease had prostrated all save six or seven of the brave 100 men and women who started in 1620 from Leyden, Holland, where they had first sought the religious freedom denied them in the land of their birth.

In the spring of 1621, the settlers worked hard and planted twenty acres of corn and six acres of peas and barley. After the seed was sown, it was watched most anxiously, for well did the colonists realize that upon the harvest of these crops depended not alone the prosperity of the struggling colony, but the very lives of the toilers and their families.

To the great joy of all, the harvest gathered in the fall was most bountiful. After the crops had been stored, Governor Bradford ordered that the three-day festival, religious in atmosphere, be carried out, the idea probably being after that of the English harvest home ceremonies. While the men searched wood and water for material for the feast, the busy housewives labored faithfully with their primitive cooking utensils to prepare all the delicacies possible under the circumstances. Special mention is made of the fine barley loaves, corn bread and vegetables, and also the lightness of the dumplings.

Fortunately for these brave pioneers, they could not know the severe hardships before them, nor realize that the year 1622 was to be filled with a series of misfortunes for the colony. A gloomy winter passed, and then the spring of 1622 came around. The settlers finished their planting in April, but a severe drought set in during May and the growing crops were withered and almost destroyed. June came, and still the drought persisted and continued.

For relief in their need, a day was appointed for special fasting and prayer. We can easily imagine the great joy of the Pilgrims when at last they saw clouds begin to spread over the sky, from which descended the following morning a gentle rain that revived the corn and brought renewed hope into the hearts of the colonists.

But a few days later, Captain Miles Standish, returning from a voyage he had undertaken in the hope of obtaining provisions, was able to bring not only food, but also the glad news that a ship had been sight-

ed bearing in the direction of the harbor. In acknowledgement of all these blessings, the grateful colonists held a public service of prayer and thanksgiving.

In 1820, in the town of Plymouth, Mass., was held the bi-centennial celebration of the landing of the Pilgrims. A state dinner was given upon the occasion, and as each guest took his place he was surprised to find beside his plate five grains of parched corn—no more, no less. This was an appropriate and touching reminder of those heroic men and women who dared famine and slaughter for their principles, who first won plenty from the uncultivated soil of America, and yet who were often in sore need of a morsel of bread It recalled the time when the first harvest planted in the new world was still far from ripe, and the leader one day awoke to the grim fact that there remained but one pint of corn in all the settlement. A sorry outlook was this, and well might they exclaim, like the disciples of old, "What is this among so many?"

Little enough, to be sure, since the days of miracles were supposedly past! However, from the seven little log cabins nestled near the shore the people were summoned together, and the slender stock of provisions was impartially divided among them —five kernels of corn being their share, for each man, woman and child in the colony. These lines from Governor Bradford tell the story:

"Famine once we had—
But other things God gave us in full store,
As fish and ground-nuts, to supply our strait,
That we might learn on Providence to wait;
And know, by bread alone man lives not in his need,
But by each word that doth from God proceed."

Three or four months passed away before they again tasted either corn or bread, and meanwhile they were forced to live on shellfish, berries, ground nuts, acorns, and other edibles that the wilds provided.

It may well be imagined then how anxously the settlers watched the ripening of the golden corn. At length, in due season, the harvest was gathered in, an ancient report telling us that "the corn yielded well and the barley was indifferently good, but the peas were a failure, owing to drought and late sowing." Barley satisfied, however, was the litthe colony, and Governor Bradford sent out the hunters for meat that the company might, "after a special manner," rejoice together.

William Stoughton, grim old Puritan, 1688, sententiously said: "God sifted a whole nation that He might send choice grain into the wilderness." The founders of America were not restless soldiers of fortune, attracted by promises of plunder in a new world; they were not traders attracted by the prospect of inordinate profits. They were not poor people seeking to improve their economic condition. They were drawn from the very best elements of the nation from which they came—landed proprietors, yeomen, merchants, religious leaders—a large portion of them university graduates, the progressives of their time, who had the courage of their convictions and were

ready, needs be, to die for them.

They came to the savage American wilderness to establish homes for themselves and their children, where they would be free from the cramping restrictions on religious faith and forms of worship that had led many of them to leave old England and seek sanctuary in Holland.

To establish this colony in America, founded on their ideals of religious and civic rights, they braved the perils of the stormy, uncharted Atlantic, the ferocious red man, the privations and sufferings of pioneer life in a land whose soil is "not sterile unto death nor fruitful unto luxury"—and land which nevertheless appealed to them as a New Canaan.

The very names "Puritan" and "Pilgrim" summon a vision of stern men and brave women battling against nature's relentless rigors through the cold winters, in daily peril from savage denizens of the forest—idustrious, God-fearing independent, aggressive.

Today their figures stalk across the pages of history in song and story like gaints and saints—Bradford, Winthrop, Roger Williams, Priscilla Mullins, the brilliant Anne Hutchinson, the stout soldier Miles Standish.

These are the brave spirits of the past, faced with famine in a strange and menacing country, who yet had the faith to look into the face of their Creator and establish the first American Thanksgiving Day.

Were similar conditions to prevail in this year, it would take no prophet to proclaim that complaints rather than supplications would reach high heaven, and that millions would doubt the watchful benevolence for the hundreds possessed with thankful hearts.

Yet, in the face of those discouraging times, when men knew not where the next meal was to come from, our purely American festival, Thanksgiving, was established in the forbidding hills of New England.

Too few Americans of this generation appreciate the real significance of the historic voyage of the Mayflower in the fall of 1620, which marks the beginning of a new era in the world's social, political and religious development.

The Pilgrims sailed by night with the north star and the "pointer" of the Little Bear as their only guides of direction. As they watched those constant friends, a man in Leyden sat before a window that opened to the north and dreamed of the Mayflower plowing westward to the unknown land. John Robinson was the figure of orientation for the little band that met the first winter at Plymouth. For several years, at Leyden, he was the dominant form in the Separatist group, and it was in his house that the last day in Holland was spent by the Pilgrims.

The Mayflower voyage appeals strongly to the imagination. A cockle-shell of 180 tons, crowded with a hundred Pilgrims, it was tossed about like a cork on the wild Atlantic. Saved in mid-ocean by a big iron screw when a cracked timber threatened destruction, the Mayflower was driven hundreds of miles out of its course. Instead of coming to land in Delaware, the snow-shrouded coast of New England was sighted on

the 9th of November, 1620.

In Provincetown harbor, the battered Mayflower cast anchor. Here Dorothy Bradford met death by drowning, and Peregrine White, the first white child, was born. Here the Mayflower compact was signed, that historic document which proclaimed to the world that "We, whose names are underwritten * * * having undertaken * * * to plant the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia; do by these presents solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God and one another, covenant and combine ourselves togetheer into a civil body politick for our better ordering and preservation."

Although the year 1622 was fraught with even more misfortunes than was 1621, nevertheless, again Governor Bradford declared and the Pilgrims observed Thanksgiving. Later the diea was taken up by other colonies, such as Boston, Salem and Virginia. The state of Connecticut did much to foster and encourage the annual celebration of Thanksgiving Day, and by the first quarter of the following century the fall festival had become well established through the New World.

The Dutch settlers of New Amsterdam had brought with them memories of thanksgiving days in Holland, where, indeed, the Pilgrims had also been initiated into the Dutch manner of observing such festivals. The annual Thanksgiving Day in the Netherlands fell early in October, when the people went to church to thank God for their deliverance from the Spanish; for the Dutch in the seventeenth century cast off the yoke of the Spanish, just as our forefathers later threw off the yoke of the British, because their rights were invaded and they were taxed without their consent. In New Amsterdam (New York), the first Thanksgiving proclamation on record was in 1644, in gratitude for deliverance from the Indians.

With the coming of the Revolutionary times, the custom of Thanksgiving Days spread still farther. In October, 1775, a proclamation was issued for Thanksgiving to be observed December 15, signed "by order of the Provincial Congress, John Hancock, president." This proclamation is noteworthy since it was the first to appear without the royal arms and the words "God Save the King."

The first national proclamation for a Thanksgiving was made by the Contenental Congress, designating December 18, 1777. The next year, December 30 was set apart, although in May a special day of thanks had been appointed upon receipt of the news that France had signed a treaty of alliance with the thirteen colonies.

After the signing of peace with Great Britain, in October, 1783, Congress appointed December 11 as a day of thanksgiving. In January, 1795, George Washington issued a national proclamation for February 19, in recognition of our exemption from foreign war, the prospect of continued exemption and the great defree of internal tranquility," and directing the people to "render thanks to the great Ruler of nations for the manifold and signal mercies which distinguished our lot as a nation."

Not until April, 1815, did another

national Thanksgiving occur, proclaimed by President Madison upon the conclusion of the War of 1812. During the Civil War President Lincoln appointed a day of Thanksgiving following the victory at Gettysburg, and it was he who established the custom of Presidents issuing annual Thanksgiving proclamations, appointing the last Thursday of November. Today the Governors of most of the states issue proclamations in conjunction with that of the President, so that Thanksgiving is the one holiday of the year receiving official sanction and personal support on the part of Americans of all political and religious beliefs.

Well may loyal Americans remember the little band of colonists at Plymouth, who established this unique and peculiarly American festival, as they cluster about the Thanksgiving board and keep the national November harvest feast.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Stanly Armstrong.

Several of the officers attended the Armistice Day races in Charlotte.

It rained again last Sunday, making it a total of five consecutive times it has rained on that day.

The band gave a short concert in the Latham Pavilion last Sunday afternoon.

A number of the farm boys have been shreading corn during the past few days.

Doyle Jackson, former boy at the institution, was a visitor here last Thursday morning.

The Print Shop boys have been busy printing The King's Daughters Convention Minutes.

Armistice Day passed away at the institution, without anything of special mention happening.

We have several officers at the institution who were ex-service men, and they thought a little about Armistice Day.

There are not many leaves left on the trees about the institution: as the wind blew most of them down, last Sunday.

A large number of school girls, visited the institution last Saturday morning. They came from Kannapolis.

Mr. R. L. McLaughlin, superintendent of the Sockanosset School for Boys, at Howard, R. I., spent last Sunday at the school.

The soccer field has been lined off,

the goals put up, and the boys have had a number of interesting games during the past week.

Some of the boys on the work force unloaded a carload of coal, at the railroad siding, during the past week.

The boys had a good time at the ball ground last Saturday afternoon. The weather was fine and a good ball game was played. The basketball team also had a good practice.

Bill Billings, member of the first cottage, has been given a position in the shoe shop. We would like to see him a good shoemaker in the future.

The boys in Prof. W. M. Crook's room, assembled in second cottage, on Armistice Day, and listened in on the races, which were broadcasted by WBT, of Charlotte.

Only five more days and Thanksgiving will be here. All the boys are eagerly looking forward to it, as they will have a good time on that day.

Mrs. James Hobby played the piano last Sunday for Sunday School and preaching, owing to the absence of Miss Vernie Goodman. We thank Mrs. Hobby for playing it as otherwise we would have gone without music.

Russell Bowden, Jimmie Steavenson, Nolan Woodford, John and David Seagle, Tom Grose, Albert Garrison, Johnny Boyd, John Taylor and Joe Carrol, composed the "Happy Squad," last Wednesday, with a visit from relatives and friends. As this was Armistice Day there was a large number of people present.

The services were conducted in the the auditorium by Rev. Jamieson. pastor of the Presbyterian Church, of Kannapolis. He read for Scripture Lesson, the first chapter of the Psalms, after which the boys recited this from memory. After this he introduced Rev. E. E. Gilespie, of Greensboro. Rev. Gilespie talked about the lad, telling the story of the boy who wanted to see Jesus, about life of Moses, and the boy Samuel. He preached a very interesting sermon, and it was enjoyed by all, especially by the boys. We wish Rev. Gilespie would come again an that right soon.

Microfilmed

HARVEST SONG.

By James Montgomery.

The God of harvest praise!
In loud thanksgiving raise
  Hand, heart and voice.
The valleys laugh and sing.
Forests and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
  The streams rejoice.

Yes, bless His holy name,
And joyous thanks proclaim
  Through all the earth.
To glory in your lot
Is comely; but be not
God's benefits forgot
  Amid your mirth.

The God of harvest praise;
Hands, hearts, and voices raise,
  With sweet accord.
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
  Bless ye the Lord.

These stanzas may be sung to the tune of America.